N.S.E.

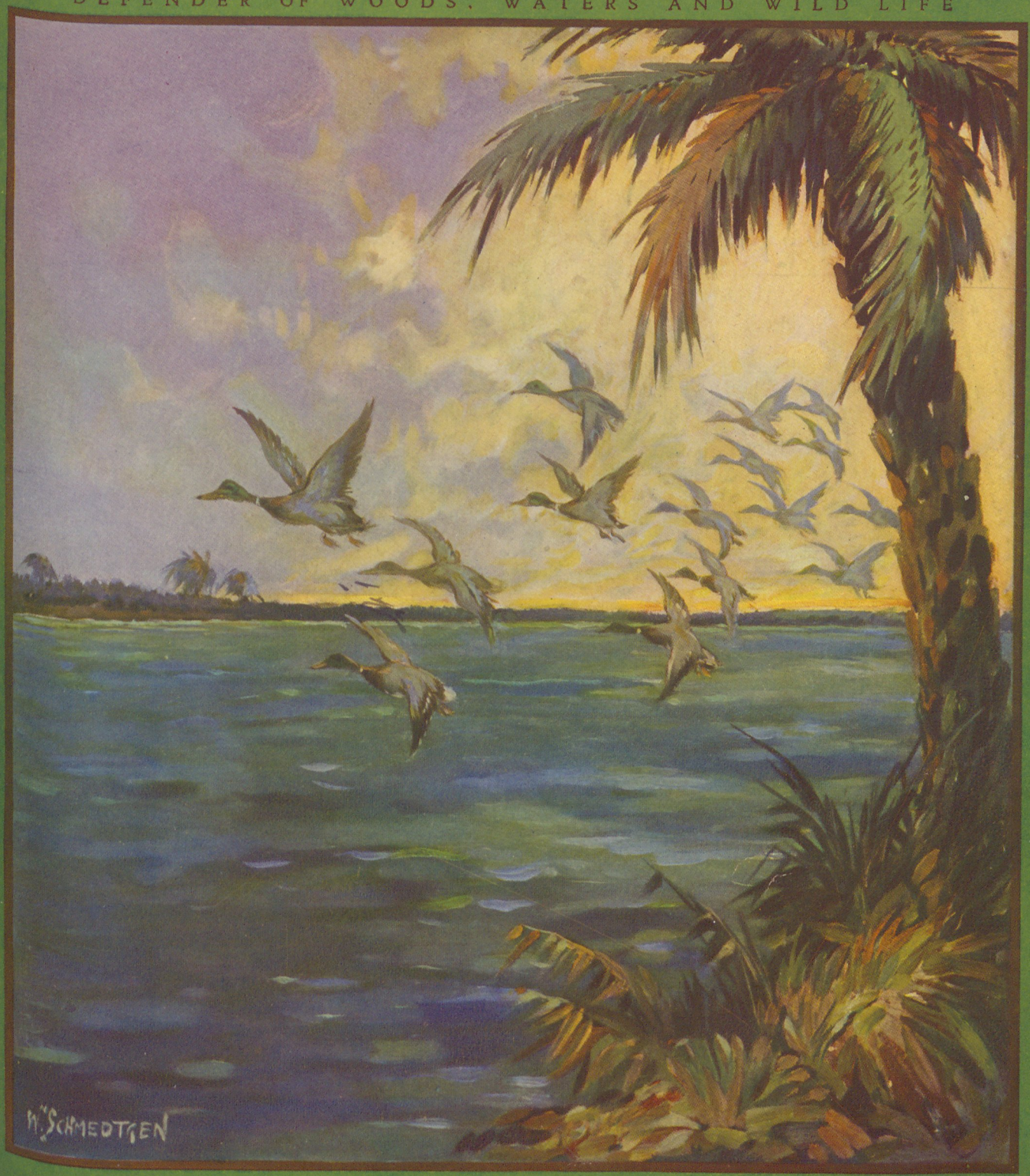
# Outdoor America

FEBRUARY 1929

Price 25 Cents

*Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America*

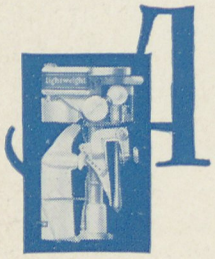
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE




BILL BARRACUDA AND HIS PALS *by Frank Stick*

# Elto Announces

## 1 Revolutionary New Lightweight



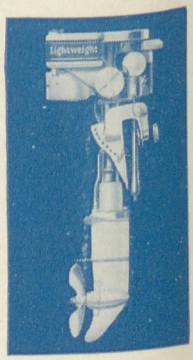
Here is the most compact outboard motor in the world — outstandingly so!

The new Super Elto *Lightweight* measures, folded, only 22 inches by 11 inches by 11 inches — and weighs less than 40 pounds!

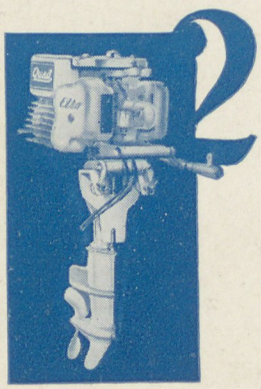
It folds—actually *folds*—snaps "closed" as simply, snugly as a pocket knife.

Nothing to "take down" or "assemble." A few turns on a single nut permit the entire lower housing to be swung back in folded position, or locked securely for hardest use.

And it's as practical as it is compact. Sturdy and easily handled, with finger tip ease of starting. Its twin cylinders develop 3 horsepower—liberal power for family boats, fishing boats, canoes, yacht tenders. It's the motor for yachtsmen—easy to slip on the stern of the dinghy, cozy to stow. It's a saver of space and weight for the sportsman or motor tourist who hits the trail. It's the logical choice for cottager, camper, fisherman.



## 2 New Mighty Quads



Now, a new *Hi-Speed Quad!*

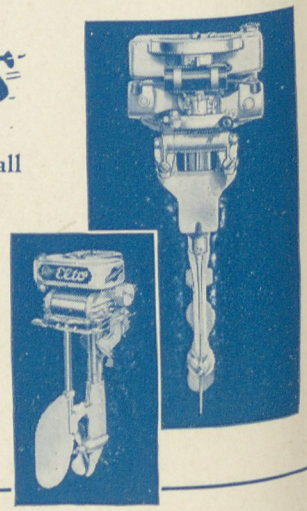
It is faster even than the fastest of 1928 Quads! And those motors, by official records, were the world's fastest outboards!

The new Quads have 25% greater piston displacement—hundreds more revolutions—greater compression —and speed that opens entirely new possibilities to the outboard racing world.

*Here also* is a new *Service Quad*, correspondingly advanced in power, in strikingly beautiful appearance, in capability and mechanical fineness. A new 2-to-1 reduction gear ratio gives a still further increase in effective power.

Now, equipped with the Service Quad, even large runabouts can have real speed, and abler outboard cruisers, complete with berths, galley and every comfort can have the power to be swift, seaworthy, practical.

## and New Speedsters



The new *Service Speedster* is built for the man who wants speed—real speed —in a motor that will stand up to any amount of work, play or punishment.

It's a top favorite for use on such boats as sea skiffs, runabouts and sea sleds.

An important new feature — *full rudder* steering— is an optional choice at small extra cost.

The new *Hi-Speed Speedster* is built for fastest competition in popular B Class.

New engineering principles, new refinements, establish it in the very fore front of its class.

*There is an outboard for every outdoor enthusiast in the Elto 1929 line — from the most powerful, 4-cylinder motor to the most compact and portable. All are described in the Elto literature — send for it!*

# The Super Elto

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
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Send me literature on the new Super Elto line.

Name.....

# Take Your Mind *Off* Business

It's bad business to concentrate too long on the problem of building good business .... the brain tires, sags, goes stale.

Pull yourself away .... get your Pflueger Fishing Tackle .... give your brain a chance to rejuvenate itself and PRODUCE MORE FOR YOU.

Stop in at your sporting goods dealer today, and ask him to show you the Pflueger Supreme Reel, at $25, also the Pflueger Summit, at $10, and the Pflueger Akron, at $6. If you plan a salt water fishing trip, see the Pflueger Atlapac Reel, at $75, and the Pflueger Adams, at $60.

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*Address*.....

.....

# Announcing 3 to EVIN

EVINRUDES established the largest number of *official* speed records last year. Evinrudes hold 13 out of 18 Class C records. The world's fastest twin is an Evinrude. Evinrudes won just as decisively in marathon reliability competition. Such brilliant performance undoubtedly could be continued unchanged, and satisfy any outboard motor buyer. But, we've added more power, more speed, more refinements.

*First* — Speeditwin's power is increased 25% to full 20 H. P. for 1929. Speed is increased nearly 30% over speed announced a year ago — 6 to 45 M. P. H. Light weight — only 95 lbs.

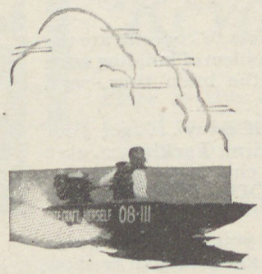
*Second* — Fastwin's power is increased 16⅔% to full 14 H. P. Speed is increased 16⅔% over announced speed of one year ago — 5 to 35 M. P. H. Weight only 75 lbs.

*Third* — New waterproof ignition; easy starting made still easier with a magneto that generates a 110% hotter spark.

*Fourth* — New Torpedo Streamline lower housing follows latest scientific findings for reduced water friction. Water tight and grease tight.

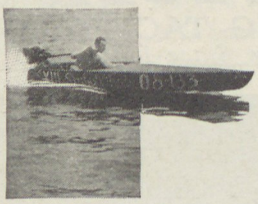
*Fifth* — Ball and roller bearing construction retained — on crankshaft, connecting rods, drive and propeller shafts—an Evinrude feature for long life at high speed.

*Sixth* — New pressure-vacuum cooling with no moving parts.

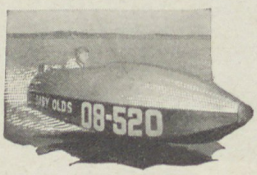


1 MILE WINNER
Class C Free-for-All, Cute Craft Herself — 37.749 M. P. H., Albany, N. Y., July 6, 1928. A. T. Buffington, owner.

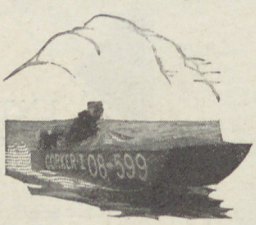
3 MILE WINNER
Class C Free-for-All, Baby Whale, 32.6 M. P. H., Greenwood Lake, N. J., July 5, 1928. W. Hockenjos, Jr., owner.



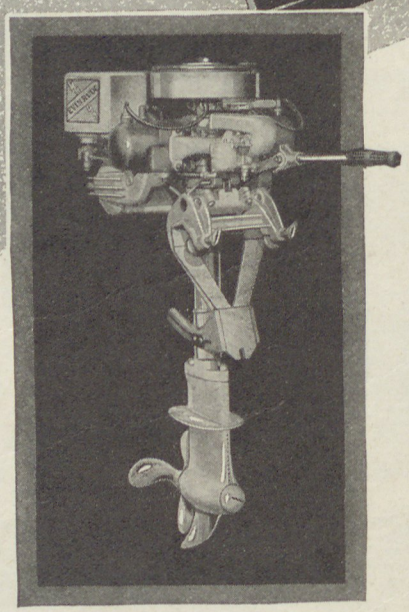
2 MILE WINNER
Class C Amateur, Baby Whale XIII, 32.876 M. P. H., Worcester, Mass., May 30, 1928. H. R. Maddocks, owner.
*2 Mile Winner* Class C Free-for-All, 32.876 M. P. H., Worcester, Mass., May 30, 1928.




WINNER
Albany to New York 133 miles April 22nd. Evinrude 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th. Driver Earl Widegren.

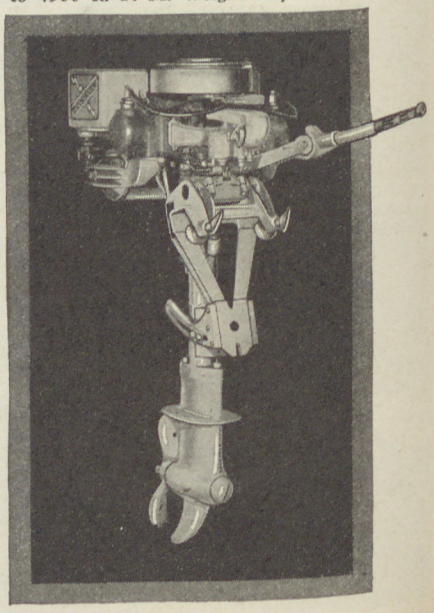


WINNER
Boston to New York 265 miles June 16th. Evinrude 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Driver C. P. Stevens.



*Speeditwin* — 6 to 45 M. P. H., power increased 25% to 20 H. P. Speed increased nearly 30% over announced speed of one year ago. Engine speed range 400 to 4500 R. P. M. Weight only 95 lbs.

*Fastwin* — 5 to 35 M. P. H., power increased 16 2/3% to 14 H. P. Speed increased 16 2/3% over announced speed of one year ago. Engine speed range 400 to 4500 R. P. M. Weight only 75 lbs.



# 45 miles per hour

*Seventh* — New precision balancing of moving motor parts — flywheel, crankshaft, pistons, connecting rods, wrist pins, starter plate.

*Eighth* — Auto-type carburetor with spray-proof airhorn attachment continued.

*Ninth*—Self-steering and straight ahead steering, original Evinrude features continued.

New official records made by Speeditwin at Lake Elsinore, Calif., December 8 and 9, 1928, are: 5 mile Class C. Amateur 36.85 M. P. H., made by David Mackay; 5 mile Class C. Free-for-All 37.66 M. P. H., made by H. G. Fergeson; 10 mile Class C. Free-for-All 37.78 M. P. H., made by H. G. Fergeson; *Class D* 5 mile Free-for-All 37.92 M. P. H., made by H. G. Fergeson, driving Class C Evinrude.

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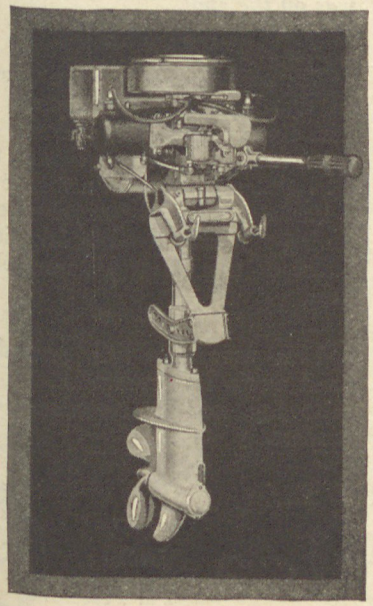
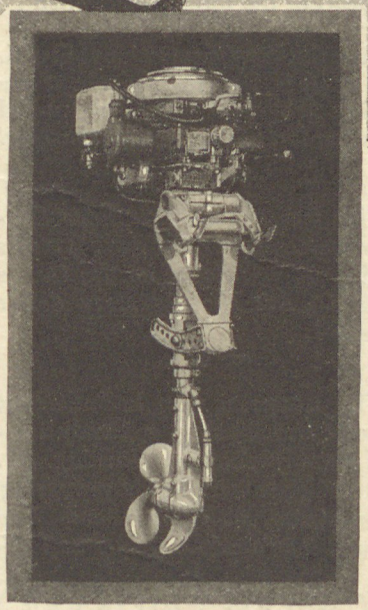
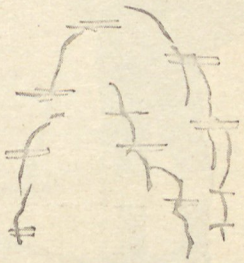
# RUDE

*Evinrude Fleetwin*—the famous 6 H. P., 58 lb., 4 to 25 M. P. H. model. Engine speed range 400 to 4500 R. P. M. A family boat motor with pep and power, ideal for water sports, etc.



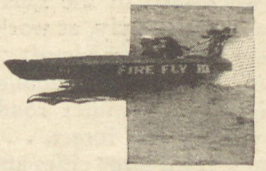


*Evinrude Sportwin*—2½ H. P., only 44 lbs. 3 to 13 M. P. H. Long the favorite of sportsmen. The ideal canoe motor. Recommended where children as young as 8 or 9 use boat and motor.



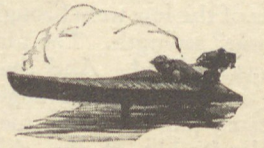
1 MILE WINNER
Class C, Free-for-All nautical mile trials, C-U-Later, 33.854 M. P. H., Detroit, Mich., September 4, 1928. M. R. Brady, owner.

10 MILE WINNER
Class C Amateur, Flying Scotsman, 34.615 M. P. H., San Diego, Cal., September 23, 1928. David Mackay, owner.



5 MILE WINNER
Class C, Free-for-All, Fire Fly III 36.51 M. P. H., San Diego, Cal., October 14, 1928. Charles Holt, owner.

WORLD'S FASTEST TWIN
Firefly, 38.436 M. P. H. for 6 one mile heats, Newport Beach, Cal., June 3, 1928. Charles Holt, owner.
*1 Mile Winner* Class C Amateur, 33.333 M. P. H., Long Beach, Cal., May 20, 1928.



2½ MILE WINNER
Class C Amateur, Bonnie Lass, 34.749 M. P. H., Lake Elsinore, Cal., June 10, 1928. J. F. Graham, owner.
*5 Mile Winner* Class C Amateur, 36. M. P. H., Lake Elsinore, Cal., July 4, 1928.
*10 Mile Winner* Class C Free-for-All, 35.83 M. P. H., San Diego, Cal., September 23, 1928.

# NOBODY WAS LOOKING!

## *That's What the Outlaws Thought*

SNOWSHOES were worn backwards in the forest. . . . Some of the best woodsmen in the north were in there, quietly, slyly, at work: using all their skill in woodcraft to carry on. . . . Big automobiles roared at night along winter roads leading away from the forest. . . . Small men came from large cities and sat near stoves in dark places, showing rolls of bills to swarthy trappers. . . .

* * *

Twenty thousand illegal beaver hides in one year! Twenty thousand hides. . . . *Nearly half a million dollars!*

* * *

The authorities were doing their best. But handicaps were many, progress was slow. The time came when the war had to begin in earnest.

* * *

The forces of the law were brought up to real "war" strength. The plan of attack was outlined. And then, just before the drive was to begin, five dog teams and a dozen men, under the leadership of the chief game warden, entered the forest from the west. . . . The state game commissioner, with three teams, entered it from the east. . . . In these parties were two newspapermen and a special writer for *Outdoor America.*

* * *

The trail they took was 150 miles long. It led them through the heart of the forest. And when they came out, the offensive against the trappers was abandoned. The outlaws had learned about the coming activities. They had pulled stakes and left. *The forest was empty!*

* * *

This was one of the stories *Outdoor America* didn't get. It was ready. It was doing its job for its readers. *But the big story didn't "break"!*

* * *

The trappers, who had thought nobody was looking, suddenly realized that everybody was looking. . . . State officials were busily preparing. Newspapers with keen ears had trained men ready. . . . *The leading outdoor magazine in the world was on the spot.*

* * *

The pictures above were taken by an *Outdoor America* camera. . . . The forest supervisor and the chief game warden with their dog team. . . . A camp at night on the ice . . . a lead dog dying of strychnine poisoning far out on a big lake in the midst of the worst blizzard of the year.

* * *

This magazine has earned, by hard work, its reputation, its great following, and the confidence of its readers.

*Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life*

Official Organ I. W. L. A.

**Outdoor America**

Three Dollars Per Year

549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

*Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life*

# Outdoor America

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**Volume VII** **FEBRUARY, 1929** **Number 7**

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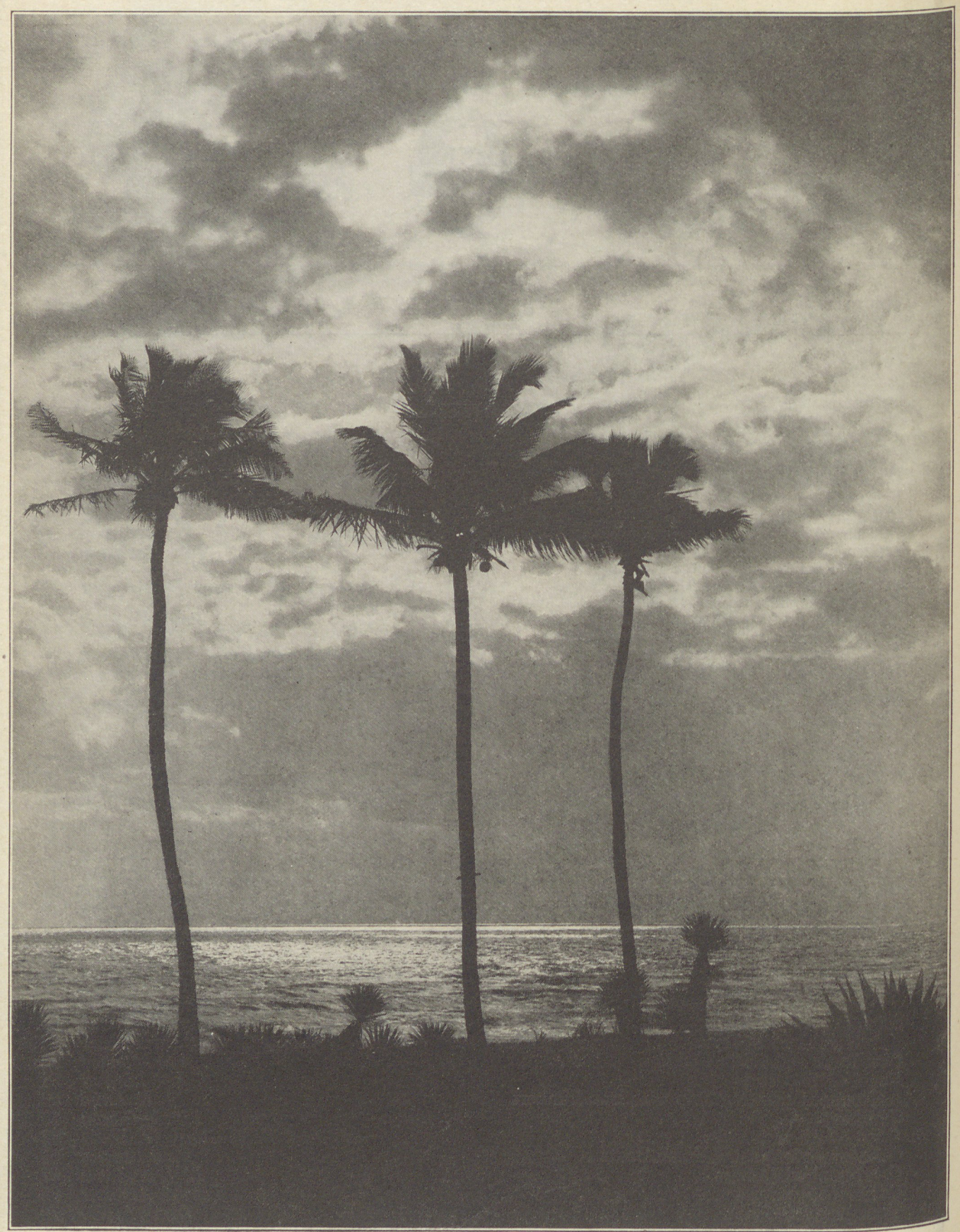


John Kabel

Southern Palms

# Bill Barracuda and His Pals

By
FRANK STICK

*Illustrations by the Author*

I KNOW I am about to raise a storm of protest and ridicule when I state that in my opinion the barracuda is about the most interesting fish that swims in Florida waters. However, be that as it may—

Among native Floridians it is agreed that Bill Barracuda is a dangerous critter and the generally meanest dispositioned cuss to be found within the environs of their far flung woods and waters, and they don't except the alligators or the Seminoles. No question about it, he is wicked enough to look at, so far as his features are concerned, though to see him flashing through the air at a distance, in one of his famous curving leaps of fifteen feet or more, one might concede something of grace to his form. Were I a real zoological sharp I might hazard the guess that some time, way back in his ancestral line, there might have been a bit of a scandal. I might go so far as to suggest that the obviously crocodilian characteristics indicated in his general facial aspect and disposition are not to be lightly laughed away. Certainly, such teeth as he possesses are to be found only among the amphibians. They grow with no degree of regularity, and the uppers conform in no way with the lowers, but protrude at various angles, and to various distances, and are alike in only one respect, which is their needlelike sharpness.

It may seem that I am dwelling too long upon the subject of teeth, but this is necessary in order to logically introduce the Conch's feet to this narrative, and in a way these feet are just as important, and as interesting as the barracuda's teeth.

In my time I have viewed about as many feet as the average sportsman who likes to visit out of the way places. East, west, north and south, of various sizes, shapes and color, I have looked 'em over with more than passing interest, and up to the time I met the Conch, an old Siwash Indian up in the northwest certainly held first place, from the standpoint of size and general durability. But, those feet, and all other feet were forgotten when Hank the Conch hove into view.

In general size and conformation they were remindful, more than anything else, of a pair of up-ended coal scuttles, and, for texture and color, I don't know anything with which to compare them except a chunk of old jerked elk meat, that the dogs have dragged in. The soles of that pair of remarkable feet were so thick as to add appreciably to their owner's height; and tough, why I have seen Hank nonchalantly kick a water moccasin out of his path, and the next instant strike a match on his bare sole.

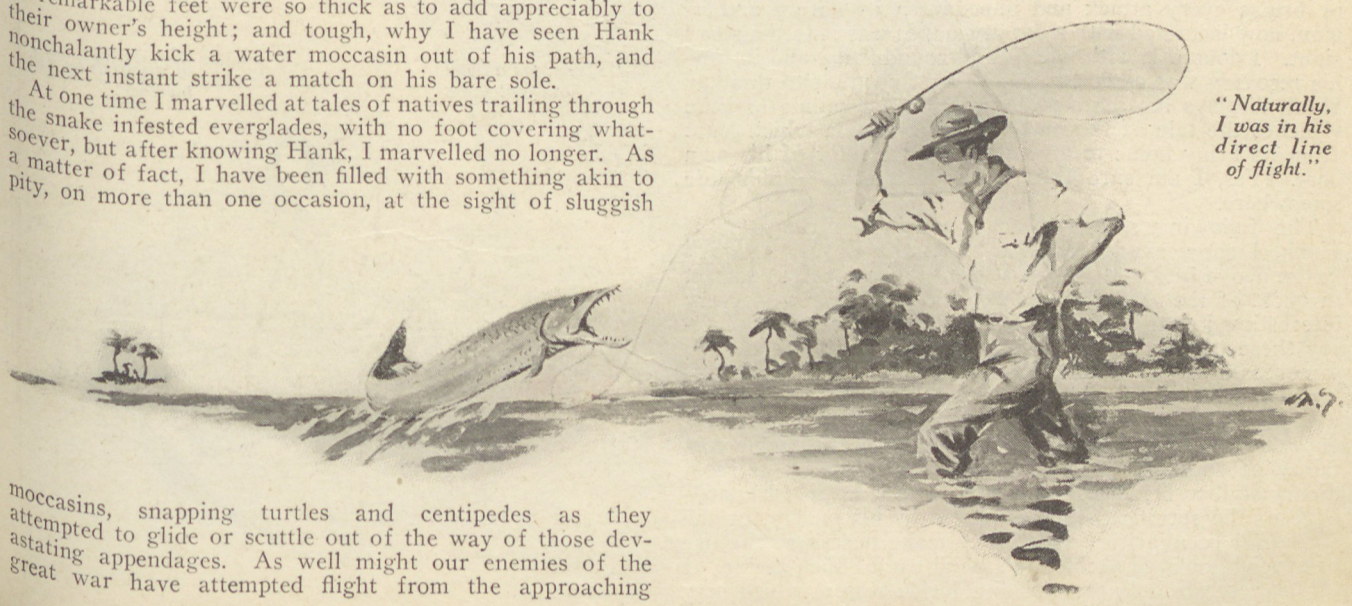
At one time I marvelled at tales of natives trailing through the snake infested everglades, with no foot covering whatsoever, but after knowing Hank, I marvelled no longer. As a matter of fact, I have been filled with something akin to pity, on more than one occasion, at the sight of sluggish moccasins, snapping turtles and centipedes as they attempted to glide or scuttle out of the way of those devastating appendages. As well might our enemies of the great war have attempted flight from the approaching tank which bulked above their trenches, or the bovine herd escape the hurricane.

To return to Bill Barracuda. We have all read of attacks made upon swimmers by these ugly fellows, and in several instances these attacks have resulted fatally. Practically all the stories I have read or heard, however, have lacked verification, and it may be of interest to the reader to learn that I am probably the only living mortal who has personally viewed, been a party to, and, in a way, responsible for two such attacks. I suppose, too, I am the only one alive who can settle that much mooted question "what occurs when an irresistible force meets an impenetrable body?"

Previous to the time of this occurrence, to which I have been leading up, and which I shall touch upon with my usual brevity, I had pottered around the West coast quite a bit, but this was my first trip to the Keys. Hank the Conch was running the launch, catching bait when the spirit impelled him, interviewing bootleggers, and acting in the general capacity of handy man, what time I could keep him awake. In a spirit of facetiousness, I sometimes referred to him as my guide.

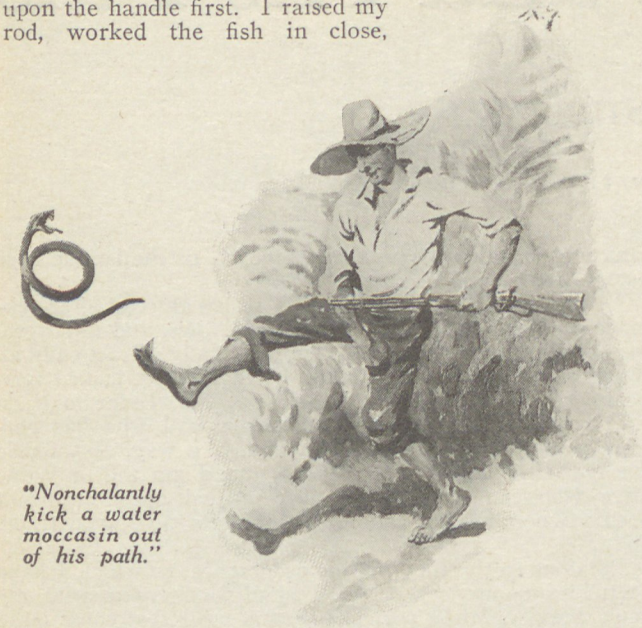
On the particular day in question we were trolling for tarpon, jacks, barracuda discarded tinware, or, in fact, anything that would fasten to our hooks. You'd be surprised at the battle a rusty old bucket will put up in such a tidal current as runs through the channel, and for real action, let me commend you to a waterlogged keg, of the species indigenous to that region.

Betimes I fastened to a fish of fair size, which made a splashing leap or two and some nice runs, before I had him alongside the launch. Then I reached for the gaff. Now Hank, among many more or less trivial faults, possessed one outstanding weakness. He considered himself a superlative gaffer, which he was not. I am somewhat inclined to sympathize with him in this, as I have the same weakness, and experience should have proven to me long since that I am not. However, I have long been inclined to to'rd the belief that catching a fish does not consist altogether of grinding a reel handle, while your guide runs the launch in circles,



*"Naturally, I was in his direct line of flight."*

and boats your fish at the finish. Therefore, as usual we both reached for the gaff at the same time, but as I happened to be closest to it, my hand closed upon the handle first. I raised my rod, worked the fish in close,



*"Nonchalantly kick a water moccasin out of his path."*

hooked him back of the head, by good luck, and swung him over the gunwale. It may have been purely accidental, it may not, but in any case it happened that Hank was in the direct line of flight of this fifteen pound barracuda.

I don't believe I shall ever forget the shriek of terror which came from the man's wide open mouth, as he attempted, too successfully, to ward off the creature with a lifted foot. This shriek was followed by a howl of anguish as fish and foot came together. The ozone-filled air and the canopied blue of heaven, which up to that time had echoed only to the call of tern and gull and the soulful, mating grunts of bull alligators, pulsated to discordant sound, and from sand flat, marl bed, and mangrove jungle, flocks of pelicans arose in haste and beat it for distant parts. I shut off the engine, grabbed a Stillson wrench, and leaped to the assistance of the guide. Side by side the victor and vanquished lay. The fish, supine and lifeless, though grinning his evil grin in victory, had ceased to flop. Hank had not. Certainly he had wounds aplenty, but I believe it was his pride, his ravished soul that hurt him most. That elephantine hoof that had crushed flat the noxious reptile in its bed of ooze; that had trod alike the burning sands, the thorny trail, and with which, with equanimity he had deigned to pluck scorching brands from the campfire; that foot which for years had withstood, without sign of scratch or bruise every attack and impediment of nature and of man, now lacerated with a dozen wounds was indeed a sorry sight. I doused it with iodine, and bound it up, and in time his recovery was complete, but I doubt not that to this day Hank displays his scars with pride, and recounts to little Conches the tale of the man-eating barracuda which leapt from its briny home to attack him at the tiller of his own boat. Yes, I am sure I have heard an echo of this tale somewhere.

The following season, though not in the company of Hank, I spent several months along the Keys mentioned in the above incident. Most of my fishing days were spent in quest of the agile bone-fish, but I remember some very interesting jaunts to the Gulf Stream and the reefs. I enjoy these trolling trips on occasion, but there is a certain sameness to trolling, and a mechanical taint that causes this brand of fishing for me, at least, to lose its zest after a while. There is no fish in these southern waters that the experienced angler can fail to handle with reasonable certainty of success, and no fish that requires any extraordinary skill to bring to gaff when one has acquired knowledge of the specific tactics employed by his quarry, or the structural peculiarities which may make necessary the use of special hooks or tackle, or special use of such tackle. I think there are only two fish in Florida waters which may outwit the experienced northern angler, and these are the tarpon and the sailfish. I do not mean to imply by this statement that these are the sportiest or the hardest fighters among southern fishes, but they do possess those structural peculiarities, which I have mentioned, and which, for the first time or two at any rate, make it advisable for the tyro to be in charge of some experienced mentor. Then too, different conditions require a change of tactics and of tackle, and a method that may produce strikes and fish with regularity in one section, may prove entirely impractical in another.

Without doubt more fish are taken in the south, trolling with cut bait, wabbling spoons, or other artificial lures than by any other method. Certainly there are fish in abundance, under favorable weather conditions and in the right locations, but do not think for a minute that game fish may be taken here at all times and in all waters. Florida is no different from any other section of the country in this respect, and I have known periods of a week or more at famous southern camps, when not enough fish were brought in to grease the skillet.

The run to the reefs and into the Gulf Stream in the small cabin boats commonly employed, is an interesting experience, particularly for the first few days. The tiny boat bobbing about on the limitless expanse of vivid green and blue water is enthralling enough to the average northerner. There is always the suggestion of adventure and danger, which latter does not in reality exist. Of course the element of doubt is present, as in all salt water fishing. No guide can do more than to hazard a guess as to what one among a dozen or more species of fish is apt to take it into his head to hit the lure. Barracuda, groupers, ciro or king mackerel, amber jacks, small tuna, any one of several species of shark, including the beautiful and graceful hammerhead, and in the big Stream, dolphins or sailfish, or even one of those rare visitants such as the wahoo. So far as the handling of the fish, after it is hooked, is concerned, as I have stated, no man or woman who is experienced in the tools of the anglers' craft will experience great difficulty, if the guide knows his business, for, after all, the boat does three-fourths of the actual work. True, a great many fish will be lost because the quarry is poorly hooked, or through worn lines or leaders, but these are issues over which the angler has only partial control.

It is not necessary to use excessively heavy tackle, for, with the exception of large sharks, any southern fish may be taken on a 3-0 reel and twelve to fifteen thread line, though a larger reel is better because of increased leverage. In fact, carefully handled, it is no more difficult to capture your sailfish on a nine or even a six thread line and six ounce rod, than on the heaviest tackle. Dear old Guss Meisselbach, than whom there never lived a finer or keener sportsman, always insisted that a sailfish could be brought to boat quicker on a six thread than on a twenty-four thread line. He explained his conviction by the fact that the fish fought himself out in an attempt to throw the barb, whereas,

*"There was a howl of anguish as fish and foot came together."*

with a heavy strain against him, the tendency was to fight deeper and more slowly.

My own experience with active fish bears out that of my old friend. Of course this theory does not apply to such sluggish, deep fighting fish as amberjack, jewfish or groupers, and it is not advisable to apply the principle to tarpon fishing, when these fellows are taken on trolling lures, because of the extreme difficulty of setting the hook, or at least, of keeping the point imbedded.

Wherever there is room to wiggle a tail; in the shallow channels that intersect the inshore reefs, over the deep reefs, and even in the vasty depths of the Gulf Stream, you will find Bill Barracuda. In the shallow stretches, he is prone to bask motionless as a palm log, close to the surface, or perhaps he ranges his territory slowly in company of one or more of his piratical crew. His movements at such times are lazy and un-hurried, but let a small fish or a moving lure cross his vision and he becomes a flashing, darting killer.

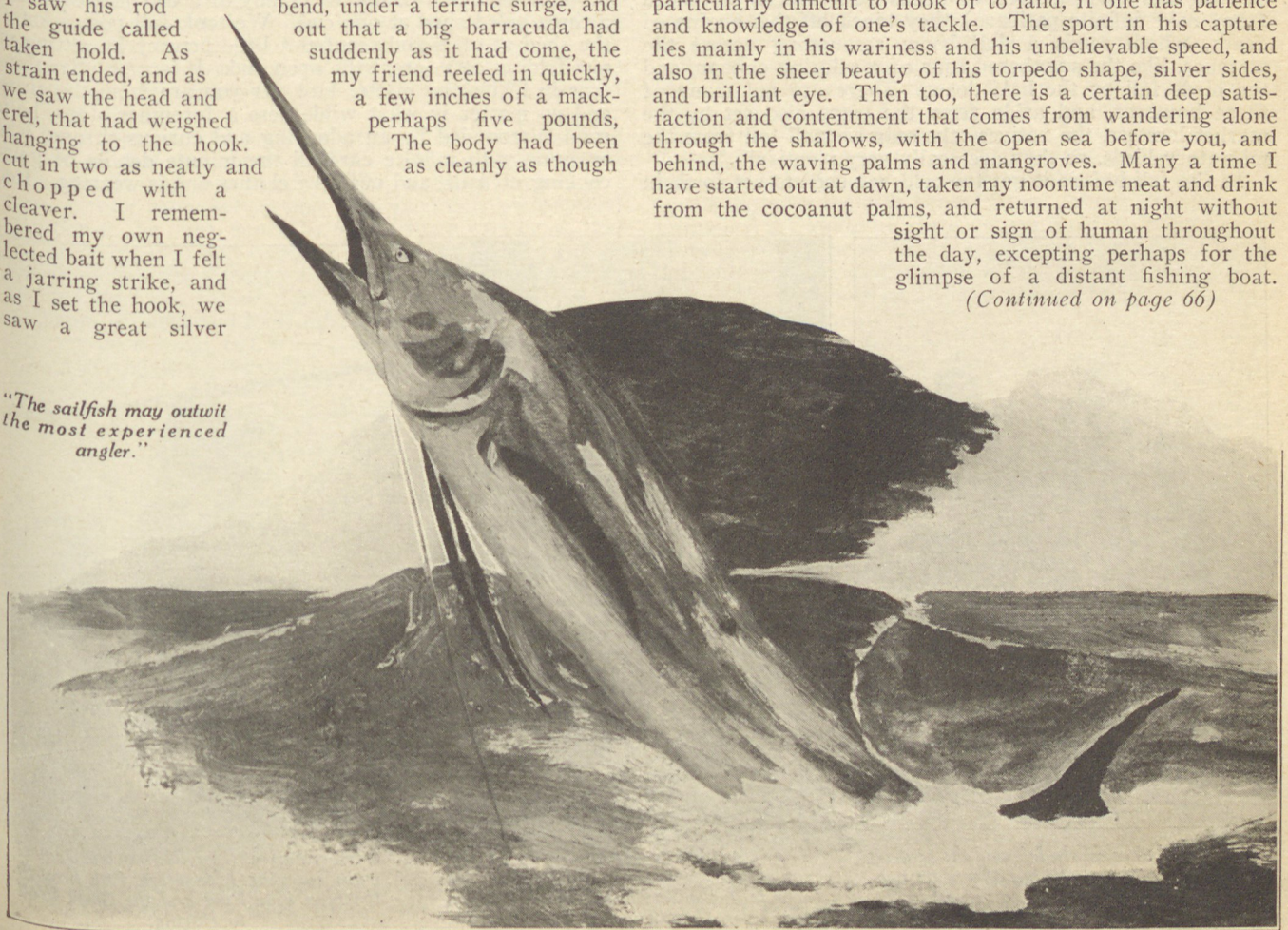
There is a lot of sport in cruising slowly through the shallow reefs in a small launch or with a kicker, hunting your fish and only bringing the rod into play when the barracuda is sighted. For this work a five or six ounce bait casting rod, six thread line, and most any large plug or wobbler will serve excellently. The real big fellows, however, are rarely found in shallow water, and it was while trolling one day close to the Stream that I hooked into the heaviest barracuda that has ever struck my lure.

I was fishing a short line, and my companion's bait whirling thirty or forty feet further back brought a great shadow up from the depths. The guide called, shark! and my friend, intent upon saving his tackle, reeled in rapidly, but I thought I had glimpsed a silver glint and a long snout, and I paid out my line. Almost at the same instant my companion shouted, strike! and began working on a small fish that had flashed in from the side. Suddenly I saw his rod bend, under a terrific surge, and the guide called out that a big barracuda had taken hold. As suddenly as it had come, the strain ended, and as my friend reeled in quickly, we saw the head and a few inches of a mackerel, that had weighed perhaps five pounds, hanging to the hook. The body had been cut in two as neatly and as cleanly as though chopped with a cleaver. I remembered my own neglected bait when I felt a jarring strike, and as I set the hook, we saw a great silver shape leave the water in a lateral leap of twenty feet or more. That this was the same fish that had cut off the mackerel from my companion's line there was no doubt for he disgorged a three or four pound chunk of the same fish, when we brought him over the side, after a little over eleven minutes' fight on the eight ounce rod. This big chap weighed forty-eight pounds at the dock, that night. Though I have taken more active barracuda, and have several times spied specimens that seemed to be of considerably greater length and girth, the rapid change of action and the sequence of events leading up to the capture have caused this day's events to stick in my memory.

No brand of southern fishing appeals to me more strongly than pottering around the Keys alone, with a light bait casting rod and a bag of sand crabs, in quest of bonefish. And, whatever the experience of others, I have been more successful in luring these famous fellows in this simple way,—fishing on the hoof, as it were, than by any other method. There is a certain essence of sport in the practice of chumming the bonefish to your boat with the aid of a masticating guide, or a meat grinder, but the other way you literally stalk your fish, and attempt to outwit him by your own, unaided efforts. It seems to me there is just as much difference between still hunting your fish, and chumming them to your boat as there is in still hunting moose, or other antlered game, or attracting them by calling, salting or any other method.

There probably has been more bunk and more hokum printed concerning the bonefish than about any other fish that swims in salt water. Notwithstanding the fact that he is probably the swiftest fish that has come to the attention of the sportsman; timid and difficult to approach, an enduring fighter and as hard to stop as the seven year itch; once he has come to the bait, I do not consider him either particularly difficult to hook or to land, if one has patience and knowledge of one's tackle. The sport in his capture lies mainly in his wariness and his unbelievable speed, and also in the sheer beauty of his torpedo shape, silver sides, and brilliant eye. Then too, there is a certain deep satisfaction and contentment that comes from wandering alone through the shallows, with the open sea before you, and behind, the waving palms and mangroves. Many a time I have started out at dawn, taken my noontime meat and drink from the cocoanut palms, and returned at night without sight or sign of human throughout the day, excepting perhaps for the glimpse of a distant fishing boat.

*(Continued on page 66)*



*"The sailfish may outwit the most experienced angler."*

# Stalking the Celestial Goose

By
REES BARKALOW

ONE seldom connects China with goose hunting. Her pheasants are known to some of us as great game birds which have been introduced, successfully, in the United States. Her geese are little known, but to me, China means geese and not pheasants, for in North China on the plains of Chihli, I have enjoyed my best goose hunting and I say this in spite of many years spent within a few miles of the once famous Barnegat Bay District of New Jersey. When I say best hunting, I mean not only from the point of view of the size of the bag, but taking into consideration also the pleasant and often unusual experiences one enjoys in filling it.

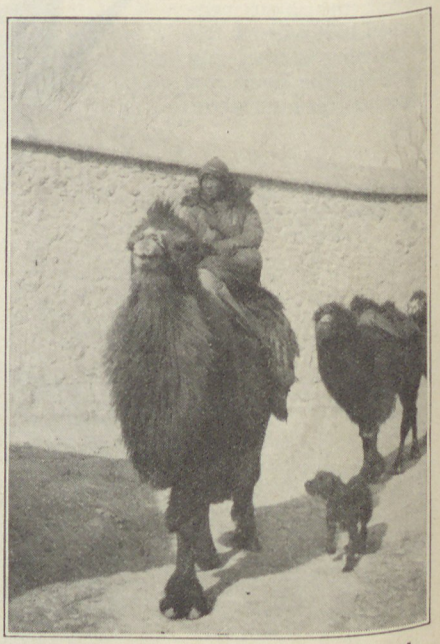
In China the foreigner is not troubled very much with game laws. The real difficulty is to procure a gun and sufficient ammunition to hunt with. The importation of fire arms into China, except by foreigners for sporting purposes, is forbidden and much red tape must be gone through with to get even "sporters" into the country. This system, no matter what the intentions of the originators may have been, gives the war lords and bandits a monopoly on up to date arms and ammunition. The local market hunters still have their ancient stockless, sixty-inch barrel flintlocks, which are usually associated in romantic novels with sheiks of the desert. In North China the use to which they are put is quite unromantic and to say the least unsportsmanlike, excusable perhaps because to the natives it is business and not pleasure and the food supply is never over abundant. They simply place the butt in the mud and load with a mixture of slugs, consisting chiefly of old nails and bits of iron and when a flock of ducks gets directly overhead (they have infinite patience) they touch off this engine of death, which sends a dull boom resounding across the marshes, like the smothered roar of a saluting cannon, and the birds fall by the half dozen. There are not many of these however, and aside from the traps also set by the market hunters, the natives take only a small toll from the migratory birds, so they are really very plentiful.

In the fall before it got too cold, we used to set forth in the early morning, equipped with blankets, food for two days, and the other necessities of camp life in charge of our Chinese boys. Loaded with ourselves in rickshaws, it took about an hour to reach the station where trains leave Peking for our shooting grounds in the north toward Kalgan and Mongolia. Due to the congestion which prevails on Chinese trains, and the odors in a tightly closed coach, we always found it easier to dump ourselves and our baggage into open flat cars, where we made ourselves comfortable with goggles against the cinders and blankets against the cool breezes. Trains in China, especially in war time, which is practically always, are uncertain quantities. On the occasion of my last trip, General Feng Yu-sheng was coming down the line we were attempting to ascend, which made it rather difficult for us, as he had twenty-five or thirty thousand of his men with him. However, after much pulling against this tide of humanity and many side-track delays to allow snappy Chinese officers the right of way with their Russian staffs in private trains, we finally reached Tu-mu, our objective on the Pei Ho, on the evening of the same day.

The Pei Ho is not a large river that far from the sea except in flood time when it cuts large slices of cliff from its banks and behaves in a most unruly manner, but at Tu-mu it winds conveniently near the railway line, a mile or so away down a gentle slope covered with fields of koliang which is the native grain. Tu-mu itself is not a thriving metropolis in the western sense at all, unless you apply the standards of our West in the early forties. The railroad station, which is really all there is to Tu-mu, is not pretentious, being composed chiefly of a dirt platform with a three sided shed at one end. We took full possession of the shed at once and secured a little privacy by setting up our folding cots across the open end. It is a peculiar thing that in China, no matter how far you are from the cities, and no matter in what wilderness a foreigner stops, he is soon surrounded by an admiring and curious throng, who examine with infinite care all the minute details of guns, cooking utensils, and even the clothes one is wearing. I do

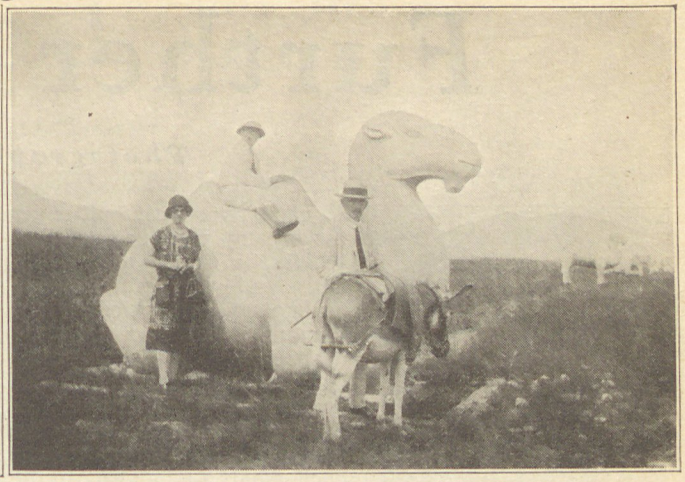
*Rees Barkalow on the left and the gentleman next him one who has offered the use of his donkey to carry the game back to the rail line.*

*The "ever increasing family" which consumed all the goose I could kill. The door is in the San Kuan Miao Temple, built before Columbus discovered America.*



*Our German retriever, Blitzen, and a camel train carrying Mongolian furs through the Nan Kou Pass and the Great Wall to Peking.*

*Showing the method of fording the streams in that region. This picture was taken on the way up to the goose country with the usual assortment of onlookers.*



*Showing some of the stone animals which guard the approach to the tombs of the Ming emperors. These huge images run for miles and miles across the plains.*

not recall even once having rested to eat lunch while shooting in China, without almost immediately becoming the center of a circle of squatting figures, who seemed to spring from nowhere, chattering incessantly among themselves, watching at the same time, with eagle eyes, each mouthful of sandwich that was consumed. My companion on these trips always rose to the occasion by delivering an address to the assembled multitude in his most oratorical English, which usually began, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking" or "On behalf of the visiting firemen," etc., and wound up with the "Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoals" or the "Shooting of Dan Magrew." These little impromptu talks seemed to please our circle of friends to a great degree and they followed every sentence with mouths agape, although I am sure they understood not a word. At the end there was always a great chattering, as though a spirited dispute was in progress as to who should have the honor of replying, until an individual whose long robe and white beard marked him as the head man arose and with much solemnity, replied with what we always took to be an address of welcome, although we in turn never understood much of the local dialect.

These trips of ours were taken over the week-end and planned so that we arrived at Tu-mu Friday night and returned to Peking late Sunday. The night of arrival was spent getting camp set up and guns in order, with special attention to the guns, generally of the pump variety, as that section, being cold and very dry all fall and winter, is subject to sudden and violent dust storms, which come roaring in from the Gobi Desert, like huge smoke clouds, picking up plenty of sand and local dust as they come. The night air, even in the early fall, is very cold and it was our custom to turn in complete with trench coats and mittens. You may begin to wonder why I think the shooting is so easy up there. We shall come to that later.

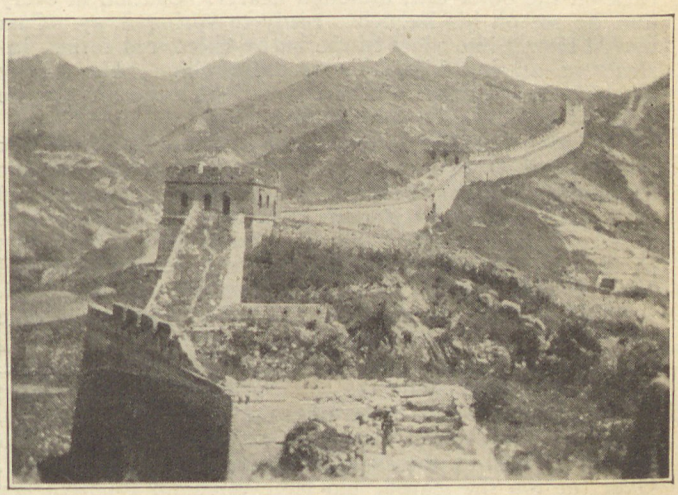
In the fall the geese in North China come down from the plains of Siberia, which are not far distant as the goose flies, and follow the rivers to the sea, thence down the coast to warmer climes for the winter. Three or four flights made up of a varying number of flocks are usually in a particular locality at a time. I would not attempt to estimate the number in each flight but I have seen the air actually filled with flying birds, each flock separate with large swan between and on the flanks. I never shot the swan because they have a reputation in that region of being unusually tough, but a party of Japanese who left the shooting ground as we came in on one occasion, had a dozen or more of them and considered them a better bag than the geese they had taken. Personally, I prefer the smaller geese on the flanks of a flock, rather than the swan or tough old leaders, or even the inside birds who protect themselves by making the youngsters take the exposed positions.

We always left our camp before sunrise, as the birds roost for the night on the mud flats in the middle of the river, and with the first rays of light come up over the high banks by the thousand, to feed in the koliang fields around our camp. It is a wonderful sight to see them coming up to you through the early morning mists, with a red sun rising over the hills behind them. Many a morning we postponed the awful leap from warm blankets into freezing, misty air, until the scolding and milling of the birds on the flats told us we would be late for the morning flight, if we did not go into action immediately. Now for the advantages of China goose hunting.

We never had to hunt for a flock. On the native "recep-

*(Continued on page 57)*

*This picture was taken on the way to the Ming tombs which lie to the east of the goose country where I did most of my shooting.*



*Showing the Great Wall at the Nan Kou Pass. This used to be very good mountain goat country, but now not so good except for "gorral" (little fellows).*

# Further Adventures

*Photographs by William L. Finley and the Author*

OUR camp was peaceful under the dreamy whiteness of Shishaldin, a magnificent cone with a glowing crater like a fish's mouth upturned to the heavens and the ever moving, misty clouds. The tents rested on a bed of sedge grass in the bend of the little river. A wind blew out to sea where the yacht, Westward, rocked at anchor half a mile away in the Bering. In the evening calm we could hear the crash of the breakers just beyond the turn of the river where it spread its silver fingers across the wide beach to join the sea.

As I sat in the tent door with a cosy fire at my back, the dim distances of the moss barrens and rolling hills pulsed with secrecy as if concealing shadowy forms and watchful eyes. It was for a glimpse of the barren land caribou and Kodiak bear that we had sought out this remote and little known island of Unimak. And this is a lonely land off here on the narrow, volcanic fence that stretches far to the westward between two stormy oceans.

The next morning a gale was blowing, bending the coarse grass and tipping the tents toward the stream that gurgled by their doors.

"This is the right time to stalk caribou," broke in Campbell, as he laid down the axe and took off his hat to scan the horizon for moving objects.

"How about a bear?" I said. "A big brown fellow ought to be eating his breakfast just over that little rise," and I pointed to a rounded mound across the river a hundred yards away. All eyes turned quickly and felt their way up the slope. But it was not a caribou, nor a brown bear that occupied the rim of that ridge. The frosty sun lighted up the reddish coat of a fox sitting straight and slim watching us in camp. His ears loomed large against the light which flared a burnished band about him. He was curious. His whole attention was fixed on these newcomers with their caravan of accoutrements and tents flapping in the wind.

My companion sauntered out from the group and walked up a little knoll almost facing the red watcher. How close could he get? At the same time, Cam, son of Campbell, skirted the hill on the opposite bank of the river to come up behind the fox's lookout. But a seventh sense of danger guards the wild things from surprise and before Cam's cap had hardly tipped the rise, the fox spied it. He turned his back on the other one, although nearer. Caution in every line, he sat on his haunches ready to spring away. Cam moved slowly into view of the bushy-tailed, red form. Instead of scaring him, this reassured him. He merely awaited the approach of the intruder with the air that he could attend to him when the time came.

And so he could. When Cam came too close, the fox got up and trotted on ahead of him, looking over his shoulder casually as if leading this good fellow on. Sly old fox! The game now pleased them both. But suddenly it ended. A noise startled the fox, and under the very eyes of the camp watchers the spot on the slope where he had been became vacant. The empty grass waved in the wind.

"That's the way of a fox for you," mused Cam. "She leads you on and then gives you the slip."

Two evenings before when the crowd was out for a walk, we had wandered along the ridge of one of the inevitable high sand-dunes that broke off into deep, grassy hollows, when down at the very bottom a red fox rushed out of a hole and bolted up the slope as if a demon were after her. Over the top she leaped, and later when we followed her tracks up the ridge and peered over the brink, which being on the sea side was a wind-blown face of soft sand, we found the trail of her wild escape in a straight streak down across the next swale and into a little gap between two hills where it was swallowed by sedge grass. It was the evidence of a heart that was beating as fast as her feet.

"Well, foxes are only foxes. Let's be off for some real game," suggested Campbell.

My field partner and I slung our knapsacks on our backs, with field-glasses, light lunch, etc., and were ready to strike out toward the mountain, for over there were the ragged ravines of the great bear and the slopes where the restless caribou ranged. We followed the two Campbells. The thick moss underfoot was a soundless carpet as we padded along in rubber packs and warm, light-weight Filson jackets. The sun had eaten off the dew leaving a green surface waving away into the distance. As we topped a rise a myriad of little lakes lay linked in a valley below us, like pools of light in green beds. All eyes were straight ahead, and the field-glasses came up.

"On your knees!" whispered the leader. "The sun is glinting on some animal down the slope!" All four dropped to the moss and crept inch by inch nearer the rim of the knoll. Through a fringe of marsh grass that looked as big as bayonets to our excited eyes, off near the first lake border we beheld an indistinct soft outline of something with bent head grazing in the gray-green, silvering expanse. It was made out to be a bull caribou. There must be a herd nearby! All four of us were flattened on our stomachs in the deep moss which was in the condition of a perpetually saturated sponge. This is the tundra which covers such great expanses of the fog-blown coastline of Alaska. Further north only the upper surface ever thaws out. By this time other members from camp had crawled up behind us, hitching along to get a look. We were in the lee of the wind which could carry no tales of our presence to the caribou. But that same secretive wind whizzed over the top into our faces like a stinging whip. Lying motionless most of the time for fear of detection, the cold and dampness soon bit through our clothing. But any discomfort was only a stimulant to the exhilaration of trailing wild game on this misty morning in the land of the Aleuts.

The field-glasses soon picked up other tawny forms lying immovable and indistinct on the slope beyond. Only the tell-tale sun lighting up their yellow coats betrayed them.

*William L. Finley taking moving pictures with the assistance of the two camp mascots.*

# in Aleut Land

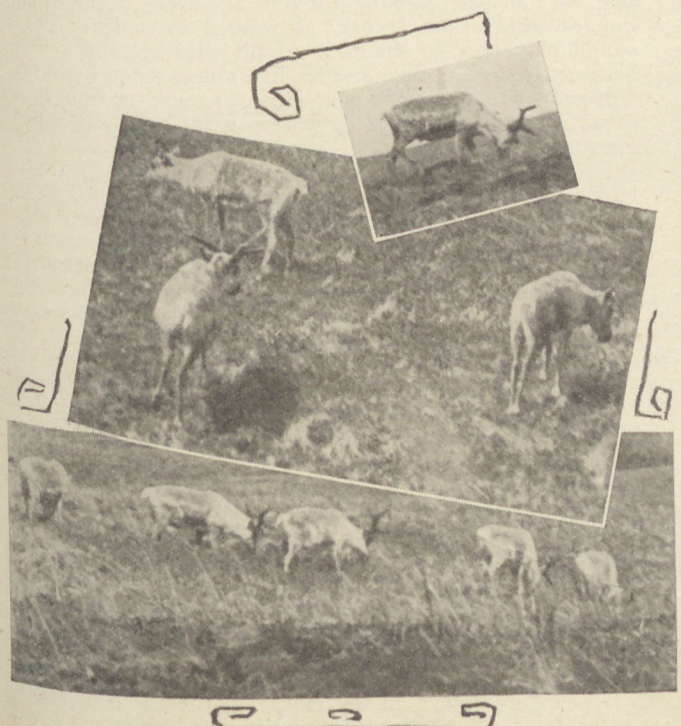
By IRENE FINLEY

*Second Installment*

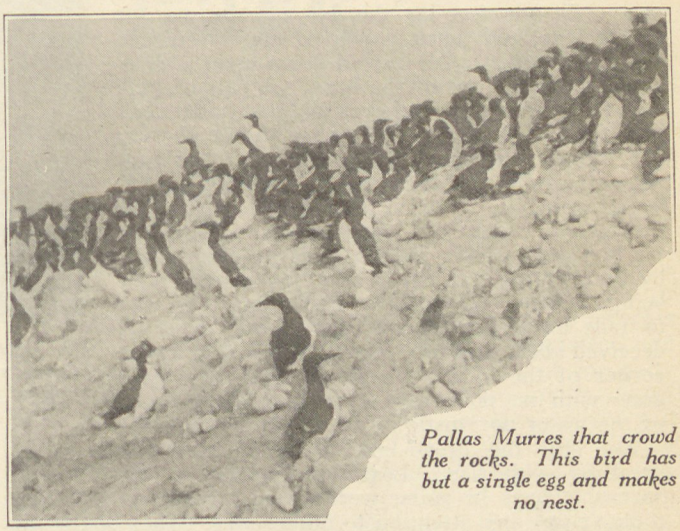
After looking at the lay of the land from all points, the situation didn't appear promising. It seemed impossible to get near them, as there wasn't even a dwarf willow between our ambush and the animals. The foreground was the dip of a big open hollow that sloped evenly off to the lake shore. The herd had risen and was munching peacefully toward the water two or three miles away. Finally Campbell volunteered to maneuver around a big hill that formed one rim of the valley. There might be an approach by low ground or intervening mounds beyond the grazing herd. But this was only a chance as it would bring him where the wind would instantly spread the news. The crowd crouched behind the knoll to await his signal if the venture was feasible. We envied him the long walk. It is the way to keep warm on these marshy plains. Deeper into our soggy beds we sank, pulling our coats around our noses for a long wait.

The caribou had seen us. In keeping sentinel over the top of the rise, a hat or a head had been discovered. The animals were alert to pick up any strange object or movement even at a long distance. The wind told them nothing, however, so they were not frightened, but merely uneasy. Two of them lay down with heads pointed toward the eavesdroppers, eyes on the watch, noses to test the breeze. They were suspicious and curious about what lay behind our hilltop. They might have rested easy; there was not a gun in the crowd.

But something else was happening. A watchful old cow had levelled her eyes off toward the hill near the end of the lake. It was from this direction that we were impatiently awaiting a sign from Campbell. Slowly and dimly a lumbering object loomed up in the distance, moving straight out into the open toward the caribou. It was a brown bear! But where was Campbell? What had happened? There was tense silence behind the knoll. Down the slope the two caribou also lay quiet with eyes riveted on the bear. The rest of the herd had grazed off to a higher level. On came the bear deliberately stopping once in a while. The caribou guards got up leisurely, but with an evident purpose, and began feeding slowly back toward the main herd, keeping their eyes on the clumsy bear. Soon



*Caribou on Unimak Island taken with a six inch lens.*



*Pallas Murres that crowd the rocks. This bird has but a single egg and makes no nest.*

they dipped over the rim of the knoll and were out of sight and danger. Then the bear stood up and walked toward the astonished crowd. It was Campbell!

But there was no time to be lost. My companion and I jumped up and made a dash for the next hill beyond which our game had disappeared. Now, running over the tundra with its surface like a bubbling sea of nigger-heads or hummocks, constantly hopping up and down with packs jolting on our backs, felt almost like a hobby-horse race. We were working hard against the deep mat of moss which pulled our feet back at every step, and the long grass which frequently caught and tripped us. When we reached the next stopping place we were winded and ready to drop down for another vigil. In this way by relays, we made the next hill, where we stretched out to hunt up the caribou again.

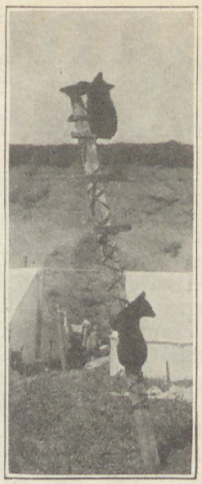
There they were, sixteen of them now, some lying down, others feeding on the moss, lichens and dwarf browse. They were a pale golden-brown as if bleached by the sun and wind on these treeless, open moors. The old bull stood grazing not far away. He was a stocky, heavy-bodied animal with thick, cow-like legs and a large head with ungraceful antlers. Even the females have adopted this masculine adornment and wear slender horns. His broad-spreading, split hoofs with sharp, cup-shaped edges furnish him a flat footing for travelling over the soft tundra in summer, and a steady step on the slippery ice and snow of winter. Well is he called the barren ground caribou as he and his relatives range the desolate Arctic barrens and marshes beyond the tree line, even to the northernmost limit of land, where in early days his herds were like waves moving over the plains. Altogether he looked slow-witted and little fitted for self-preservation in a land of human and animal enemies. Else why should he stand there looking into our faces?

Campbell spoke quietly as he squinted through the glasses. "There is only one way to get near this herd in its present position, as they are on high ground and can see every object below them. Your only chance is to skulk along in the hollows on your hands and knees down to the lake shore where a cut-bank borders it and leads around to their lookout. In this way you may come around a point square upon them." So saying he and the rest departed for camp.

The two of us were alone, with packsacks full of cameras. We still stared over the top of the knoll, contemplating the long caterpillar crawl across the no-man's land which lay spread before us. We tightened our hats against the push of the wind, settled our packs and made the break. Taking a slow gait, we moved our hands and knees methodically up and down in the wet moss. I thrilled as if we were creep-

ing along under the eyes of an enemy, expecting to be picked off any minute. It seemed an endless, blind going before we reached the top of the bank and dropped over the edge to lie limp and oblivious to everything for a space.

When I looked up we were in a new world. Wind-blown tundra and rolling hills alike were gone. At our feet lay the flat, marshy margin of the lake, and those who lived there were not bears or caribou. We looked down upon a clear spring bubbling out of the bank. A pair of pintails flushed with excited eyes and movements out into the tall marsh grass. They didn't go far, but for some minutes sidled around in the tiny tricklets of water that threaded in and out of the bogs, eyeing us sidewise and suspiciously, as if they couldn't make out what we were. Certainly we had no business there. This peaceful nook by their spring had never been found by human beings before. Anyway, the best thing to do was to fade away before our eyes so we might be deceived about that nest that lay cuddled in a cool corner of the bank. So all at once they were gone with no noise, not even a tell-tale ripple of the water nor rustle of the grass.



*The antics of our mascots were as amusing as those of court jesters.*

But still the broad marshland bubbled and breathed with life. Least sandpipers by the dozens, always in pairs, were so busy courting that they couldn't pay any attention to other folks. They soared up like little sky-rockets and floated back to earth, pouring forth a plaintive, ecstatic song of love. The morning in the marsh was musical with rippling whistles as here and there in quick succession the delirious sprites shot into the air.

I sat silent and half smothered in sedge under the bank. Two little lovers fluttered up and settled just in front of me. With gentle eyes they looked me over, but finding me quite inconsequential they bent their heads close over a tempting tussock of grass, twittering confidentially as to whether this might not be the very time to commence building. They bowed, and whispered, and considered. But no, it was early. They must not be too hasty. And away they went again out over the waving marsh grass to commence their courting all over. And so the days would go until they must settle down to the serious problems of nursery life.

But we must go on to bigger game than ducks and sandpipers. Haltingly we lifted our packs and started off, picking our way along the steep bank just below the top to be out of sight of sharp eyes ahead. Peeking around a point, we found that the caribou on the hill had separated, a few lying down while eleven had straggled out on the marsh to feed. This was a puzzle. We could hardly avoid detection by both bunches, and once seen, one group of animals would undoubtedly convey its fright to the rest and stampede the whole herd. But the chance had to be taken.

It was the bear trick or nothing now. With heads bent, the two of us moved close together like a shaggy old fellow. We plodded out toward the foot of the hill where five or six animals lay resting. They eyed this approaching object in surprise for a scant few minutes, then all got up nervously and began to mill around in indecision. They were afraid of this ominous thing. They started quartering down the slope and coming to their usual trail, they lost control and tore straight toward us. This was their line of escape, or they thought to take the shortest cut to the rest of the herd beyond us. It looked like a head-on collision. We threw discretion to the winds, straightened out of our bear figures and ran headlong for the oncoming animals. By good fortune we hit the main trail ahead of them, which seemed to bewilder them. They stopped short and stared, not at a bear, but at human beings! The three bulls with flaring antlers took the lead, standing defiantly close together, a cow and calf behind. The cameras were grinding away unmindful of anything but a fine shot. All at once the big leaders bolted squarely down upon us, barely swerving where we stood in the trail, as they dashed by. Circling around to get our wind, they flared their rump patches and furnished broadsides as they raced across the marsh bottom and up onto the tundra. By this time they had a full whiff of the enemies' scent. As soon as they felt they were out of range, they paused in battle array on the ridge top, outlined against the sky and the white clouds. The excitement was over. They trailed on with that long, shambling gait that covers so much ground, frequently stopping to stare down wonderingly at those queer disturbers of their island peace. Had we been gunners, we would have had all three big stags in our bags.

Persistence is the greatest virtue in this country where walking, and more walking is the only method of transportation. The best of the day remained, for the eleven caribou on the marsh bottom grazed on oblivious that a battle of wits had just been waged around the corner. We crawled stealthily up the steep ridge that dropped down to the marsh, and flattened behind a hummock. As the caribou ranged further along the lake shore, we kept pace on our hands and knees above them. We were at the top now. Blissfully spying on our prey below, suddenly we caught a movement of some object coming down the long ridge opposite. It came out into the light,—an Alaska brown bear ambling solemnly down the mountain. There was no mistake this time. The caribou below saw him also, for they stood with raised heads and all eyes up the hill. We were somewhat abashed to come upon this great hermit of the hills whose ghost had so lately concealed us.

I knew that men had been killed by this great grizzly. And here were we with only the open hills and the heavens to protect us. We had been warned that this largest of living carnivores was a dangerous animal to meet at close quarters and that we should never tramp the tundra without a rifle. But starting out in the morning from the bustling camp for a mere reconnoiter in the vicinity could hardly boast the serious purpose of a real hunt backed by Mannlichers or Mausers. We considered ourselves undeniably peaceful and reassuring. But now six miles from home and face to face with Bruin suddenly brought upon me the almost sure conviction that he would interpret quite differently our attitude and intentions. We had to admit that we had been looking for him and were eager to meet him,—a short time before. I wanted to believe that he would play true to the code of all wild creatures that I had met before, to live and let live unless some belligerent move was made on our part. This was our first sight of the great Alaska bear,—and he was so great that I was shaking in my shoes.

I took a good look through the glasses. Old Bruin was lumbering leisurely down, stopping here and there to paw out a squirrel hole, usually to his own discomfiture, for he seemed to be an indifferent digger. We were now close enough to stamp his picture on our eyes. It was true that he was a surly, unfriendly looking fellow with the melancholy manner of one who prefers to go his way alone, and I judged he was given a wide berth by the other wild folks of these hills. Heavy of head and shoulder, with an awesome breadth of chest and a great, loose-jointed, shambling frame, I could plainly see that the Kodiak bear was made for massive power and high speed, if he felt inclined. But it was when I looked into his face that I shuddered and knew him for what he was. That bulging hulk of a skull with a jowl as forbidding as an ox's, from which protruded disgusting, gnarled snags of teeth which had spent themselves in crunching the bones of his own kind in the eternal battles, told something of his brutish life. His eyes were

*The blue fox of Alaska.*

*(Continued on page 40)*

# The Great Smoky Mountain National Park

By
PAUL W. ALLEN

SOME weeks ago, a man who had hunted, fished, and climbed in several of our National Parks of the West, sat comfortably resting on a hotel porch at Gatlinburg, the Tennessee entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains. It was the end of his vacation. During his two weeks' stay he had climbed Mt. LeConte (6,580 feet in height), also Mt. Guyot (6,636 feet). He had been on Clingman's Dome (6,680 feet), and on Thunderhead Mountain. He had tramped and fished many unknown streams. He had climbed the Pinnacles at Greenbrier Cove and also the Chimneys at Indian Gap. He was a quiet, conservative man and had not said much during his visit, but as he was leaving he remarked:

"I have seen as magnificent and as beautiful sights here in the Great Smokies as there are anywhere in America. The remarkable thing is that I had not even suspected that this great splendor of mountain panorama and virgin forest was here. But it is no wonder, as these superb mountains are practically unknown to the great mass of people living but a few hundred miles from them."

If you study a relief map of the Appalachian Mountains you will notice that the major uplift, the climax, of all this great mountain system extending from Canada to Georgia is along the boundary line between East Tennessee and Western North Carolina. You will notice that for sixty miles this Tennessee-North Carolina state-line is dotted with mountain peaks many of which are between six and seven thousand feet in height. This is the Great Smoky Mountain range which Congress has voted to accept as one of our National Parks. The Indians called these mountains the Unakas and resented the coming of the white man to this choicest of hunting grounds. To the east of this range there is one peak, Mt. Mitchel, rising to a height of 6,711 feet, the highest point east of the Dakotas, but here in the Great Smokies are dozens of peaks within a few feet of Mt. Mitchel's height. Also there are knife-blade ridges elevated 5,000 feet above their bases extending for miles from one peak to another. To the visitor approaching from either side of this sixty-mile mountain range, it extends

*Sunrise above the clouds in the Great Smokies.*

up into the sky like a great smoke colored wall. From its foothills on one side to its foothills on the other is a distance of from thirty to fifty miles. This area has always been a land of mystery. The Indians and later the mountaineers hunted here but both always avoided its impenetrable fastnesses and even until this day there are many places where no hunter or mountain climber has ever been.

Since the time, one hundred and fifty years ago, when several hundred coon-skin hatted, deer-skin dressed Tennessee and Carolina frontiersmen, many equipped with long home-bored rifles, went off to fight Ferguson at Kings Mountain, down to the present time there has been little change in the Great Smoky Mountains, except for the coming of the ever encroaching donkey engine of the lumber camp. At present there are great forests of virgin timber which because of inaccessibility and the precipitousness of the sides of the mountain defiles have not been cut. Some of these stand today as at the time of Daniel Boone's first trip into Tennessee, a virgin jungle. The same bears and lynxes according to the mountain people attack their defenseless cattle on the ranges.

The scattering of people who live in the more inaccessible mountain valleys are like the virgin forest about them. They are much the same as they were in 1775, a people with the original idea of democracy and liberty. To say that they are inferior because they are not modern in their ways is as sensible as to say that Walter Scott was inferior because he did not ride about in an automobile. Modern ways have not yet reached some of these mountain people locked in by the barrier walls of these mountains. They are rich in traditions. The artificialities of life have not reached them over the tortuous mountain trails. To know the simple, plain, honest lives of some of these people is like a breeze blown into the sultry atmosphere of our complex, over-indulgent modern life. Indeed, to any one who has never been in the Smokies before, there comes the feeling of having been transplanted to a land of long ago, when the men folk were all hunters, when people had wooden latches upon doors and kept bees in bee gums, and when the spinning wheel was busy in every cabin. The atmosphere about these shut-in homesteads is such that you would not be surprised to see a marauding Indian in the thicket watching the white man's clearing.

And now the heyday of these mountains has arrived. The Great Smokies have been discovered. Something of what the mountaineer and the Indian have breathed from their mountains has been sensed by the great mass of American people and they are conscious of their need for it. American people are essentially an idealistic people, but they know that ideals must be built on material foundations. Love of nature and reverence has always been strong with us but we have just now reached an era when we are ready to increase it. God speaks in the mountains and virgin forests. Roosevelt climbed down from Mt. Marcy to be sworn in as President of the United States. We are all of us, like Roosevelt, more or less lovers of mountains. But as we awake to the appreciation of our mountains and forests we find that the materialism which says that forests are for lumber and fuel and that the streams are for sewage drainage, has almost completed its untempered designs. Too often in America, mountains have been stripped of their forests and cataracts in spite of the saner way of lumbering and of harnessing waterpower.

*"Dome Falls" on the untrailed Roaring Fork Creek on the north side of Mt. LeConte. The large number of rushing streams punctuated by the frequent waterfalls, cataracts and cascades add to the picturesque beauty of the Great Smoky Mountains. In the Great Smokies are hundreds of unnamed waterfalls of great beauty.*

But here in the Great Smokies is a vast area of primeval mountains and forests, racing streams and cataracts. Those who are familiar with this region and are also familiar with our National Parks of the West, know full well that the area taken in by the Great Smoky National Park is of National Park caliber. The grandeur of the scenes at Berthoud Pass and Rabbitear Pass in the Rockies does not exceed the grandeur beheld from the top of the mountains and ridges of the Great Smokies. It is true at present that it takes stout legs to carry the sightseer to the top of the Smokies, but this is simply a matter of roads which are already being built. For those who are willing to climb the great Smokies there is a reward of views of the same titanic majesty as is found in other National Parks. This new National Park has justly been called the "Yellowstone of the East."

The nearness of this area to over half of the population of the United States is another important factor which will make this one of the most popular National Parks in the United States. Splendid roads approach this area from all directions and make it very accessible. The usability of this Park will

inevitably grow and grow as its existence becomes more generally known. No more scenic highway will exist in America than the one now being built from Knoxville, Tennessee, through the Great Smokies by way of Indian Gap to North Carolina. This highway with its branches will become famous in the coming years.

There are three superb times of the year in which to visit the Great Smoky Mountain National Park: Spring, Summer and Fall.

In addition to these three seasons should be added, Winter, according to the party of scientists who came from the 1927 Nashville meetings of the American Association for Advancement of Science and climbed Mt. LeConte at Christmas time. They reported that their trip in the mountains was one of the greatest experiences of their lives, although many of these men were widely traveled.

I took a trip one spring to Thunderhead Mountain in the Smokies and spent a couple of days with a herder, Tom Sparks, at the Spencer cabin. Although it was the first of June down in the valleys, still on the mountain tops it was early April. A cutting wintry wind swept over the top of the "bald." As visitors in the mountains salute at a distance of a hundred yards from a cabin, one of our party who was acquainted with the herder of Thunderhead sent up a full breasted "Halloo, Tom!" Then there was no sound for several minutes except the reverberations of our salute as it traveled out through the mountain forests and down the mountain side. Then soon the night's silence was broken by the biggest voice a hound dog ever sounded. It was not until I had seen the great, gaunt-faced, cavernous-sided hound that I could explain how such a voice could be possessed by a mere dog. Sparks received us with the hospitality of the true mountaineer. Before we left he showed us where in "yon auger hole" deep in a log we could find the key to his bedroom and grub box if we ever came while he was away.

On this trip to Thunderhead Mountain in June the beauty of the mountains far surpassed anything that I had ever imagined previously. Along the roaring streams the dark green lustrous leaves of the giant Rhododendron hung thickly from their branches with flowers in all shades of the most delicate pinkness. Higher up we found the mountain sides all aglow with the splendor of the blossomed Mountain Laurel. In great patches on every hand the mountain side blazed with the indescribable glory of the Flame Azalea. In no place in America are there flowers which equal these in the Smokies. Where the mountain storms had blown down trees here and there across the trail the Trumpet vine hung her waxy red belled flowers in thick clusters. Many different vines and flowers upholstered every jutting rock and decaying fallen tree trunk with their far strung vines and delicate blossoms, and vied with the Arbutus on the mossy ground below for the honor of being the sweetest flower in America. The air everywhere was fragrant with a dozen matchless perfumes. Bright colored birds dashed through the forest air-trails and once a wild turkey was flushed from a Rhododendron thicket. Something which we could not see, a black bear no doubt, crashed with startling speed and weight down through a mountain-side jungle. Every movement of the long trip to the top was filled with surprises.

*Rainbow Falls half way up the main trail to Mt. LeConte is always beautiful, but after a long or hard rain it becomes spectacular as well as beautiful.*

Spring is marvelous in the Great Smokies, but later I spent a little time at Greenbrier in midsummer. My delight in the feel of a rainbow trout on the end of a line dangling in one of the foaming streams and my pleasure in the verdured primeval forest with its deep cool shade when places lower down were scorching, convinced me that summer also is a great time in the Smokies. But this fall I visited the Smokies in November. The gorgeous forests were ready for visitors. The mountains were as riotous with gorgeous bold leaf-colors as they had been in the spring with flowers. The coloring outdid any master paintings. So it is wise to say that the Great Smokies are always ready and that the time that you can best get away for a trip into these mountains is the best time to go.

The North Canadian calls the trackless forest "the bush." Here in the Great Smokies the virgin forest is truly "the bush." Only with an axe can the traveler make any headway when once he leaves the trail. Here in these mountains are more different plants than in any other one locality known to botanists. Some two thousand species of plants

*(Continued on page 59)*

# My Year in the Wilderness

## *And the Year Ahead*

By

MURDO GIBSON

IN one respect, the title of this article is misleading, in another, perfectly accurate. I have spent many years in "the wilderness" but the one just past was peculiarly mine inasmuch as my time was my own and, being alone, I could do pretty much as I pleased.

Knowing something of the transformation this period of lone camping has wrought in me, OUTDOOR AMERICA has insisted that I tell why I did it, what I gained, and what I hope to accomplish by continuing to absent myself from civilization.

The primary reason for my solitary sojourn in the woods is that I am almost totally blind—a condition which has followed a series of delicate surgical operations to save my eyes—without my special heavy spectacles, and I find it easier to live, to enjoy life, to get about, and even to make a living, in the woods which I know and love so well, than in the city, which I have come to distrust and to hate, and for which I hold no sympathy.

People have been amazed at this statement, although it sounds perfectly reasonable and sane to me. "How," they ask, "can you get along in the woods alone with eyesight that is not dependable?" They point out that in the forest a person must be physically perfect, or nearly so, while in the city, the aids and comforts of science, of civilization, and of one's fellow men, constitute a boon to one who has suffered physical misfortune.

My reply is that I have simply come home. All of my life has been spent, one way or another, in or near the great forests. I am not a creature of the cities. I have always found peace, comfort, and the highest joy of living, in the woods. And here, with the handicap of faulty vision, which has precluded the possibility of my making a living in my customary way, I find myself better able to meet the demands of life. Here I find the greatest ease of movement; here I am best able to do my work in the world.

About seven years ago, my failing vision forced me to give up timber cruising and try some other method of making a living for myself and family. Chiefly on borrowed capital, I started a small business, which I conducted so skilfully that, in a few years, I was not only without money but unable to meet my notes.

During the periods of convalescence that followed a series of surgical operations, I worried a good deal, but expectation of restored sight kept me from utter despondency. I had reasons for believing that my situation was not hopeless, and that good fortune would greet me as soon as I was able to walk abroad.

But she did not. Physically unfit for any other job I could think of, I decided to try writing. It seemed to me the only chance for profitable utilization of my long experience in timber exploration and allied activities. Strangely enough, I received some encouragement from disinterested professionals. But there was too much distraction or, else, I was too easily distracted.

I couldn't exclude from my mind the pressing and insistent problems that perplexed me, and to which there was no possible solution. Always I was pining for the woods, even though I had but little hope of ever again being able to fell a tree or find a brush-hidden portage.

A year of this continual torment and constant fretting lowered my spirit to the point where I seriously contemplated meeting with a fatal accident.

This was my mental condition when, one day in early summer, a friend asked me if my eyes were capable of reading a compass and dip needle. He wanted me to make a magnetic survey of a Canadian mining property, located in a very attractive district I had visited many years before. I told him I would try, but my work would be exceedingly slow. Shortly afterward, I went to Port Arthur, Ontario, where I had to await final instructions before purchasing equipment and supplies.

After two interminable weeks of restless impatience, word came of a sudden change of ownership that rendered my services unnecessary. This was a bitter disappointment and, for a few minutes, I felt sick at heart. Then, I conceived the idea of going camping on my own account and, from that moment, my spirits rose, until I became almost cheerful.

Next morning, I took train for a beautiful sheet of water twenty miles east of Port Arthur and there I stayed, in an open air camp, for four short and delightful months.

As soon as I started the familiar work of cutting poles, stakes and boughs, the blue devils vanished and were supplanted by my normal, camp mood, that might be described as a state of almost joyous tranquillity. It seemed like the awakening from a frightful nightmare.

I was home again after a long, distressing journey and a wearisome sojourn in unfriendly lands.

Late that night, as I lay, pleasantly tired, on my deep, resilient bed of balsam, I was conscious of something closely akin to "the peace that passeth all understanding." And I slept like a child until morning.

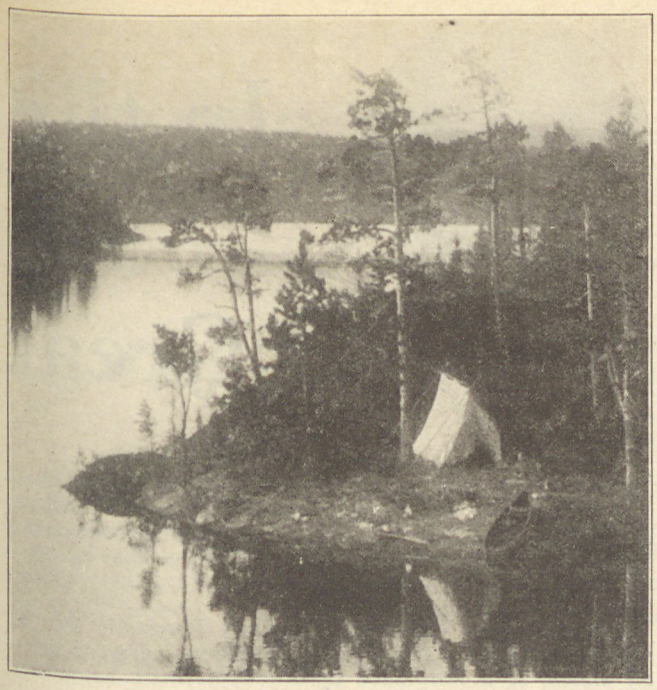
When I awoke, it seemed as if the whole world had been cleaned. Everything looked freshly bathed. Physically, I had a curious sensation of lightness, as if suddenly freed from an oppressive burden. I fancied I could *see* the painful years,—from which all reality, all substance, had been removed,—clearly outlined in the morning mist and drifting with it into distant nothingness.

And they really did fade out of my life. Since that day, I have never allowed my mind to dwell on them.

To a very considerable extent, we can control our thoughts. In a way, they are the guests of our minds and, like human visitors to our houses, may be rebuffed, or made welcome. We

**HERE is a remarkable document from the North woods. It is Murdo Gibson's own story. He is OUTDOOR AMERICA'S "wilderness correspondent," and his letters have delighted our readers for the past two years. They will appear under a new heading beginning next month. Watch for them!**

EDITOR.



*Summer camp on one of the Lake of the Woods islands.*

*In winter a snowshoe trail follows the canoe route of summer.*

cannot always prevent undesirable visitors from knocking at our doors, but, normally, we can refuse them admittance. Unwelcome thoughts, sternly repulsed, soon learn to keep away and, although they may pass to and fro, they seldom linger long enough to become objectionable to any but the sick.

For many years, it was my fond hope to camp in the woods, alone, for an indefinite time, with no special duties to perform. I wanted to have ample leisure to observe the wild life that is always to be found in the vicinity of a forest camp. I wanted to come and go without questionings or hindrance; to eat when hungry and not because it was "meal time"; to sleep when sleepy and not be limited to certain hours during the night. In fact, I wanted to spend many nights prowling around the water's edge, with a strong light to attract and make visible the countless living creatures, of whose habits I knew little or nothing.

In addition to all this, I craved a long respite from the conditions that had caused me such mental anguish. In the woods, one could economize without embarrassment or loss of self-respect, and the squirrels and jays are no less friendly when one's bank account is depleted.

Furthermore, it occurred to me that perhaps there were enough people interested in the things I saw, in the things I did, alone in the wilderness, to make my stay not only pleasant, but, under the light economic burdens forest life imposes, actually profitable in a small way.

So this is how and why my letters from the north woods began to appear in Outdoor America.

And now for a summing up of my past year in the woods. First of all, I must banish the idea that I may have spent a lonely year. Never in my life have I been less alone. My lonely moments have been spent in the heart of a crowded city, never in the supposed "solitude" of the forest. Here I am surrounded by friends and by friendly things.

And here, too, I find my greatest human companionship. This may sound like an ambiguous statement, but it is exactly true. Since I have been here I have surrounded myself with friends who live in all parts of the United States—friends who think as I do, who love the things I love, who stand with me on a ground of mutual understanding. I found them through my monthly letters to this magazine.

In the city I was very much alone, and was, to be frank, the object of some pity. Today I believe I am one of the most envied men in America—at least so I judge from my mail. Men of high standing in professional and commercial circles, who know me only through print, write me long letters in which they invariably express a yearning to do as I have done and try to find their heart's desire in the wilderness solitude.

I find that I am the embodiment of the secret desires of thousands of men. I am doing what thousands wish they had the opportunity and the courage to do. By courage I mean economic courage—a quality which, as I have shown, had nothing to do with my decision. Rather, it was economic cowardice.

I have formed friendships which I never shall forget. When my mail comes, by canoe in summer, over the ice in winter (for I am on an island) from Kenora, thirty miles through the woods and over the lakes, I look forward to several evenings of good fellowship—as true, or truer, than if I were sitting around the stove in a country store, or in a drawing room in the city. Alone in the city, save for my immediate family and intimate friends, I find myself out in the world of men when I make my camp on a solitary island in the Canadian wilds!

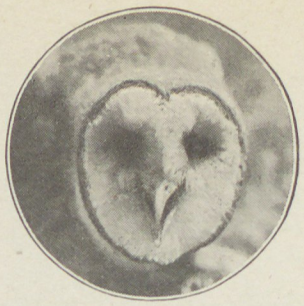
The time has slipped past with unbelievable speed. I have been asked if time drags. The reverse is true: the days never seem long enough, either in summer or in winter. My hours are crowded—perhaps not with the neurotic rustling of papers and dashing hither and yon which seems to constitute the usual city meaning of crowded hours, but with the things I want to do, the things I want to study, to see, and to experience.

The hours have melted, the days have gone, the weeks have passed all too quickly. The seasons have changed with kaleidoscopic speed. The year has gone, and more, and I can't figure where it has gone to.

In summer I never used my watch, for my tent was open and I could watch the time in the skies. Now, with my tent closed, I wind my watch every night and always am surprised at the lateness of the hour when I look at it. "Killing time" is something I never think of—often I wish I could slow it up.

One of the results of my year in the wilderness alone has been the perspective it has given me in observing the activities of those who live in the city. I wish you who live there could see yourselves from the viewpoint of one who has spent a year in the woods. I wish I had the ability to picture and to explain the sense of futility with which I see you surrounded. The purposeless dashing around, the meaningless hurry and rush, the elevation of absurd things to heights of the greatest importance. The roar of a million typewriters clicking out

*(Continued on page 58)*



*This remarkable owl picture was taken by Wright M. Pierce*

# In the of Great

MAN is so accustomed to the uproarious noise with which he surrounds himself and all of his actions —because he no longer fears any natural enemy and the necessity for quiet is gone—that he often mistakes the silence of the wilderness for emptiness and the absence of life.

Yet the forest, especially the Great Forest, is teeming with life: the silent darkness of the nights masks an activity which, if accompanied by a proportionate amount of noise, bustle and confusion, would utterly amaze the observer.

The man of the city is entirely unaware of his surroundings when in the woods. John Burroughs, the great naturalist, was walking along a path one evening with a friend. Suddenly he stopped short and called attention to the tiny chirp of an insect. His friend was amazed at his keen hearing, and remarked about it.

"That chirp had about as much sound volume as the dropping of a dime on a pavement," replied Burroughs, "yet you think it strange I should hear it even in this silent forest, whereas you would not be in the least surprised to see a dozen people stop and look around at the sound of a dime dropping in all the noise and confusion of a street corner. Yet that indicates infinitely better hearing. What you hear is what you have your mind on."

Thus the trained and experienced woodsman, accustomed to the sounds of the wilderness, catches some of the life that surrounds him. Yet even he, whose eyes are sharpened, whose ears are attuned, whose senses are trained to the sights, sounds and manner of life with which he is surrounded, seldom realizes the extent of the life around him.

Great owls, with wings silenced by fine down between the feathers, float absolutely without a rustle in search of tiny animals that move on padded feet. The creatures that prey on others move silently in order to creep up on other creatures that likewise move silently in order to avoid detection by sound.

All manner of drama may be enacted around the tent of the camper who believes that he is alone in a world of trees and grass. The walker through the night forest hears only his own crunching, and mistakenly believes that, obviously, he is the only living thing there. He never will know the keen ears that follow his progress, the sharp eyes that strain in the night to see him, the delicate nostrils that search for a wisp of information.

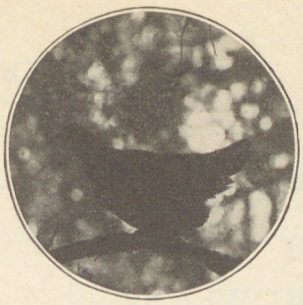
* * *

THE creatures of the woods know the value of silence, and many thoughtful hunters often ponder on the number of deer that have stood within a few rods and watched them, the number of birds that have wisely held their wings while he walked almost close enough to touch them.

If one would realize something of the extent of life in the forest, let him go out at night armed with a searchlight or with a flashlight. The boat floats silently on calm waters along the shore, and only the tiniest of splashes tell the photographer when to set off his flash powder. Then, as the blackness opens up around him, comes a momentary glance of deer or moose at the edge of the water—a fleeting glimpse into the life of the forest.

Along the highways at night the lights of automobiles show scurrying shapes that bound back into the welcome darkness. The searchlight of the camper, attracted by a

# Silence the Forest



*Flashlights of the deer*
*Copyrighted by Hobart V. Roberts*

slight sound, a sense of movement, discloses a passing tableau of the forest.

Night is the time the wilderness world is about, and surely if the traveler were to suddenly be empowered to turn night into day, the silent forest, the lonely woods, that surround him would be disclosed as a veritable bee hive of motion and life.

The wilderness is silent only to those whose ears are not trained down to listen for tiny sounds. To the wilderness ears the crackle of a twig is a mighty explosion, equal to the roar of riveters on a great building in the city. It is a new scale of sounds and must be interpreted by a new scale of values.

The winter traveler in the woods most fully realizes the extent of the activity with which he is surrounded. Then the most silent feet leave their marks, the tips of noiseless wings brush the snow, the hoofs of the moose, plunging through snow, slush and ice, provide the deep bass of the frozen symphony. Padded paws leave the story of the chase and drops of blood lie in sharp contrast against the background of white.

Thus the deadening qualities of the snow, which muffles all sound, is offset by the inevitable leaving of tracks.

* * *

THE winter evidence of life in the woods has its deceiving side. Every hunter has discovered the staggering number of tracks that a single rabbit can leave behind him during the night. Patches of brush and newly cleared openings in the forest which seemed to be virtually devoid of wild life in the summer, give the impression after the first snowfall that an army of rabbits has fallen from the clouds with the flakes.

Observing this amazing ocular evidence of activity, either in the forest of the north or in the vacant lots close to home, man realizes the remarkable silence with which these creatures are able to surround themselves at other times of the year.

It is amazing how a deer can bound through the woods in the Fall, when every leaf is a drum, every twig a cymbal, and yet give so little evidence of his flight. He seems to be a shadow flitting through the woods. The moose is not a silent traveler, however, even when especially alarmed. He swings through the forest with a long, careless trot that pays little attention to avoiding such tiny things as twigs and dry branches.

As a usual thing, the amount of noise which a creature of the forest permits himself to make is in proportion to the number of enemies he fears, or the extent to which, if predatory, he must depend on silence to surprise his quarry.

Man is the noisemaker of the woods, and perhaps it is this freely given evidence of immunity from danger that causes the permanent residents of the forest to look on him with such frank amazement. A pair of campers on the shore of a lake at sundown are easily in evidence every moment, and can be heard by everybody within a considerable radius.

But let no one think the surrounding forest is barren of life just because it doesn't answer him!

If the lake shore could suddenly be lighted up at night, the disclosure that would follow might surprise the campers who thought that they alone were looking out across the silent waters.

# The Greatest Angler of All

## *That's What They Call Bill Vogt*

By

RICHARD ROWLAND

EVERY once in a while a big man with a big hat and wearing a big smile walks out—on the stage, on a pier, in an armory or auditorium—and begins to do amazing things with a fishing rod and line.

With a nonchalance which hides his hair-line precision and care, he flicks the ashes from the cigarette held in the mouth of a man seventy-five feet away, snatches the pipe out of a man's mouth with a fish hook. All the while he keeps up a running fire of comment, keeps his audience in good humor, makes his feats appear trifles.

He is the world's champion manipulator of fly and bait casting equipment, without any doubt. There's just no use trying to set down here the things he can do with rod and reel. He lands strong swimmers with what appears to be ease, and he does it, not in the usual way with his line tied to a head harness, but with his line tied to the swimmer's belt, which triples the freedom of the swimmer. He lands canoes and rowboats propelled by desperate paddlers. And he does all this with a fly rod and a 12-pound-test line.

Thus in both uncanny accuracy in casting, and in expert manipulation of tackle, he leads the field.

Yet that is not the real reason that Bill Vogt stands out from all other casters in the United States. Any person having good coordination and a barrel of patience could learn to do his tricks if he tried hard enough and long enough. What makes Vogt outstanding is the fact that he is not merely doing tricks with rod and reel but that he is demonstrating a part of the art of the expert fisherman.

Let me get at it this way: There are hundreds of stage performers who can twirl the lariat better than can Will Rogers. Any person who has a knack for such things and the time to devote to it, can learn to throw a rope better than any cowboy in the West can. But do these performers get across like Will Rogers does? Of course not.

Will Rogers went over because he was a cowboy. He was showing proficiency in a part of his calling. He had the background of the ranges, and the audience instinctively feels that he learned his roping out on the western plains.

And that is precisely why Bill Vogt is famous. It is not so much because he is the champion rod wielder, but because he is the champion fisherman. The purpose of good casting is not to flick cigarette ashes at seventy-five feet. Any stage performer can learn that. It is to drop the lure at the proper spot on lake or stream.

"But," you say, "in order to drop the lure at the proper spot, you've got to know where the proper spot is!" Right! Bill Vogt found that out. So he studied fish. He knew that his amazing dexterity with tackle would do him no good unless he knew exactly where to use it.

*"FISH," says Bill Vogt, "are worth knowing. Sometimes folks ask me why fish will bite at a painted wooden plug if they are so wise, and I have to tell them that fish are just as foolish as human beings and fall just as hard for fakes! And the fakes that lots of smart people fall for aren't half as life-like as the imitation minnows!"*

It is his knowledge of where and how to fish, plus his ability to do with his tackle just what he wants to do, that makes him a great fisherman.

* * *

FIRST, let's look at Bill Vogt as a public performer. He's a good one. He has everything that Will Rogers has—personality, humor, a facility of movement. He resembles Rogers and frequently is mistaken for him. He can draw immense crowds and hold them. The things he does are amazing, but the way he does them tickles everybody who sees him. He has been on the Orpheum circuit, and has also demonstrated his skill with rod and reel all over the United States under the auspices of an eastern lecture bureau. From January 16 to 26 he will appear twice daily at the New England Sportsmen's Show at Boston.

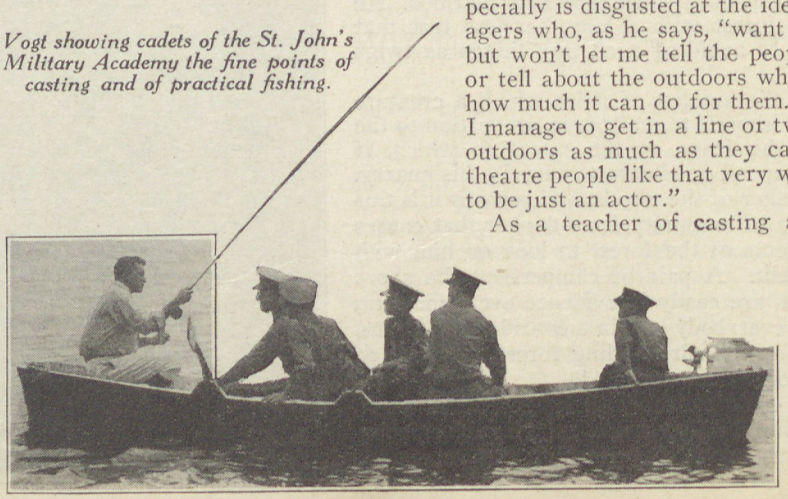
But the theatre, the public platform of any kind, finds Vogt out of his element. He first ran into trouble when a manager insisted that he put on grease paint when he went before the footlights. Vogt laughed. "Wouldn't I look fine in grease paint!" he exclaimed. "What do you suppose a trout fisherman would look like wading a stream with grease paint on his face? I'm not an actor. I'm a fisherman." And that's Bill's principal worry: that folks'll think he's an actor, a trickster, and not an angler demonstrating his skill as an angler as well as he can away from water.

Sometimes the theatre people doubted his ability to perform his feats. He told one manager that he wanted to cast into the gallery during the performance. The manager smiled. "You'll have to cancel that part," he said. "Our gallery is a hundred and ten feet from the stage." Vogt, who can cast 275 feet without turning a hair, smiled to himself. "I'll try it," he said.

So that evening he asked a man in the gallery to hold up his hand. Vogt took careful aim and hit that hand with a light casting weight. He asked the man to drop the weight into an aisle downstairs, so he could reel it in. The man's aim wasn't as good as Vogt's, and he missed the aisle. But he didn't miss the theatre manager, who had taken a seat to watch Vogt try to reach the gallery. He got the weight squarely on the shoulder.

Bill hates the smell of grease paint, and he especially is disgusted at the idea of the theatre managers who, as he says, "want me to put on a show, but won't let me tell the people why I'm doing it, or tell about the outdoors where I come from, and how much it can do for them. But once in a while I manage to get in a line or two urging them to get outdoors as much as they can. I don't think the theatre people like that very well. But I don't want to be just an actor."

As a teacher of casting and of fishing, Vogt stands virtually alone. His list of pupils is an imposing one, both in point of quantity and quality. He has not only been successful in passing on to others the results of his expe-



*Vogt showing cadets of the St. John's Military Academy the fine points of casting and of practical fishing.*

*BILL VOGT stands out among the anglers of the world not only because he is a great caster but because he is also a great fisherman. He knows fish. As he puts it, he has learned to "think like a fish." He has spent long hours diving under water and watching the effect of lures cast on the surface above him. He has spent months studying a single school of fish. He has watched a pike hidden in the weeds for a day at a time.*

*This story about Vogt discloses this interesting and vitally important phase of his success. To many, Vogt is simply the most accurate trick caster in the world. What is less well known, and even more interesting, is that he is also a great fisherman who can fish as well as he can cast. This is not always true of experts. When the great shot is also the great hunter, and the sensational caster also the super-angler, the ultimate in accomplishment has been reached.*

*Mr. Rowland in this article for the first time adequately brings out this side of Vogt.*

**Bill Vogt**

rience and study, but he has succeeded remarkably well in creating an interest in fishing among the non-initiated. Following an exhibition and lecture before the cadets of St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis., last summer, he has been engaged as instructor in scientific bait and fly casting and the practical science of fishing at the Academy for next summer. This study will be incorporated into the regular curriculum of the school.

Vogt divides the business of casting into two sections. First, full knowledge of the equipment, just what it will do, just what it will stand, just how it must be balanced; secondly, the actual skill in handling, which comes from natural coordination and from long, long practice. And Vogt has had that practice. Like most men who are supposed to be "talented" along a certain line, Vogt is a product of hard work and a tireless ambition.

He first became interested in the outdoor life because of a delicate constitution. He took to the outdoors in earnest when he found he needed it, and hiked four thousand miles along the Pacific Coast. He drove horses nine thousand miles in the Adirondacks. He worked as a lumberjack, he improved his muscles as a member of a Mexican pick and shovel gang. He went thirteen hundred feet into the earth to work as a miner in Arizona. He herded goats. He pitched hay.

But all this time he followed an early passion for casting. When he was in dry regions he practiced first on targets and then on birds, squirrels, chipmunks, or any live target he could find. He did not injure them, and he has since, on occasion, actually caught woodchucks, muskrats, squirrels, gulls, bitterns, ducks and mudhens by looping his line around them. He does not harm them in doing this. He proves it by casting a plug fitted with nine sharp hooks at the bare

*(Continued on page 50)*

# How to Fish in Winter

## By DUSTY WATERS

*Drawings by Donald Hough*

DEAR JIM:

I just got your letter asking me what I think about your taking up fishing through the ice as a possible pastime for mid-winter, and it delights me to take my pen in hand for such a worthy cause as putting you straight on this matter of fishing through the ice.

The only kinds of fish I ever caught through the ice were bullheads and perch. This doesn't mean I didn't try to catch other kinds.

But I have read in different places that you can catch pickerel and pike and crappies and sunfish and whatever the law allows or whatever you can persuade to come out in the cold air.

Now in order to do a good job I must first tell you how to start in. After you have walked to the lake the next thing is to make a fire on shore which you can duck back to once in a while, and the next thing is to cut a hole in the ice. In order to do this you've got to have an ice chisel, so you can cut straight down. An axe won't do. It is very embarrassing to use an axe, and I bet even Al Smith would have been a little bit confused the first time he ever tried it.

When the ice is a couple of feet thick, or only one foot for that matter, you begin to run into trouble if you use an axe. It's fine at first and the chips fly free, but when you get close to the water, no matter how hard you try, the blade is going to break through before you're ready for it to, and up bubbles the water and fills the hole and all you've got to haul a fish through is a little opening the size of the axe blade.

So the only thing to do is to put the axe head down in the hole and try to enlarge the opening by sort of pushing, and pushing with an axe isn't very successful.

And in this case, you get soaking wet to boot.

Another thing you want to watch out for is where you cut the hole. By this I mean you want to be sure there's some water under the ice. One day when I was taking a dog team trip in northern Minnesota, one of the fellows went out to cut a hole in the ice and catch a mess of trout and the ice was nearly three feet deep, so he had to work like the devil, and when he finished he found there was only a couple of inches of water under the ice because of a sandbar, and this wouldn't do for hauling in the kind of fish he had in mind.

So he tried it again, and had approximately the same luck, and when he cut his third hole, much farther out in the lake, he was so tired he let go of his axe just as he broke through to the water, and it sank, as axes do, and he couldn't enlarge the opening enough to fish through, so he had to come back to the cabin and sleep it off.

So be sure you have an ice chisel before you go fishing through the ice, if you decide to go at all. I don't really advise fishing through the ice, for reasons which you won't discover until you try it. You'll find your line getting coated with ice, and the water in the hole always freezing over, and all sorts of minor troubles like that.

You can't keep your fingers any too warm, either.

But then maybe it's the minor troubles that make the day a success. For example, I knew a couple of fellows went fishing through the ice once and pretty soon one of them got the very hell of a bite and it was a big fish from the way it pulled, and after while he called his partner, who was fishing through another hole nearby, and asked him to please come over and help. But the other chap yelled back that he couldn't because he had a hold of a whale.

So they each took care of his own line. But the battle didn't seem to be getting any place at all, and the longer the fishes pulled the stronger they seemed to get, and the weaker the anglers got, until they began to doubt the possibility of such a big fish living in such a comparatively small lake.

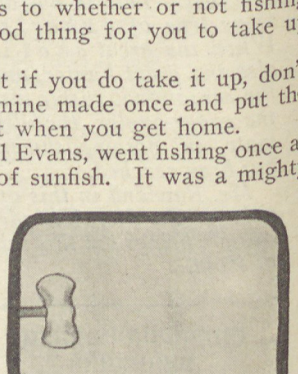
Before dark one of them gave up the struggle and just let his line go and lay back on the ice and took a nap. At this exact moment the fish on the other fellow's line gave up too, and he pulled him in. You've probably guessed the answer by this time—they both had been hauling on the same fish, which had got their lines tangled. They had hauled on the fish as long as the fish lived, and when he expired they were just hauling on each other, with the fish putting in a post mortem wiggle now and then to make it feel like a fish.

You can believe it or not, but that's a true story, and I know a lot more true stories too, if I wanted to tell them.

But I won't take up your time telling stories when what you wanted was facts and figures and definite instructions, and also my candid opinion as to whether or not fishing through the ice would be a good thing for you to take up this winter.

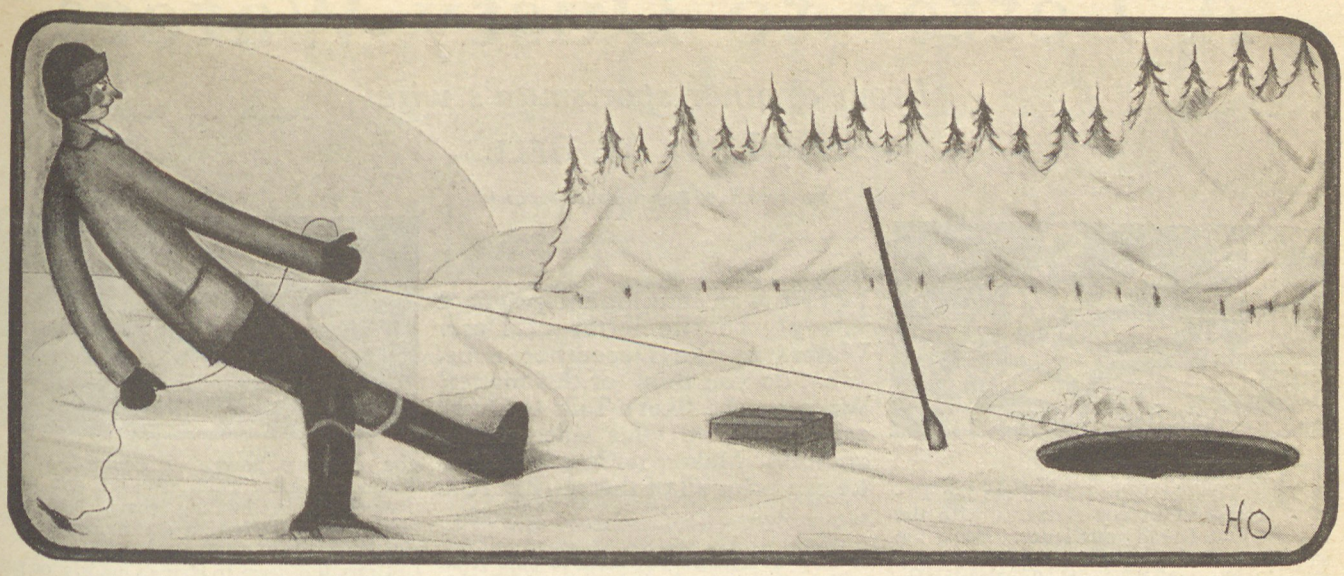
So I'll get to that next. But if you do take it up, don't make the mistake a friend of mine made once and put the fish in the bathtub to thaw out when you get home.

This fellow, whose name is Al Evans, went fishing once at Spring Lake and caught a lot of sunfish. It was a mighty cold day and as fast as he threw the sunfish out on the ice they froze stiff. When it came time for him to go home he threw the frozen fish into a sack. The only place his wife would let him put the fish was in the bathtub, because it seems she had just got through with the housework and didn't want to get the kitchen all mussed as it usually is when Al comes home from one of his trips outdoors: mud, old boots, snow, fish, and an occasional duck usually drop from Al when he enters.



Anyway, Al put the fish in the bathtub, and in order to thaw them out gradually he turned on the cold water and filled the tub part way full. Then he went out to see some of the boys who had been fishing that day. He met them at a place not far away which they all knew, and they talked over the situation and laughed a bit and finally dispersed to their various homes.

Soon after Al got home he went to the bathtub to get the fish, he having decided to get in good with Mrs. Evans by cleaning them, and when he got there the fish




were all swimming around in the tub as lively as ever.

Al went back downstairs in a fainting condition and called the doctor and had his wife put hot water bottles around him and tie up his head, and he didn't get wise until his wife and the doctor had also said the fish were swimming around in the tub. Then he called up the state game and fish department and asked about it and they told him the sunfish could come to life again since the quick freezing only suspended life instead of snuffing it out.

So that's that. I'm just giving you a hint ahead of time, so you won't do anything rash in the event you find the fish swimming around in the tub when you come back from talking it over with the boys.

Now as to more directions. In the first place get yourself a pair of warm mitts, and it has been my experience that it's a good scheme to wear rubber ones over them. And by all means wear rubber pac boots, because it's always wet around the hole in the ice, no matter how hard you try to keep things in order. And you might take along a sort of a chair, which you can sit in when you're not running around swinging your arms.

A fellow gets pretty tired running around swinging his arms like you have to do when fishing through the ice.

First of all put on some good red flannel underwear, never mind what anybody says about it. They can make jokes about it if they want to but those who make jokes about it haven't ever fished through the ice on a cold day, which is practically the only kind of a day you can pick out. And you want to wear good heavy socks and as many of them as you can comfortably get on. But you want to wear only one pair on your way to the fishing place, and then put the extra ones on after you get there, otherwise your feet will perspire while you're walking and then freeze when you stand still to fish.

I guess that's the best I can do in the way of practical hints on clothing, except to remind you to take plenty of handkerchiefs.

Another thing I wanted to mention is that you'd better be sure there's plenty of ice before you start trying to fish through it. What I mean is you want to be fairly sure it's thick enough to hold you. Some ice is only thick enough to cover the water and hold up the snow, and this kind of ice you want to keep away from. I knew a fellow once who went out on this kind of ice and it held him up all right until he got a fish on his hook, and when he started to pull the fish he pushed down on the ice so much that the ice, which was already weakened by the hole he had cut in it, sank into the lake and he sort of sank with it and had to fight the fish on even terms.

It's no use trying to land a fish after you're once in the water. The best thing to do then is to try your best to land yourself, and this at times is not as easy as it looks.

Another way of fishing through the ice is to build a little house over the hole and put a stove in it and a seat, so you can take things easy. Most times these houses are used for spearing fish instead of catching them with hook and line, same being permitted in some states. These houses are nice to own and I know some fellows what had one once and they went out there every Sunday and fished but they never got very many fish. One day I went out to visit them and I found they had a fine fire in the stove and a table over the hole in the ice and they were playing a gambling game with cards, this being the only way they could get away from home on Sunday afternoons and play this game, whatever it was.

This was a sort of a bother, though, because the fire melted the ice so much that they had to cut new holes and move the house three or four times during the winter, which interrupted their fishing and was quite a bore.

There always has been a lot of feeling between August fishermen and the kind who like to fish in winter. The August fishermen say that it's criminal to catch fish in winter because the mama fish are full of spawn at that time and every time you catch a fish you destroy thousands of potential other fish.

They even had laws passed about it, and the conservation people who can figure out how many fish there are in a lake by using plain arithmetic had these winter anglers down as the worst destroyers of fish you ever saw. This happened near where I lived once and while I didn't care to fish through the ice I took the side of the ones who did and I got hold of a real scientist who said there were exactly as many eggs, although they were very much smaller, in an August fish as in a February one. This had the summer anglers stumped for a minute but they finally came back by saying that it was a shame to catch the fish so much closer to the spawning season.

All I could get out of it was that they didn't like the winter anglers to destroy the spawn they had overlooked earlier in the year.

But that's all a matter of opinion and I didn't mean to get so technical, if you could call it that. It just shows that even among fishermen there are lots of them who don't want somebody else to catch fish unless they can get in on it, same being too cold to do in winter so far as they are concerned.

Now pardon me for mentioning this, Jim, but I don't know exactly why a fellow should go fishing through the ice. If it's because you haven't got anything else to do for the afternoon, then of course that's a different matter, but I never thought you'd be in that sort of a fix. If it's because you hanker for the sight of a fish, you can always see them at the butcher shop.

And you won't have to stand in the butcher shop as long as you'll have to stand on the lake.

If you just want to get outdoors for any of a number of reasons, I guess fishing through the ice is as good an excuse as any, though I've seen better ones and even warmer ones. But I advise you to go if it'll do you or the fishes any good.

Dusty

# A Letter to Dusty Waters

## *From another sportsman's wife*

By LUCY M. BELL

*Decorations by Fayerweather Babcock*

HERE is an amusing and poignant reply to the letter of Dusty Waters in the December issue. What do you think of this matter? Write to the "Let's Talk It Over" page, and give your side of the question. Make your letters brief so we can print all of them. EDITOR.

DEAR DUSTY:

Tonight Billy handed me the December OUTDOOR AMERICA with the request that I read your letter. Being the same type of Sportsman, he evidently thought the article would floor me. Instead, it has aroused me, or shall I say inspired me, to pen a reply, and I feel I can in all justice sign it as coming from a Sportsman's wife.

Friend wife has received a nice bar pin on a past Christmas (after months of talking it), at another time a pearl necklace (under similar conditions), and this year is fortunate in receiving a small Oriental rug after much persuasion. But on other occasions has received, say, a box of candy or some other item costing approximately no more than the box of good cigars which are brought home on an average of each week or ten days, to be enjoyed by the Sportsman and the Sportsman's friends.

Don't try to rub in these gifts I have mentioned, for they amount to but a small part of the cost of a most wonderful camp "we" have. The most wonderful of stag dinners and parties are held there (according to the Sportsman) and being situated up in the wilds its advantages are many. The mountain dew is supposed to be exceptionally heavy and fine up there. The place boasts a fine stretch of fishing stream and the methods of stocking it have been varied and costly. It even boasts a hatchery and poor Mary, our cook, has sweated (not just plain perspired) many an hour preparing cooked liver food for these small fish, while the home has been past description—in odors.

* * *

When I searched about frantically in second hand stores looking for furnishings for this famous camp, my imagination ran riot picturing the blissful days ahead, but—the few times I have been there have been spent in blissful (?) days of scrubbing pots and pans, sweeping, putting things in their proper places and trying to rustle up a meal besides for the family, perhaps fellow-Sportsmen, too, who are trying so diligently to catch a fish or two to show for their day's labor.

While on the fishing subject, let's not fail to mention the tackle necessary for this sport. Rods, reels, flies domestic, flies imported, boots, woolen socks, clothing, etc. At least one new rod a season seems to be necessary, as the old one seems to wear out or else 'tis deemed advisable to pass it on to the young son who belongs to the Junior Order.

For the colder months we have the bird season, also bear and deer season. These sports are available within but a few miles of us, while on the coast of this State, a distance of some four hundred miles by car, we have the duck and wild geese. A trip to the coast seems absolutely necessary once a year, else the geese would become too numerous, and during the hunting season here, an average of about twenty hours a week, set aside for this purpose, seems to be the correct thing.

* * *

All the necessities for this sport are in our midst, even to a pen full of bird dogs in our back yard, running a meat bill of about $35 a month to feed them, not to mention the worry. "We" were even inspired to allow Ghost to have eight puppies this past summer. These pups have been duly distributed among the Sportsman's friends to furnish inspiration and, I suppose, keep up their morale. I boast of a bulldog which is considered one dog too many, but which I have managed to adhere to and intend to continue to cling to. Also, here I might mention our bird dogs of past days. Dogs poisoned, dogs stolen, dogs with distemper and other canine ills, and the hours I have spent with them nursing and grieving over them—for after all they are like children.

Of course, we do quite often have game on our table for my Sportsman is a good shot (pardon the boast), yet I always feel I have paid for it, after hanging up clothing, putting away guns and shells, and sweeping up mud tracked all over the place. Why do Sportsmen always seem to think the living room the proper place to dump everything, and the wife the proper person to put things away?

* * *

Such clothing has its own particular odor, found most attractive to moths. I have often mentioned this but have been informed that one particular room and closet was a Sportsman's—and to keep out. But when moths were discovered 'twas another story, as Friend Wife seemed to be the only one to annihilate them. During the cleaning process I counted enough khaki and Dux Back trousers and coats, flannel shirts, hunting coats, boots and shoes, to equip half a dozen men to perfection.

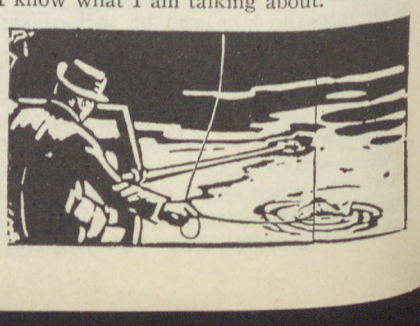
Guns, too, seem to change models, or perhaps 'tis the Sportsmen's tastes vary. One year it must be a 16 gauge gun, another year a 20 gauge is liked, another year a pump gun seems necessary, the next year it is passe. Even the "drop" of a gun seems to vary. Or perhaps "Uncle Harry" offers such a good trade on a gun a couple of years old it seems foolhardy to turn it down. Then there are the rifles for the big game which seem to vary much the same way.

On evenings when the Sportsman's friends and their wives drop in for a chat, we wives have found it best not to mention any subject close to our hearts, for it is but "bellyaching" and spoils the evening for everyone. Instead, we sit back and show proper respect for our Sportsmen with their wonderful tales of prowess in the wilds as they vie with each other over their accomplishments. And we are expected to accept it as manna from heaven.

* * *

We seldom get out in the evenings for a visit, a movie or a party, while a dance is absolutely out of the question, as the days at the office are so exacting. Yet, the morning following an evening of such complete exhaustion may see the Sportsman arising at 3:15 (exact time) in order to allow for breakfast and driving the necessary miles in order to reach some designated spot a little before sunrise, for a part day or full day's hunt, when many miles of the roughest sort of tramping is necessary. Is not this to be marvelled at?

Lastly, let's mention health and what the Sportsman's health means to him—and others. We all concede God's outdoors to be the greatest of playgrounds and health builders. Also, most of us do far too little walking. But why go out a bitterly cold, stormy day to hunt because time has been marked off for it and end up with a severe cold? And why go out at four o'clock on a cold morning and sit on a log or take a stand for a deer; when one already has a severe cold, and then come home to narrowly escape pneumonia, necessitate doctors and medicines, and be most exacting on the wife? It's such fun for the wife, for having had these experiences for years, I know what I am talking about.



# EDITORIAL

## *Promise or Pay?*

*AUTHORIZATIONS from Congress for fish and game and conservation activities and actual appropriations for them are two entirely different matters.*

Thirty-two per cent of the forest lands in the United States are still without organized fire protection. Rescue work is vitally essential. Uncle Sam needs five million acres of cut-over lands in the east to fill out a definite program of real demonstrational forests, many of them at the headwaters of our streams to help prevent floods. Indications are that the appropriations by the present Session of Congress will be but a part of the amounts promised. The big trouble is that appropriations for such worthy purposes as public forests, park and wild life areas, commonly grouped as conservation legislation, are erroneously classed as expenditures—*they are not expenditures at all, but are permanent investments which will pay big dividends.*

Who is to blame? No one person or group of persons. The trouble is that every section and every interest is pulling for special consideration regardless of the basic needs. It is easy to get promises out of Congress, but to get the money to make good the promises is a horse of another color. We hope the time will come when Uncle Sam does what the head of any well regulated family is compelled to do; make no promises unless he intends to keep them! And Congress who helps make them should see to it that this is done, even though they, the members of the finance committee, have the worst job of the lot.

Don't let us be "penny wise and pound foolish" in conservation appropriations. The work merits a real long-term program and liberal financial support.

## *Hoover*

THE recent election turned out well for the fish. Mr. Hoover is the only man in America who is suspected of knowing exactly how many fish there are in every lake and stream. His expressed platform in the matter is that "There should be more fish in proportion to the water." A fish for everybody is his motto. And with the Republican party virtually guaranteeing a car for everybody to go fishing in, it is not entirely improbable that the solid angler vote did much to elect Mr. Hoover.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*Editor*


## *"Status Quo"*

A RECENT leaflet edited by a prominent conservationist carries a desolating message of the hopelessness of the game situation in America.

In vain one looks for a gleam of hope for the future of America's game life.

The leaflet gloomily prophesies the complete extinction of game species and reiterates an opinion of the slothfulness, the selfishness and the greed of "organized sportsmen" and "organized sportsmen's organizations," speaking of a group of the latter as "organization defenders of the *status quo* in game killing."

From the tenor of the text, one gathers this is intended as the culminating proof of the unworthiness of these organizations and their members.

Not being a Latin scholar, we have humbly looked up this term and we are now less downcast by its imputation.

The most unflattering implication we find to be the general conception of the term *status quo* as meaning a too conservative stability and absence of change.

Likewise, however, we find the term applying to restoration, rehabilitation, reconstruction and reproduction; as an example "to restore, to put back, to place in *status quo.*"

This seems to us to be an excellent and appropriate description of the conservation efforts and aspirations of organized sportsmen and organized sportsmen's organizations.

We shall continue to do our utmost to restore America's game and while deploring its undoubted scarcity in too many localities, to hope and think and work towards better conditions.

## *Happy New Year!*

THE official new year holiday has passed, and according to the calendar this is now 1929, and the first month of a new year in history.

But to the outdoorsman it is no such thing, since his new year starts around the first of May, earlier in some places.

And for that matter, there's no reason why we can't pretend that this is so. And we can make our resolutions accordingly, if we *must* make resolutions. As a special resolution for the outdoorsman for 1929, the following is respectfully submitted:

"I solemnly resolve that during 1929 I will take part in one new form of outdoor sport—something I never have done before. If I am a confirmed bass fisherman and won't consider anything else, I'll take a day off and go out after pickerel or trout or sunfish or bullheads. There might be some fun in it that I've overlooked. If I am accustomed to hole up in the winter time, next winter I'll get out, at least once, and do the things these winter hikers say is so much sport.

"If I use a fly rod entirely, this year I'll yield to the supplications of my neighbor and try out the bait rod, just to please him—and I may find it great sport. In other words, I will brush aside all of my inhibitions about forms of outdoor sport or kinds of equipment which I have built up without giving any of them a trial, to the end that I may broaden my experience, obtain maximum benefits from the outdoors, and increase my fund of outdoor friends."

So this is suggested as a resolution for the new year—to try out something in the outdoors that you have laughed at, that you stubbornly refuse to consider. Try out something this year—just one new thing. Make it a solemn duty and, if you feel that way about it, call it a day wasted. But do it anyway. One new thing this year!

**Why It Is Time to Talk of Conservation**

*Courtesy of New York Herald Tribune*

# What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

## Reduced Fees

HUNTERS and fishermen have been called upon to put up more money in order to finance fish and game work properly. Rarely has a license fee, once established, been reduced. Last spring Kentucky cut the nonresident fee from $25.00 to $10.50, and recently the Conservation Board in North Carolina established a precedent by reducing the statewide license from $5.25 to $3.25. The North Carolina Board believes that the receipts will be materially increased because more statewide licenses will be sold.

This should be a hint to a number of other states, especially with reference to the non-resident licenses. Non-resident license fees run all the way from ten dollars up to as high as fifty dollars. In some cases the fee is reciprocal.

Generally speaking, there is a growing tendency to cut down non-resident hunting and fishing license fees.

An exorbitant fee is an invitation to secure resident licenses by hook or crook. A reasonable fee will be paid more cheerfully and will bring in more revenue than a high fee collected only from those who really want to obey the law, not those willing to take a chance. There should be more reciprocity between sportsmen of neighboring states, and less desire to keep the other fellow out so long as he behaves himself and pays his way.

## Penn's Does

FATHER PENN tried something very unusual in game administration during the first two weeks of December. The Game Commission made an effort to better balance the sexes and reduce the deer herds to the natural carrying capacity of the forests by declaring *a season for does only*—or antlerless deer.

The need for thinning out a lot of old does was anticipated more than a dozen years ago, but when the Commission declared a statewide season on does it stirred up more hornets' nests than any game department ever tackled at one time.

THE sportsmen rebelled against killing does, and in a number of counties temporary court injunctions were well timed to cause still more chaos. In other counties large areas were closed to deer hunting by the landowners.

About 25,000 does were killed as against 15,000 bucks in 1927. Quite a few hunters in their excitement made mistakes and killed fawns and young bucks, but a lot of old does have been removed to give the younger ones a better chance.

It will require some months to ascertain whether the remedy applied has produced the desired results, but it is an innovation in game management worth watching.

## Looking Ahead

TWO recently published documents on outdoor recreation, the product of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, which was organized in 1924, under the leadership of President Coolidge, deserves a great deal more than passing mention or a brief review. These reports are a real look-ahead recreationally—the first survey of the kind ever made in America—and should be in the library of every conservation leader and every outdoor enthusiast in the United States.

One of these reports covers "Recreation Resources of Federal Lands," and is the result of extensive research studies made for the Conference by a joint committee of the American Forestry Association and the National Parks Association.

The other report epitomizes the results of major back-findings, recreational surveys and projects conducted by the Conference and has been published as Senate document No. 158.

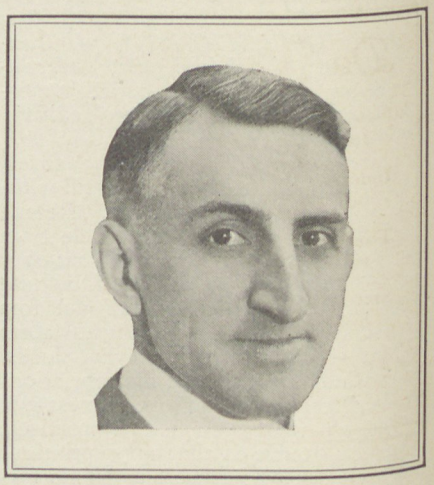
If you really want to know about the recreational facilities in America get these reports. You will be agreeably surprised at the enormous volume of authentic information they contain. You may be chagrined to learn how poorly your locality compares with other parts of the country, but you might as well know the truth about the situation.

### Wilderness Areas Increasing

The recommendations made in these reports must be heeded if Americans a century or two hence shall enjoy the benefits of outdoor recreation. Among many other valuable features are maps showing the location of our National parks, National monuments, National forests, Indian reservations and National wild life refuges. The present wilderness areas, twenty-three in number, all of them in the far West, except one, which is located in the Superior National Forest in Minnesota, are also shown.

The purpose of these wilderness areas must be apparent to everyone. It is high time that we give more consideration to the setting aside of areas where the hand of man has not devastated or marred the Creator's handiwork; where men must use their legs, their arms and their lungs to see the unspoiled beauties of nature. The real beauty spots of any region are rarely reached except on foot or on horseback.

The latest addition to the list of wilderness areas which will never be spoiled by human exploitation, have been set aside within Mt. Rainier National Park. As travel through our parks increases, still more consideration must be given to this method of preserving the rugged grandeur of our outdoor lands, some of which have already lost their popular appeal because they have been chopped to pieces by motor highways, a multitude of roadside pop stands and other nuisances which clutter up otherwise beautiful scenic attractions.



## Saving Millions

SOME time ago this Department called attention to the employment of an engineer by the pulp and paper industry to coordinate research activities looking toward the elimination of needless stream pollution, and saving an enormous amount of fibre and other materials. It has been shown that efficient utilization will bring substantial financial return to the industry, and will quickly improve the condition of streams into which wastes are now flowing.

It is reported that the net anual profit to the pulp and paper mills of the United States through a utilization of fibres is over $5,000,000, while the value of fibre now lost, which might be recovered through closing up processes, is more than $6,000,000. It is stated that the efficient utilization of all wastes will effect a saving of approximately $10,000,000 annually. It is a foregone conclusion that by eliminating this waste the streams would be greatly benefited.

### Some Specific Examples

PERMIT me to cite a few examples. One pulp mill, by an expenditure of $41,000 reduced fibre losses from $160,000 a year to $30,000 annually; thus effecting a saving of $130,000 a year. Another mill, which was purchasing water from a municipality, reduced its water bill six hundred dollars per month by utilizing fibres and recirculating water through its plant. Still another mill, faced with the necessity of building additional wells to meet its water demands, reduced the water consumption from 28,000 gallons per ton of paper to 5,000 gallons per ton.

A corn products plant near Chicago was wasting materials equivalent to the domestic sewage of 370,000 people. A plant to treat this waste in the manner of sewage disposal would cost about $3,000,000. Recovery processes reduced the volume to the equivalent of 50,000 people, and the recovered wastes are made into stock food worth about $500,000 annually. An enormous profit on the investment! A starch works at Bloomington, Illinois, is said to have spent $100,000 for a recovery plant which is earning $50,000 annually.

# in Conservation

*Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities*

## Do You Know—

New York and New Jersey have an Interstate Park?

Industries are dumping millions into our waters?

The Outdoor Conference made a recreation survey?

States can get more money with lower fees?

See stories below.

### Public Demanding Clean Streams

BY-PRODUCTS coke plants have been a thorn in the side of many municipal water departments because phenolic wastes were making the water "taste like bad medicine." By proper cooperation this condition has in many instances been entirely eliminated.

These facts and figures fully justify aggressive waste elimination programs by the various industries, many of which can effect savings equally as great as those cited. All industries which are now polluting the streams and lakes of America should at once join hands and establish centralized research laboratories to develop processes for reclaiming wastes and purifying our streams. The "hand-writing on the wall" is quite clear; the public is demanding clean streams. Municipalities are cleaning up their filth and industries will be expected to do likewise, even though in some cases it may require considerable time or add slightly to the cost of their products.

## Real Neighbors

HERE is an example of real neighborly friendship and cooperation. The Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, an area now containing more than 47,000 acres, developed jointly by the states of New York and New Jersey, have recently prepared a compilation which shows conclusively that political and geographical lines and differences between neighboring states may be overcome by mutual cooperation. The Palisades Interstate Park was developed through appropriations from the two states and by large, private contributions. The private contributions have amounted to more than eight million dollars, or more than 38% of the total cost.

This park was started in 1900 through gifts from J. P. Morgan, Sr. The state of New Jersey contributed a trifle over two and a half million dollars, and New York has furnished just slightly under that figure in actual cash.

This joint development shows what two neighboring states can do to clear away geographical boundaries to the mutual welfare of their people.

## Game Conference

THE Fifteenth Annual Game Conference, held in New York City early in December under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association, was one of the best attended and most successful conservation conferences ever held. The program was a much more varied one than usual and covered many phases of the conservation field. It was not devoted to game alone, even though that was the major theme. Officials and conservation leaders from all parts of the United States and Canada participated. Mr. George D. Pratt, President of the American Forestry Association, presided.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the Izaak Walton League, U. S. Senator-elect Frederic C. Walcott of Connecticut, Dr. Ernest Voorhis of Canada, U. S. Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, the noted scientist and explorer, Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Biological Survey, and William L. Finley with his unique wild life motion pictures were among the headliners on the program.

Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, the very able toastmaster, did little talking, and he kept the speakers within their time. The Finley pictures were run between addresses—Finley Picture Sandwiches.

### Refuge Bill Endorsed

DR. T. GILBERT PEARSON, Chairman of the National Committee on Wild Life Legislation, made a report of that committee's plans and its conclusions concerning the migratory bird refuge bill. He stated that the committee had decided at its organization meeting in August, which decision had been reaffirmed at a meeting in New York on December 3, to support the refuge bill as it passed the Senate last April, with the elimination of one amendment under which the states could take over the refuges established by the government and maintain them at government expense.

Dr. Pearson explained that this plan will produce a series of inviolate migratory bird refuges financed by direct appropriation by the government instead of by the federal hunting license originally proposed; also that it will devolve upon the states to supply and administer adjacent public hunting areas. The conference passed a resolution unanimously endorsing the committee's plans.

Among other resolutions were endorsement of the Cheyenne Bottoms refuge bill and the Shipstead-Newton Quetico-Superior bill.

For the 1929 conference I. T. Quinn, Game and Fish Commissioner of Alabama, was elected Chairman. The Vice-Chairmen elected are Ross L. Leffler of Pennsylvania; Keith McCanse of Missouri; W. W. Cory of Canada; William L. Finley of Oregon; and Carlos Avery, President of the American Game Association, Secretary.

## Cumberland Falls

THE Cumberland Falls hydro-electric application was aired at length before the Federal Power Commission in Washington on December 5. The full Commission, consisting of the Secretaries of War, Interior and Agriculture, was present.

The hearing was one of the most numerously attended of its kind in the history of the Commission. Kentuckians both for and against the application appeared in goodly number. The former Governor was among the opponents and the present Governor appeared in behalf of the project. A representative of Senator DuPont appeared and announced that the Senator is still willing to donate $200,000 toward the acquisition and development of a Cumberland Falls state park if the application is not granted.

### Power Company Becomes Generous

DUE to the determined opposition to the Cumberland Falls project, something quite unexpected happened. Attorneys for the applicant announced that the Power Company has agreed to donate to the State Park Commission of Kentucky the sum of $250,000 for park purchase and development purposes if the permit is granted, that the company will guarantee a flow sufficient to protect the falls, build roads, etc. The State Park Commission favored the project—it has never had much money to spend for parks.

Among those opposing the application were representatives of the Izaak Walton League, the National Conference on State Parks, the Campfire Club of America, the American Civic Association, the Ohio Conservation Council, and various other groups. The Commission's decision is awaited with much interest.

## Legislative Program

THE following bills constitute the League's major national legislative calendar. Please get busy!

**SUPERIOR FOREST BILL (S. 3913—H. R. 12780)**

The Shipstead-Newton bill will save the Superior National Forest and inaugurate a plan which will ultimately create an international recreational area.

**BIRD REFUGE BILL (S. 1271)**

The Norbeck bill will authorize $1,000,000 annually for refuges.

**CHEYENNE BOTTOMS BILL (H. R. 7361—S. 4153)**

The Hope-Curtis bill authorizes $350,000 to create a permanent waterfowl refuge in Kansas.

**FISHERIES PROGRAM**

The White five-year federal fisheries construction and development program was reintroduced.

**BASS LAW ENFORCEMENT**

Senator Hawes secured the enactment of a federal law to stop the sale of black bass. A bill to appropriate $25,000 for proper enforcement has been introduced.

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# Izaak Walton League of America


National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FRED H. DOELLNER, General Manager



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*A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON chopped down a cherry tree. But he also brought to America freedom and a new national patriotism. Christianity was a revolt against old and the crystallized desire for new ethics. Both represent constructive revolution.

Waltonism, that driving philosophy of economic, recreational and human improvement, which inspires the Izaak Walton League, is also revolutionary. Many resolutionary movements are afflicted with a "lunatic fringe" and infested with radical "isms." A very few are free from such blights. Waltonism is one of the few. That in itself proves its benevolent soundness and practicalness.

The birth and growth of the League were as logical as hair on a dog's back or night after day. America's early history is a chronicle of the vandalism of man thoughtlessly pillaging those vital natural values which the Bible describes as "the fullness of the earth," and the Creator gave five days to create, so that men might exist on earth.

When, like the prodigal son, we finally were reduced to the husks and crumbs, thinking Americans turned from destruction and to conservation for comfort.

A new Ideal was born—Restoration.

* * *

IN our land of profuse plenty, the masses are slow to believe that they cannot continue to live healthily, happily, pleasantly and prosperously, or even exist, after Nature's resources are exhausted. They refuse to admit exhaustion is possible or that Nature's patient patronage ever can end.

Anglers and hunters, Nature lovers and students who are familiar with the facts, not only admit that possibility, but know actual exhaustion exists in some sections and of some species.

What has become of the passenger pigeon? In the '50s, Congress flouted the idea of protection for the passenger pigeon, saying it was ridiculous to imagine it could become extinct. Learned and wise gentlemen, indeed, but wrong as sin and short-sighted as the mole.

For a single live specimen, the Smithsonian Museum, ten years ago, offered $7,500. To this day no one has ever claimed that reward. Nature gave us passenger pigeons by the million. Today they are gone—forever.

Forests—men have gnawed them away for 400 years. Once plentiful, now we travel hundreds of miles to see and call forests what our grandfathers would have laughingly dubbed underbrush. Now—a square foot of good clear lumber will buy almost a pound of steak.

Rivers and streams we make sewers—befouled and deadly threats against not merely the parent, but the child that same parent prates about cherishing. Of course it is cheaper to use the waters God gave us for sewers than to build sewage disposal plants. Save the dollars—waste the children. If actions bespeak our ideals—which do they prove we cherish more?

The hunter—the fisherman—loves his pet sport. And how? Yes, how?

* * *

NEARLY seven million hunting licenses are issued yearly. There are probably as many more fishermen. Oh, how they love to hunt and fish. Yet, much less than half a million belong to local and national bodies which are interested, even remotely, in conserving and restoring the things which make their dearly loved sport possible.

And so, while verdant forests—pure waters—healthy, happy children—joyous anglers—plentiful supplies of fish, game and all Nature's gifts are the very roots of our existence, of our comfort, our pleasures, and our leadership as a nation, we calmly continue to rob without replacing, blandly believing we may continue so to do forever. What a fascinating study of man's limitations! What a clear revelation of man's major weakness! What a profound proof that men need the spirit of conservation and guidance of Waltonism, not merely as a hobby but as a form of self-preservation.

Many are the pet phrases and theories which roll from the tongues, but never move the minds of the masses. Conservation would be just one more, if the Izaak Walton League were not proving daily and continually conservation's practical benefits for all.

Many feel conservation means restriction. The Walton brand actually means improvement and restoration of our vitally necessary natural resources without which individual and community life cannot exist.

Such conservation is a debt we owe to future generations and self-preservation for the present generation.

All Health, Happiness, Prosperity and Pleasure spring from Nature. To rebuild Nature's supply of man-required necessities, is to serve rich and poor—old and young—farmer and townsman, industry and commerce—employee and employer—sportsman and scholar—young and old.

The Izaak Walton League is the machine—"Waltonism" is the beautiful philosophy of restoration and clean self-service which guides the action of the League and its membership. Combined, they are a cause worthy of the finest and best in every American. Such a cause challenges men as Roosevelt challenged when he said, "No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life in a great cause."

Waltonism and the League ask no such sacrifices—they seek only to make men understand—to be willing to "give" as well as "get"—to give to Nature so they may continue to get from her for all time. FRED H. DOELLNER.

## Platform

1. **Reforestation and forest extension.**
2. **Elimination of pollution from all waters.**
3. **Restoration of unwisely drained areas.**
4. **More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.**
5. **More fish hatcheries and game farms.**
6. **Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.**
7. **Opposition to sale of game and game fish.**
8. **Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.**
9. **Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.**
10. **Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.**
11. **True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.**
12. **Nature study and conservation in all schools.**
13. **Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.**
14. **Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.**

# Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson

*Hon. J. M. Dickinson, always a leader in the Walton League and its president from April, 1927, to April, 1928, died at St. Luke's hospital, Chicago, on December 13. The loss to the League is acute. Judge Dickinson's work was untiring, his counsel invaluable. The League has lost one of its pillars, Chicago has lost one of its most distinguished citizens, the nation has lost a great man. Below are reprinted extracts from two of Judge Dickinson's League documents. They are such as he might have selected for his farewell message to the League he loved.*

### From "A Call to Arms" Outdoor America, Sept., 1927

THE Izaak Walton League of America is today entering an era of growth, power, and accomplishment without precedent in its history.

I write that statement deliberately, truthfully, earnestly, because I know that it is neither an idle prophecy nor a flare-up of optimistic hope. The Walton League is going forward, it is going to attain heights hitherto thought impossible of attainment, and it is going to do this, not by words, but by action.

This new growth is undertaken deliberately with full realization that the responsibility of fulfillment is great, that our aim is high. But it is undertaken with full knowledge that the time has come.

No public movement in America ever grew so rapidly as did the League during its first years. Its appeal to the heartstrings of all Americans, its timeliness in arriving on the field to save what Emerson Hough truthfully termed "the remnants of our outdoors," struck a responsive note throughout the nation and swept it like wildfire.

The advance of the League during those early years was somewhat like the advance of an eager company of infantry in battle. Next the ground won had to be consolidated. It was a period of straightening out of lines, of calling the roll, of reviewing the ground gained.

#### New Era Here

As president of the Izaak Walton League of America I proclaim the arrival now of a new phase of Waltonism. It is the phase of advance.

Your League is going to grow to twice its present size.

Your League is going to accomplish greater things in conservation in all parts of America.

Your League is going to stand for action in solving the problems of our outdoors.

Your League is now in fighting trim. It stands on the firmest foundation that it has enjoyed since its inception by Will H. Dilg nearly six years ago.

#### Want Help

We want your shoulder at the wheel. We want a spirit of cooperation to absolutely bind this League, from national headquarters to the farthermost outpost.

We want your heart and soul in this new advance.

We want you to take an active part in making the Izaak Walton League the most powerful organization in America.

We want not only your shoulders, but your heads. We want you to not only help us act, but to help us think.

The Walton League looks into the past with pride in its accomplishments. It looks to the future as a steady, powerful march toward even greater things, and it is eager to take to the forward trail.

*Hon. J. M. Dickinson*

**Judge Dickinson was secretary of war under President Taft, assistant attorney general under President Cleveland, was appointed as counsel for the United States before the Alaskan boundary commission in London and was given credit for the victory which resulted.**

**He has been president of the American Bar Association, general counsel of the Illinois Central railroad, a member of the Supreme court of Tennessee.**

**Judge Dickinson was born in Columbus, Mississippi, in 1851. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of 14 and saw active service. He graduated from the University of Nashville and became one of the leading lawyers of the south.**

**He moved to Chicago in 1899. The measure of respect and affection which has been afforded him is largely summed up by the comment of the *Chicago Tribune*, which, in announcing his death, termed him "by birth and training one of the old school of southerners and by adoption one of the north's most distinguished citizens."**

**He became interested in the Walton League at its inception, and his interest never flagged. His address given when retiring from the presidency of the League last April is one of the most scholarly of all Waltonian documents.**

### From President's Address April 19, 1928, Omaha

THIS League was formed with the high and sole inspiration of service to mankind. So long as it shall honestly fulfill that high mission, it will be worthy of public confidence and support. If it shall ever fall from that lofty plane of consecration, by being prostituted to advancing personal or political ambitions, it will not deserve to endure and will surely go down to shame, public execration and contempt.

The admonition of the great Cardinal was "Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the Angels," and then he added "Let all the ends thou sinneth at, be thy country's, God's and truth's." Let this be the motto of all who serve this League.

#### Warning Sounded

Whenever in the history of mankind a high and noble movement has been started, as soon as it gained developed strength, audacious and selfish people have always sought by open or insidious ways to acquire influence and leadership and prostitute it to personal ends. Their ways are ingenious, subtle and bold. Their success means the doom of all noble enterprises. Nothing that promises strength is immune to such nefarious schemes. The greater the strength, the greater the prize to be captured. Many a glorious enterprise has gone awry, sunk down into shame and oblivion because those who were charged with its conduct failed in vigilance and permitted its destruction by those who sought selfishly to use it, or by secret enemies who set out to destroy it, because its spirit is hostile to their plans. Things of insignificance they ignore. Things of present power or of inherent potentiality never escape their watchfulness. They are as "Swift as the eagle that hasteth to the prey."

#### League Is Strong

The Izaak Walton League is big enough, strong enough, with enough intrinsic potentiality to attract those who would mount by it to eminence or destroy it root and branch, because its creed and activities are hostile to schemes they want to put over and which run counter to the public good to which the League is consecrated. Such activities are already manifest. You bear the distinction of attracting their enmity. Our avowed and open enemies we welcome to combat. By the worthiness of our cause and the support it will derive from all good and patriotic people, we do not fear the final outcome.

The League's mission is high, its achievements have been gratifying, but its past is but small in comparison with the greatness that the future offers to it, if it shall be loyal to its aims. It is enough to challenge the courage of our greatest enthusiasts. *We as yet but stand on the threshold of our activities.*

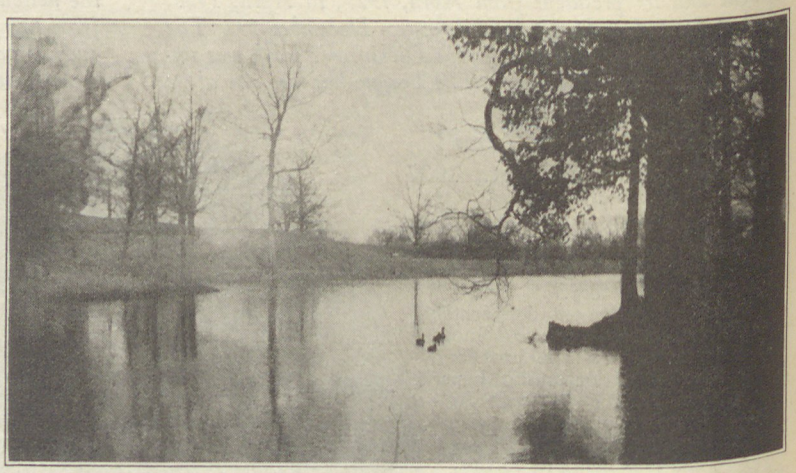
# Waltonian Activities

## News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

## Mount Carmel Builds Lake

By EARL L. ALLISON
*Mt. Carmel, Ill.*

*Unquestionably the greatest work of the Izaak Walton League of America lies in the definite, constructive activities of the local chapters within their own communities.*



*A glimpse of the new lake made by the Mount Carmel Waltonians, showing some geese which form part of the wild life colony.*

FOLLOWING organization of the Wabash County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League its members began to cast about for some means of establishing good fishing. The Wabash river and tributary streams within and near the county had been pretty well fished out. Besides, there are oil fields on a large scale farther up in the Wabash river valley, and oil escaping from the fields has found its way into the streams, helping to shorten the fish crop.

Officials of the club took the matter in hand, appointed a committee and investigated probable sites for establishing fishing grounds where real fishing could be provided. On the farm of Denham Brothers, fourteen miles southwest of Mount Carmel, was a deep valley between two hills. In former years a lake had existed there, but the lower embankment had been worn away and no lake was left. This site was selected for the building of a lake.

### Build Dam

The task was placed in the hands of L. H. Murray, who is president of the local club, elected for the second time, and who is also a civil engineer and county superintendent of highways. He engaged men to build a dam at the lower end of the picturesque little valley. A strong high dam sixty feet in length was built. Thus the lake was formed. It was fed by natural springs and by rains and in a short time was full of water.

Later the state conservation department, now headed by Gus Radebaugh, supplied several thousand game fish to place in the lake. That was a year ago the past spring, shortly after the lake was completed. These fish have spawned twice and the lake is now literally alive with young game fish. The lake has not yet been opened to fishing. When it is the Waltonians will have fishing that is real fishing.

The lake has been named Izaak Walton Lake. Surrounding it is a beautiful park of fourteen acres in its natural state, so far as the timber is concerned. This is called Denham Rest park.

The park has become a great resort ground and is visited almost daily by picnickers.

### Find Skeletons

When the dam to make the lake was dug a burying ground of the Piankeshaw Indians was encountered, seven skeletons of Indians being unearthed. The Piankeshaws once centered about this territory and were a powerful tribe.

The park possesses practically every tree that is native to this territory.

The Waltonians have added wild life to the park. Squirrels already existed. Skunks, opossums, raccoons and a fox have been placed there. Bob Johnson, a local sportsman and Waltonian, had some wild geese and ducks which he placed on the grounds. There are now upward of a score of these domesticated birds about the lake.

And in addition to all this the Waltonians of the county have seen to the hatching of twenty settings of pheasant eggs and have distributed in the county a score of pairs of pheasants supplied by the state department of conservation.

## *Parsons Waltonians Have Club House*

IT took a dam more than a thousand feet long and 37 feet high to give Kansas Lake McKinley, the first artificial lake built with the hunting license fund of the state. But the Parsons chapter of the Walton League pitched in and saw to the financing of the project. So the land could be donated to the state. The state then built the dam, installed a pumping system, planted trees, and stocked the park with Mexican quail and pheasants.

The Walton chapter purchased a large lot on the shore of the lake and built a club house at a cost of $4,200. It is probably one of the finest Walton club houses in the country.

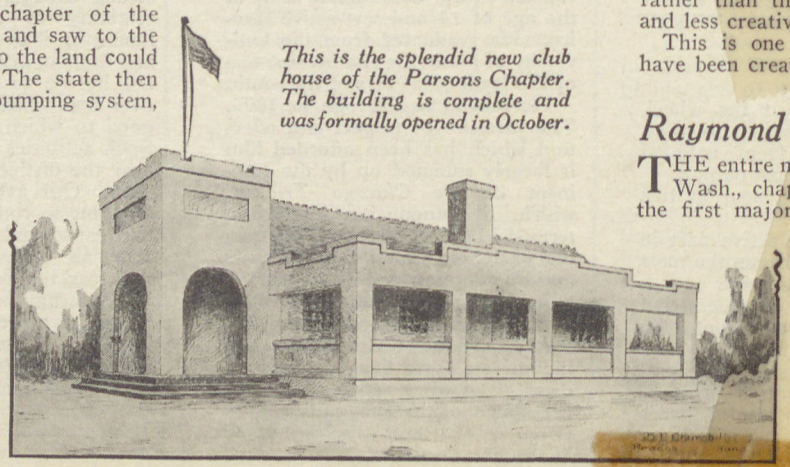
The chapter has built a boathouse and a bathhouse, sanded the beach, and has a small fleet of boats on the lake.

The lake has been stocked with fish, and fishing will be opened July 1. Thousands of ducks visited the new lake this Fall.

The Parsons Waltonians invite all others of visit their new club house and the new lake and go fishing with them. The Kansas division state convention will be held at the club house next year.

The accomplishment of the Parsons chapter is pointed to by the Kansas division of the League as an outstanding example of constructive Waltonian work which carries out the creed of constructive conservation rather than the more easily accomplished and less creative prohibitory kind.

This is one of dozens of lakes which have been created by Walton chapters.



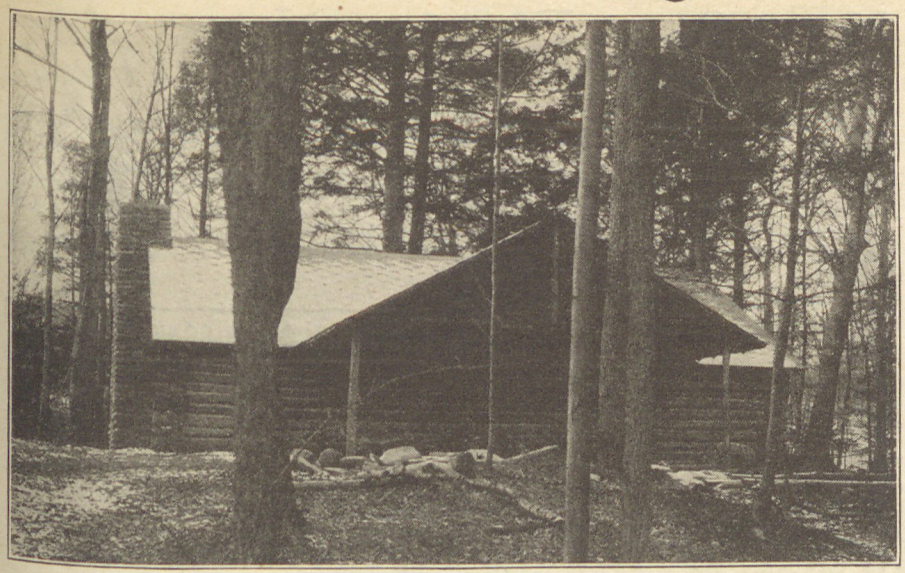
*This is the splendid new club house of the Parsons Chapter. The building is complete and was formally opened in October.*

* * *

## *Raymond Builds Park*

THE entire membership of the Raymond, Wash., chapter turned out to complete the first major objective of that chapter when the "Covered Bridge" recreation park was built from stem to stern at the site of an old swimmin' hole.

Bath houses, outdoor tables and benches, a foot bridge across the Willapa river, and general improvement of the grounds constituted the work.



## East Aurora Chapter Has New Quarters

*HERE is the club house of the East Aurora, N. Y., chapter, situated on a 60 acre plot owned by the chapter. The grounds have been improved, trees have been planted where necessary, quarters are provided for Boy Scouts. The chapter is going in for plant study, reforestation, etc., and will use its park as an experimental laboratory.*

## *Accomplishments*

THE following items are taken from the Conservation Department chapter accomplishment cards, which are made up from the reports of chapters as to past activities and future plans.

A printed form for making this report to Headquarters has been sent to all chapters. Duplicates will be furnished on request. All chapters are earnestly urged to file a report of this nature with National Headquarters at once. It is not necessary to use the printed report form. Send it any way. But send it!

### COEUR D' ALENE, IDAHO

**Fish**—Responsible for one rearing pond of 50 acres. Cost of construction being $2,000. To rear cut throat trout, and expect to handle 500,000 a year.

Have already stocked 100,000 cut throats.

**Game**—12 pairs Chinese Pheasants stocked.

### ST. MARIES, IDAHO

**Fish**—Responsible for 4 rearing ponds. Plan to rear 47,000 rainbow trout and 27,000 black bass. State aid. Cost $200. Borne by subscription. Maintenance cost $150.

Stocked 100,000 rainbow trout and later 47,000 rainbow trout.

**Game**—Stocked 200 Ringneck Pheasants.

Set aside 9,000 acres for one game refuge.

**Miscellaneous**—Put on winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Put on predatory bird and animal control campaigns. Bird house building contests in schools. Essay contests in schools. Nature study and outdoor trips.

### CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.

**Pollution**—Was instrumental in arousing public sentiment and securing approval of a proposal to establish a sanitary district for Chicago Heights and vicinity. Proposal came before the people for vote on June 4, 1928, and was approved. This is a decided victory in the anti-pollution fight which has been waged by Chicago Heights and other Cook County chapters.

### DeKALB, ILL.

**Pollution**—Waged a campaign to clean up Kishwaukee River and create a sanitary district. On August 6, 1928, brought to a vote proposition legalizing a sanitary district. Actual vote was brought about on the matter, through the activities of the DeKalb chapter and other civic organizations whose aid was solicited. Have gained cooperation of plants along the river responsible for pollution, and making real progress.

**Game**—Stocked 40 quail from Texas; 14 Ringneck Pheasants hatched from eggs received from state.

### GREAT BEND, KANSAS

**Waters**—Cheyenne Bottoms, 20,000 acres were flooded, and are doing everything possible to keep it from being drained.

**Fish**—Sponsoring movement for six rearing ponds.

Stocked 50,000 bass, blue gills, crappie, channel cat, yellow perch, etc.

**Game**—Stocked 300 quail; 60 settings pheasant eggs.

### PARSONS, KANSAS

**Trees**—Planted 500 trees and located State Lake and Game Refuge. Cost $500.

**Waters**—Responsible for clearing 30 miles of stream from pollution of sewage. Accomplished through city officers.

**Fish**—Stocked 60,000 various fish from state.

Responsible for building Fish Hatchery ponds now under construction at New Lake McKinley. State aid. Cost $10,000, borne by state.

Impounded 103 acres for State Park, game refuge and fishing grounds.

**Game**—Stocked 50 Mexican quail and 50 pheasants.

Established 5,000 acre game refuges.

**Miscellaneous**—Winter game and bird feeding campaigns.

Predatory bird and animal control campaigns.

Planted food or cover for game.

Aid to Scouts.

Essay contests.

### WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

**Waters**—Responsible for clearing one lake of pollution from sewage. Done by changing sewer pipes.

## Radio Column

**KDKA** Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

**KHQ** Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

**KNRC** Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

**WABC** Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 7:45 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC. 349 meters.

**WCCO** Minneapolis, Minn. Sponsored by Minneapolis Chapter. Courtesy station WCCO. 10 P. M. C. S. T. January 15th, 29th and every second Tuesday thereafter. 370.2 meters.

**WEBC** Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

**WFBG** Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

**WFBR** Baltimore, Md. Baltimore chapter. Broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P.M.

**WGBB** Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

**WIBX** Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Thursday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Station WIBX.

**WJBO** New Orleans, La. New Orleans chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

**WJBZ** Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

**WJJD** Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

**WMBH** Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

**WODA** Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Saturday 9 P. M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

**WOOD** Grand Rapids, Mich. Dwight Lydell Chapter. Every Wednesday, 8:15 P.M. Central Standard time. 1270 kilocycles. Courtesy Walter B. Stiles, Inc.

**WTAD** Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

**WTAQ** Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

**WJR-WCX** Courtesy Richards Oakland Co., and Detroit Free Press. Detroit chapter. Detroit, Michigan. Each Tuesday, 3 P.M.

**WKBZ** Ludington, Mich. 1st Monday of each month, 8 P.M. Courtesy of Karl Ashbacker & Sons. 1500 K. C. Ludington chapter.

**WIBW** Topeka, Kansas. Topeka chapter. Every Thursday 8:30 to 9 P.M. 230.6 meters.

**Fish**—Two rearing ponds now in progress.
Stocked over 40,000 bass and crappie.
Two spawning areas now being put in shape.
**Game**—Stocked 16 turkey.
Established two game refuges.
**Miscellaneous**—Planted food or cover for game.
Aid to Boy Scouts.
Bird House building contests.

## Chapter Notes

**Sioux City, Iowa,** put on a barbecue and picnic which attracted an attendance of 6,000. Made enough money to re-roof their Club House and paint it, with a few extra dollars left for running expenses. Also provided enough for a new trap house from the Trap Shooting Fund.

**Norfolk, Virginia,** has been especially active in co-operating with the State Game and Fisheries Commission in helping establish lawful size limits on fish and stopping the sale of black bass. The Commission is furnishing the Norfolk Chapter with quail to be distributed throughout Tidewater, Virginia.

**Champaign, Illinois,** recently staged its 6th annual fish fry. A half ton of baby white fish from the Great Lakes was consumed by more than a thousand people. The State Game and Fish Department showed motion pictures, and Judge Thurman Snell was the principal speaker. Among those in attendance were Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the Izaak Walton League, and Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director.

**St. Mary, Pennsylvania,** Chapter has been busy distributing Hungarian partridges in Elk County. The raising of these birds in this part of Pennsylvania is an experiment, is being watched.

**Carson, Washington,** fell into a nice piece of luck lately when the County Game Commission donated a deer which had been confiscated, to serve as the nucleus of a big party and banquet.

**Forest Park, Illinois,** recently dedicated a tract of land along the Des Plaines River known as Walton Woods, which is a part of the Forest Preserve of Cook County. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of Forest Park, early this summer set out about 400 trees under the auspices of the Chapter.

**Peoria, Illinois,** won a victory recently when the city passed a bond issue for the building of a sewage treatment plant. The Chapter worked hard to bring about the passage of this issue, and Peoria Waltonians are jubilant over the result.

**Brownsville, Pa.,** recently staged the greatest banquet of its history according to Wm. E. Morris, Secretary. Motion pictures of Wild Life were shown, and John M. Phillips, former President of the Pennsylvania Game Commission was the principal speaker.

**Owatonna, Minn.,** announces that it has completed the purchase of land on the shore of the larger of the Oak Glen Lakes near Bixby for a public park. The lakes constitute one of the best duck hunting areas in Minnesota.

# State Division Notes

## IOWA CONVENTION

THE Sixth Annual Convention of the Iowa Division was held at Fort Dodge, Iowa, November 22 and 23, 1928.

### Officers

Officers for the coming year are as follows:

A. C. Willford, Waterloo, President.
Senator E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 1st Vice President.
Mrs. Frances E. Whitley, Webster City, 2nd Vice President.
Emma L. Lumsden, Davenport, Treasurer.
Harry L. Erwin, Grand Junction, Secretary.

The main issue taken up at this convention was the framing of a Fish and Game Commission Bill to be presented at the coming Legislature in January. This bill was drafted by E. H. Prior of Mason City, Iowa, after several months of work, and it was taken up very thoroughly at the Convention, and by unanimous vote adopted.

### Speakers

Senator E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, toastmaster.
Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President National organization, Izaak Walton League.
Fred H. Doellner, General Manager, Izaak Walton League.

## MICHIGAN CONVENTION

THE Fifth Annual Convention of the Michigan Division of the League was held at Lansing, Michigan, November 9 and 10.

Instead of electing new officers as is the custom, a board of directors was elected to appoint the officers of the Division.

### Resolutions

High spots from some of the resolutions were:

1. Support every effort toward forest fire prevention.
2. To give every aid in reforestation of Michigan's former forest lands.
3. To actively work for the extension of public park and playground systems.
4. Support of efforts to eliminate pollution from all waters; to protect public health and aquatic life of all kinds.
5. Actively support efforts toward creating of game and fish refuges in every county and to stock them adequately.
6. To support Michigan's commercial fisheries by aid in securing uniform fishing regulations.
7. The establishment of more fish rearing ponds.
8. To carry the message of conservation to every man, woman and child in the state.

### Speakers

Col. George R. Hogarth, Director Department of Conservation, Lansing, Michigan, spoke on "A Discussion of Conservation Affairs."

Fred H. Doellner, Chicago, General Manager, Izaak Walton League, "What Has the National Izaak Walton League Organization Done for Conservation?"

Homer Murphy, charge Pollution Department of Conservation, Lansing, "Progress in Pollution Control."

Samuel T. Dana, Dean School of Forestry and Conservation, spoke on "The Purpose of the New School of Forestry and Conservation."

Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League, Chicago, spoke on "America's Conservation Needs."

Shirley W. Allen, School of Forestry, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, "Can Michigan Forests Come Back?"

Remarks by Ray Muscott, Indiana River.

## WISCONSIN CONVENTION

THE Wisconsin Division Convention was held in Wausau, Wisconsin, October 18th and 19th. Most of the chapters were represented.

### Officers Reelected

Wm. J. P. Aberg, Madison, President.
H. C. Berndt, Fond du Lac, 1st Vice President.
Louis Radke, Horicon, 2nd Vice President.
Harold Pugh, Racine, 3rd Vice President.
Frank N. Graass, Sturgeon Bay, Secretary-Treasurer.

### Speakers

Raphael Zon, Director of the Lake States Forest Experiment Station; Aldo Leopold, Director of Game Survey for Arms and Ammunition Interests, spoke on "Game Management and Game Survey in Wisconsin"; H. L. Stoddard, Director of Quail Investigation in the South, spoke on "Protection and Propagation of Quails"; William Mauthe, Chairman of the Conservation Commission of Wisconsin, discussed the work and organization of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission; Clark Everest, President of the Marathon Paper Company, discussed the Wisconsin Forestry situation, with which he is in very close touch as one of the outstanding paper and pulp men in the State; Jack Miner, Kingsville, Ontario, spoke at the dinner in the evening to an audience of seven hundred people, giving his illustrated lecture; Wm. T. Cox, Superintendent of the Winnesheik Refuge, reported on the "Development of the Winnesheik Refuge"; Captain C. E. Culler of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, spoke on "Stocking of Game and Fish in Wisconsin"; Professor George Kemmerer of the University of Wisconsin, spoke on the "Scientific Study of Wisconsin Lakes"; O. H. Johnson, Director of the Fish and Game Commission of South Dakota, discussed "Stocking of Pheasants"; and Sam Anderson of Hutchinson, Minnesota, spoke on "The Refuge System in Agricultural Sections"; Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director of the National Organization of the Izaak Walton League, was in attendance also, and spoke on the plans of the National Body.

### Resolutions

The division adopted a program for a full time paid Secretary, and Mr. Frank N. Graass of Sturgeon Bay, was selected to that post by the Directors at a meeting.

A tentative legislative program was also formulated to be worked out in detail by a legislative committee.

Action was taken recommending the protection and preservation of the Wolf River, the restoration of the Horicon Marsh, the saving of the Superior National Forest, and urging uniformity in laws relating to commercial fishing in the Great Lakes and on the Mississippi.

# Buffalo Feeds Pheasants

## By BUELL G. TALLMAN

### *What one Walton Chapter did when winter threatened birds*

POSSESSED of a keen interest in whatever pertains to outdoor life and with true sportsmen's love for our wild game and its conservation for present need and for the benefit of those who are to come after us, the Buffalo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has for two years past engaged in a systematic winter feeding of wild pheasants and other birds in the counties of western New York bordering on Lake Erie, Lake Ontario and the Niagara River.

The propagation committee, consisting of fifteen members of the Chapter, has had charge of the work. Their well directed efforts, under the leadership of Andrew Wenk, chairman of the committee, have been fruitful of splendid results which have gained for them wide recognition as practical workers in this new field of endeavor.

#### Developed System

With little or no precedent in the way of experience to draw upon a system has been developed for the accumulation of the necessary food and its effective distribution at the appropriate time, which it is sincerely believed has solved what gave promise of being a most perplexing problem—that of carrying through the rigors of our northern winters the pheasants which were being distributed at no little trouble and at considerable expense over privately owned land in comparatively well populated territory.

All this has been accomplished without undue sacrifice of time and at a moderate expense. The grain for feeding has been contributed in large measure by dealers in sympathy with the enterprise, and in some cases by purchase from funds donated by sportsmen and others not active members of the League.

#### Ten Tons Stored

For the winter of 1927-8 ten tons of grain and seed were thus collected during the preceding fall. This was put up in fifty and one hundred pound bags, and stored by the committee ready to be drawn upon at the appointed time.

After the winter season had set in and heavy snows began to fall, weekly parties were organized and set out to plant the food that was needed in such places as were generally known by previous observation and inquiry as calling for the most immediate attention.

In the lee of woods and in the shelter of hillsides and along fences and hedges considerable numbers of birds were frequently found which were bound to perish but for the timely aid thus brought to them. Inquiry of farmers along the route often led to spots where pheasants were known to congregate. As many as a hundred birds at a time were found approaching exhaustion in some places.

In order to save waste, wind swept areas were selected wherever possible for the deposit of the grain, and on such spots goodly quantities of food were often left. Even though no birds were in sight at the time, upon return to the place after an hour or so, they would be in evidence.

In such places as the ground is not uncovered the snow should be removed and wherever possible protection against the early covering of the grain should be arranged by building shelters.

It is not considered desirable to place grain in the immediate vicinity of farm buildings where it might be consumed by domestic poultry, nor should the birds be compelled to too nearly approach buildings where in their debilitated condition they might fall an easy pray to cats or other animals. An instance of this kind was observed in one of our feedings, where an unsuspected cat destroyed a bird too much exhausted to elude it before it could be driven off.

#### Farmers Helped

Now and then a farmer is found who is genuinely interested in the preservation of our pheasants, and will gladly take upon himself the periodic placing of food left with him to distribute. The wisdom of the acceptance of such tenders must obviously rest upon a knowledge of your man. In more than one instance we have found farmers who have agreed to sow an acre of buckwheat if furnished with the seed to be left for the pheasants to harvest for themselves.

Assistance in other ways of equal advantage may be expected to develop as our experience is enlarged. Two farmers sowed an acre of buckwheat last summer for which the seed was furnished by the Buffalo Chapter.

By a proper division of our parties into groups making trips in different directions, it was possible to serve a wide territory each day. On one occasion the aggregate distance driven was over seven hundred miles.

#### Response Was Good

Frequently as many as fourteen or fifteen automobiles willingly respond for assistance in a day's planting. Over two hundred and eighty stations, as we call the selected spots for feeding, have been established as regular points of call. Many who are not enrolled as members of our Chapter are found ready to help in carrying on the work and with their cars join in our weekly feeding parties.

In selecting the food it is not necessary to limit same to cleaned corn and wheat, but winnowings and chaff along with weed and other small seeds, particularly sunflower seeds, are found to be in every way acceptable to the hungry birds.

In addition to the above described work our Propagation Committee is doing what it can for the maintenance of the stock by releasing from five hundred to six hundred live pheasants each year as well as distributing with discrimination upwards of three thousand pheasant eggs among farmers for hatching.

If other chapters of the League had any idea of the pleasure and satisfaction of this kind of work, I am sure they all would get busy—if not in feeding pheasants, then in doing some other work like this looking toward bettering their own sport.

This is the road to real satisfaction in Waltonism and to a realization of our desire to work.

### *Other Accomplishments*

**In addition to its splendid work in feeding the pheasants, the Buffalo chapter also has these accomplishments to its credit:**

**Planted 34,000 evergreens at Gowanda State Hospital.**

**Made pollution survey, and conducted campaign.**

**Stocked trout, bass, muskies, pike.**

**Built several trout rearing ponds.**

**Established eight game refuge areas.**

*Here is Andrew Wenk, chairman of the propagation committee of the Buffalo Chapter, and Mrs. Wenk, distributing feed for the starving pheasants.*

# Certain Wild Life Aspects

By PAUL G. REDINGTON

*Chief, U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey*

BEFORE we can proceed with surety along regulatory and administrative lines we must know what the needs of our game birds and animals are.

Much more money is being spent in the protection and administration of our wild-life resources than in research, but the funds appropriated for investigational purposes are steadily increasing. Annually I lay before the Budget Bureau and Congress the need for increased resources to fill up the gaps in our research program.

A measure of great importance to wild-life research known as the McNary-McSweeney Act was passed by the last Congress. It is an enabling measure for organic forest research, including biological, entomological and botanical investigations. This act in its authorization for biological research will afford the foundation for a far more adequate program along this line than has been possible heretofore.

No funds have yet been made available under the provisions of this bill, but it does authorize appropriations for conducting a comprehensive study of forest wild life, the funds and personnel to be increased on a graduated scale over a ten-year period. If funds are obtained under the authorization we shall have opportunity for a carefully planned attack on the fundamental problems of game administration, to build up our game resources on a sound production basis, and to figure out the relationship of wild life to its forest environments.

### Deer Losses in Pennsylvania

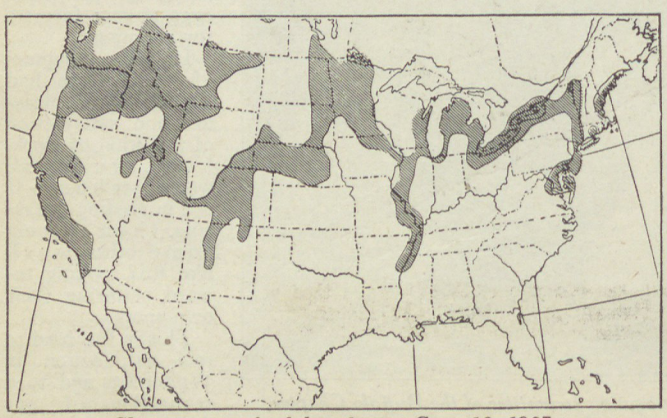
Mr. Vernon Bailey, an experienced field naturalist of the Biological Survey, was detailed during the past year to examine conditions that might be responsible for the large loss of deer reported in certain parts of Pennsylvania. After extensive observations in the field Mr. Bailey reported conclusive evidence of overstocking, overgrazing, and consequent starvation of thousands of young deer last winter in sections where there was undue concentration of the animals.

Particular attention was given to the food preferences shown by the animals and to their damage to gardens, farm crops, and orchards. Of special significance were the findings regarding the abnormal proportion of females of various ages.

Excessive numbers of does in proportion to bucks of breeding age was particularly in evidence not only on the game refuges but in regions far removed from them. For instance, in Monroe County, Pennsylvania, 71 deer were counted one evening in October. The count showed only one good breeding buck, one buck that might breed but should not, and one entirely under breeding age. Such a proportion of bucks to does of breeding age is certainly not conducive to getting a full crop of fawns. The inevitable result of so lessening the number of bucks is that only about half of the does produce fawns, and degrading the stock by permitting breeding of immature and inferior males.

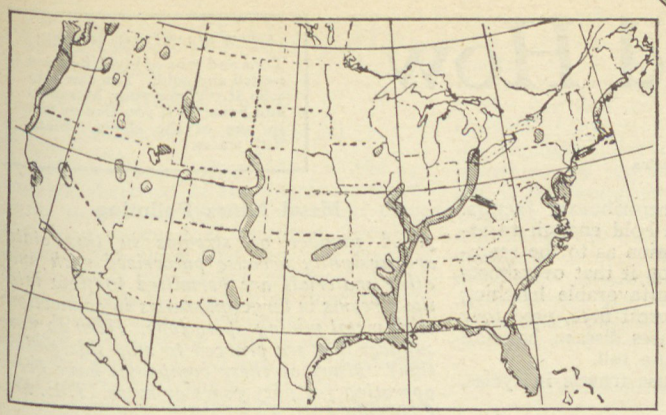
### Elk in Wyoming

In our big-game investigations it is believed that we are headed in the right direction. These are projected to secure a sound biological background for big-game conservation and management. For over a year a trained and experienced field biologist has been at work on a study of the Jackson Hole elk. The objective is to get a complete year-round picture of these animals in their natural setting. The work is conducted so as to obtain both comprehensive and detailed information regarding the numbers of the elk, their breeding and feeding habits, their seasonal movements, and their range and feeding requirements in relation to livestock, and

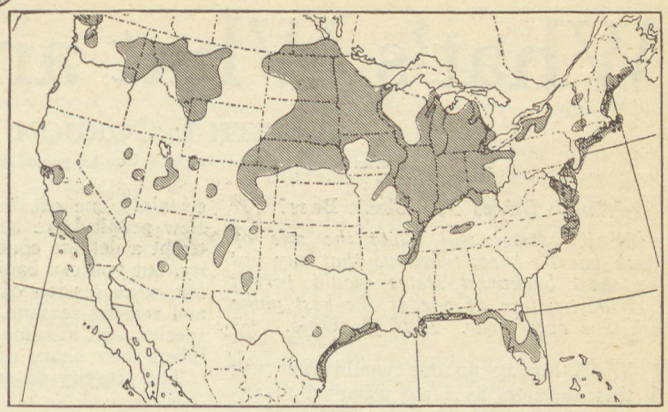


*Showing waterfowl distribution Sept. 10, 1927.*

*Showing waterfowl distribution Nov. 12, 1927.*



*Showing waterfowl distribution Jan. 1, 1928.*



*Showing waterfowl distribution April 7, 1928.*

the diseases and parasites or other causes of loss among these valuable game animals.

Findings of importance have been secured. Starvation has in the past been considered a major factor in the decrease of the elk herds. During the past winter, which was rather favorable, no cases of starvation were observed. All carcasses examined had full stomachs and only in three or four cases was the food improperly masticated. The importance of parasites and diseases among elk figured prominently in the investigation.

The major cause of loss during the past year was due to necrotic stomatitis. Postmortem examinations were made of 193 out of the 409 animals found dead. Of this number, 70 showed definite indications of necrotic stomatitis.

The studies are based on examination of approximately 7,000 animals, and the total loss found would represent approximately 5 per cent. One of the significant findings in this connection is a known loss of calves.

The results obtained indicate the desirability of maintaining the elk in as nearly a wild state as possible. It is clear that every effort should be made in the direction of preserving the natural instincts of the elk, so that they will care for themselves properly and so far as possible be able to harvest their own food. Reserves of hay will, of course, be necessary to meet emergencies.

### Status of the Woodcock

The status of the woodcock at the present time is one of our real concerns. The reports received from experienced observers indicate that these birds have been seriously reduced in numbers over a great portion of their original range but that they are to be found plentiful in the northeast (mainly in the New England States) and two Canadian Provinces. The length of the shooting season was reduced by one month in order to give these birds added protection, but there is most urgent need for thorough field studies to obtain more adequate information regarding the numbers of woodcock in the various regions and conditions affecting them in their winter range, during their migrations, and on their breeding grounds.

### The Waterfowl Censuses

Efforts to ascertain the facts regarding the fluctuations and abundance of migratory waterfowl in North America through the medium of the continent-wide waterfowl observation and report system, or series of censuses, conducted by the Biological Survey are meeting with success. The results from the censuses already indicate that the original conception of the project was conservative, and that information will be derived from it that will be of great value in the formulation of a sound policy for the maintenance and increase of the country's waterfowl resources.

So cordial and important has been the cooperation given that it is difficult to pick out special organizations for mention by name. So many of the States and Canadian Provinces have offered their entire warden force for service in this work, however, and so much valuable information has been gathered from them, that I consider that this fact deserves particular mention. State and Provincial officials realize that as the results benefit the continent as a whole, the individual units will profit by the undertaking.

By a mutually advantageous arrangement with the Biological Survey, the Office of National Parks of Canada conducts the waterfowl censuses in Canada, and valuable information is thus being gathered. Accurate information regarding waterfowl conditions throughout this vast area is of great importance to the success of any conservation plan, since the greatest breeding grounds of the waterfowl of North America are situated in Canada and Alaska. The preservation of these breeding grounds and satisfactory breeding conditions, which is largely the problem for Canada, is inevitably linked with the equally important problem of the protection of adequate feeding and resting areas in the United States and Mexico during the migration and the winter periods.

The work is being done with great conscientiousness, and the results can be very fully relied upon as representing true conditions. The number of observers now cooperating is more than 3,500.

### Preliminary Results

While it will be necessary to have observations at least a second year as a basis for computations of increase or decrease of species or of waterfowl as a whole, the four months of the second year furnish some interesting indications. Of the 46 States in the United States from which reports were received, 31 show an increase in 1928 over 1927 and, with the exception of California, all of the States reporting show an average increase of above 5 per cent, which of course should be of considerable satisfaction. In California, however, the reports show a greatly increased number of birds in October, 1928, as compared with October, 1927, this increase being confined largely to the lower San Joaquin Valley.

The hearty cooperation received by the Biological Survey in the census project has developed information during the first year of the work far in excess of any reasonable expectation. These results show in a significant way the winter concentration areas in the United States, and the important fact is brought out more clearly than ever before, that the birds that breed in Canada and migrate over the United States withdraw for the winter *into surprisingly small areas.*

To show graphically some of these facts, preliminary maps have been preparing indicating locations of the bulk of waterfowl on each of the waterfowl census dates in the United States, Alaska and southern Canada. In handling a project of such magnitude it is necessary to exercise the utmost precaution to see that the deductions represent true conditions.

*A flight of pintails.*

### Banding Waterfowl

The application to waterfowl of the banding method of study is also yielding specific information of great significance and value. The total number of banded ducks and geese is more than 31,500. Returns received from these already number more than 5,700.

Study of the data derived from the banding work has already shown a wealth of precise information relative to the distribution and migrations

*(Continued on page 39)*

# What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

**HELP PLUG THE HOLES!**
Tons and tons of black bass are netted and sold. You can help stop it. Write your Members and Senators if you live or fish in any of the eleven "black list" states.

### Which States Sell Black Bass?

*1. Which states still allow the sale of black bass? I can't believe that any but the most backward states would permit such destruction of one of the best game fish God ever made. J. R. Z., Ohio.*

I WAS hoping no one would ever ask this question, as I am ashamed to answer it! There has been a display of so little real backbone in this matter. In 1926 Senator Hawes and the Walton League secured the enactment of a federal law to stop the interstate shipment and sale of black bass, *but it is effective only where the state laws prohibit such sale and shipment.* A bill is now pending to secure an appropriation for its enforcement.

Since the spring of 1926, a number of states have been induced by the League to pass laws stopping the sale of bass, but there are still eleven on the "black list," according to information at hand. They are—

| | |
|---|---|
| Alabama | South Carolina |
| Florida | Tennessee |
| Georgia | Maryland |
| North Carolina | New Jersey |
| Ohio | Pennsylvania |
| Virginia | |

Pennsylvania does not knowingly allow the sale of her own bass, but still allows the sale of bass taken in her sister states —a sorry example of sisterhood!

All of Maryland is still wide open, but the District of Columbia has been closed to the bass bootlegger by act of Congress.

Virginia allows the taking of black bass from "the waters of Back Bay" for commercial purposes, but the supply is rapidly decreasing. North Carolina allows the taking of bass over 20 inches long in Currituck Sound waters for the market, and Florida foolishly permits the sale of black bass taken in the St. Johns River and Lake Okeechobee. The other states are wide open, according to our records.

### Laws Easily Evaded

Tennessee allows the sale of bass "caught on hook and line" in Reelfoot Lake. Imagine, if you can, the native fishermen wasting time taking the bass out of their nets, with which the lake is glutted, and putting them on a hook before they are thrown into the barrel! On this page you will find a photo of a barrel of fish, mostly black bass, which I took on a recent visit there.

Think of "Reelfoot Lake," "Back Bay," "Florida" and other earmarked black bass being sold all over the country—*many of them caught in nearby local waters.* In 1922 Reelfoot shipped 66,000 pounds of black bass; in 1926 only 16,000 pounds. What's the answer?

Many of the remaining open bass market states are hoping to stop all this foolishness this winter. The surest way to trim the sails of the bass bootlegger everywhere is to close all markets.

### The Goshawk

*2. Is it true that the goshawk is largely responsible for the scarcity of our native partridge (ruffed grouse)? R. R. G., Wisconsin.*

I WOULD not say that the goshawk is largely responsible for the ruffed grouse scarcity, but this "pirate of the north" is certainly one of the contributory factors. Few people have been bold enough to attempt a definite conclusion as to the scarcity, but you can bank on it that overshooting, a succession of unfavorable hatching and rearing seasons, forest fires, predatory species, and in some cases disease, have all taken their share of the toll.

The scarcity of grouse travels in cycles,

*A barrel of market fish, mostly black bass, photographed at Reelfoot Lake on November 27, 1928. What a shame!*

and seems to be very closely related to the periodical scarcity of the varying hare. At a recent conference in New York it was claimed that the hare scarcity depends somewhat upon the hours of sunlight over a given period, the theory being more sunlight during the growing season produces a more abundant food supply for hares. It is quite generally agreed that when hares and rabbits are abundant there is less demand upon grouse and other birds from predatory species.

Getting back to the goshawk, large numbers of which migrate into our ruffed grouse range in the states with the approach of severe winter weather, I quote from a letter, recently received from a keen observer who is constantly in the field, with reference to goshawk depredations during the winter of 1927-28:

"I never saw the grouse as scarce in these counties as they are at this time. I have been in good grouse cover for six hunting days with a good dog, and had a shot at only six birds with my 28 gauge. It sure looks badly for the grouse. We had an influx of goshawks last winter, and in one section of five miles last spring I found the remains of more than one hundred grouse killed by the said hawks. The same condition existed all over a number of adjoining counties."

The goshawk can easily be recognized. He deserves no sympathy whatever. Go right after him with your old shotgun, but don't just kill every hawk you see—they're not all bad.

If you want a description of the goshawk, see page 30 of the January, 1928, issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, or any good bird book.

### Metal Mines Pollution

*3. A number of streams in this state are unsightly because pulverized rock and other materials are permitted to flow into the streams in large quantities in connection with metal mining operations. How do you suggest that we proceed to stop this pollution? Many of these companies have been operating for fifty years or more. J. E. D., Colorado.*

THIS is a type of pollution which is similar in its effect to that caused by sand and gravel washings. The large volume of fine sediment which is constantly being washed into the streams is in itself not deadly to some species of fish, but it certainly spoils the beauty of a stream, and is fills up the crevices between the rocks and the eddies, thereby destroying all vegetation and minute aquatic life in the streams. It actually destroys the "pasture" for the fish.

About the best way to remedy a condition of this kind is to establish large settling basins or sumps into which this silt can be flowed, and the solids permitted to settle out. The larger the volume of water and silt being dumped into a stream, the larger must be the settling basin area.

If anyone has a better suggestion for handling this problem at a reasonable cost, please let's have it.

### Rabbits and Orchards

*4. Rabbits are blamed for destroying young fruit orchards and young forest tree plantings. I am of the opinion that most of the damage blamed on rabbits is the work of mice. Am I right? L. L., New York.*

YOU are absolutely right insofar as young orchards are concerned. In certain areas forest tree seedlings often fall prey to rabbits, hares and deer.

Many cases of rabbit damage have been examined by me or inspected under my direction. 85 to 90% of the complaints usually prove to be the work of mice. Rabbits usually leave small patches of cambium (inner bark) on the trees, but mice clean every bit right down to the wood.

Various preventive methods have been found effective for saving fruit trees, such as a fine mesh wire or heavy tar paper cylinders placed around the trunks, painting the tree trunks with various mixtures of axle grease, strychnine, etc. These have their drawbacks, such as the cost of labor and the danger of killing the trees.

If cylinders are used they must be higher than the average deep snows or they will be worthless. Coarse mesh wire or cylinders not placed tightly upon the ground are of no value against mice. Regular hunting is a good way to keep rabbits in check.

Poison should be used only as a last resort; in some states this method is forbidden by law. It is better to box trap and transfer the surplus rabbits or sell them if the law permits.

A good plan is to trim down the surplus limbs and sprouts in advance of severe winter weather and allow them to lie on the ground until spring. Keep them away from the trunk. All the rabbits and mice want is food. They prefer the tender trimmings to the bark on the trunks. Headwork will prevent serious rabbit damage.

# Certain Wild Life Aspects

*(Continued from page 37)*

of our waterfowl. Not only are the extent and direction of the migratory movements graphically demonstrated, but there also are shown the important breeding grounds and those that serve as concentration areas or shooting marshes of first rank. Despite the continental range of certain species there appears to be a very definite adherence by some to what may be termed "provincial regions," or east-and-west geographic ranges.

For example, the mallard is distributed over the entire continent, but birds of this species banded in the Mississippi Valley and eastward are found by banding returns to move north and northwest for the breeding season, spreading out into the great nesting grounds in Canada.

There appears to be a very definite relation in the seasonal movements of ducks to a dividing line that for convenience may be designated at the 100th Meridian, running from the Dakotas to Texas. We are of the opinion that this shows that a relative abundance of waterfowl in the eastern regions may not indicate a similar condition in the West, and that depopulation of western marshes would require many years to make recovery, despite possible abundance in the East.

The converse of this would also hold true, namely, that the abundance of eastern birds would probably not be materially affected or increased by birds from the West. This serves to drive home the lesson that each of these two great regions must see to it that their waterfowl have adequate protection and more refuges. In fact, I can conceive the necessity for greater limitation of shooting in the western territory, because of the added hazard of alkali poisoning, and other causes of duck mortality unless these conditions can be corrected.

Up to the present time the kill of banded ducks during the first season following banding has been between 12 and 15 per cent of the entire number banded during the year. If we assume that during season "A," 5,000 ducks were banded, yielding 600 first season returns, and that during that same season the total duck kill was 5,000,000, this latter figure then represents approximately 12 per cent of the total duck population for that season which would be about 42,000,000.

To assume further, if in the next season "B," another 5,000 ducks are banded, which also yield about 600 returns, while the total kill is increased by 500,000, then the total duck population for that year would be about 46,000,000, showing an increase of about 4,000,000 birds. We want to avail ourselves of all possible means of arriving at reliable information regarding the abundance of ducks and the proportion killed each year, in order that steps may be taken to insure the maintenance of the necessary breeding stocks.

### Migratory Bird Treaty Act

Each year more and more insistent demands are being made upon the Department to better enforce the migratory-bird treaty act. The present appropriation permits the employment of twenty-four full-time Federal game protectors, an average of one man to every two States. These men to the best of their ability are trying to cover the areas in which they are responsible for curtailing illegal practices. In addition to these, we have more than seven hundred United States deputy game wardens, but few of these are on regular duty. A dozen or more States employ wardens in excess of the number of paid Federal protectors.

The fact that our funds are exceedingly limited for law-enforcement work subjects the Biological Survey at times to severe indictment by sportsmen who know nothing of the limitations under which we are working. The idea of the employment of additional full-time game protectors is anathema to many people. The enforcement work on which we are engaged is too often likened to that attendant upon other enforcement measures of larger scope carried on by the Federal Government.

### Wild-Life Reservations

I am glad to be able to report that land acquisition is going forward satisfactorily on the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge. Mr. James Buell Munn, of New York City, donated an important area of 488 acres, located near the city of McGregor, Iowa, to the refuge, a large part of which, while not subject to overflow, will be useful for observation and administrative purposes. Congress has authorized its acceptance.

The outstanding feature of the year in Federal reservations was the approval on April 3, 1928, of an act of Congress providing for the establishment of the Bear River Migratory-Bird Refuge, on the marshes at the north end of Great Salt Lake, Utah. The legislation authorized an appropriation of $350,000, of which $200,000 was made available to initiate the work. Through the construction of a system of low dikes, fresh water from Bear River will be impounded over tens of thousands of acres, mainly barren mud flats bordering the present shore of Great Salt Lake. The spreading of fresh water over the broad salt-impregnated flats should operate to decrease the past appalling losses of waterfowl from the so-called alkaline poisoning. It has been found that aquatic vegetation providing an abundance of food for waterfowl grows rapidly in water so impounded, and thus what has been a poisonous death trap for the birds will be converted into a great feeding and resting ground for a host of migrants which in their overland flight visit points in neighboring States. Under the act authorizing the refuge not less than 60 per cent of the area is to be maintained as an inviolate sanctuary for migratory birds, the remainder being subject to possible use as public shooting grounds under regulation.

A new inviolate refuge of 5,200 acres, particularly for wild fowl, has been established at Upper Klamath Lake, in Oregon, which should be of great importance to the waterfowl in a region where there has been such extensive drainage of marsh areas.

Another refuge for wild fowl in this general region has recently been established by Executive order on Tule Lake, in northern California, an area of 10,300 acres, of which 7,500 acres constitutes an inviolate sanctuary.

The Biological Survey is working earnestly toward the establishment of refuges in the Western States through such authority as at present exists. During the past year we drew up a national program of waterfowl refuges, and have indicated on a map those regions within which sanctuaries should be established. The number of Federal refuges conceived to be necessary to supply adequate resting, feeding, and breeding grounds for migratory wild fowl totals 120.

It is becoming more and more apparent that despite the laudable progress made in some states in establishing refuges for waterfowl, until Federal interests and responsibility for the maintenance of undiminished number of ducks and geese, shore-birds, and other species of wild fowl are defined on the statute books, we cannot consider that we have a rounded-out program.

Refuges are a fundamental necessity and transcend in their importance any restrictive measures that are in existence or that may be proposed. That these restrictions are a part of the game-conservation program no one will deny. They will always be necessary and should everywhere be enforced without fear or favor. The great loss of habitat suffered by the wild fowl through the development of the country, involving as it did drainage, which was sometimes of great economic worth and at other times an unjustifiable robbery of habitat; and through industrial developments, which because of their economic importance took precedence over the needs of the birds of the region, has made it imperatively necessary that all the power of the multifarious organizations and individuals concerned in wild-life conservation should be unified; that they should be joined into a movement to see to it so far as it is possible to do so, that no further unwise drainage projects shall be undertaken; and that through acquisition programs, financed by responsible public agencies, the birds shall within a comparatively short time, say from five to ten years, be able to repossess feeding, breeding, and resting grounds, in such manner and numbers as will guarantee that the cry of extinction or serious depletion shall never again be heard in the land.

### Norbeck Refuge Bill

As you are aware, a measure known as Senate Bill 1271 passed the Senate at the last session of Congress. This provides for the establishment of inviolate sanctuaries for wild fowl. It carries an authorization for an appropriation of $1,000,000 for the purpose of acquiring the lands for such sanctuaries, and to further the investigational work in connection with wild fowl. While the bill differs in many respects from those previously introduced, I am of the opinion that all who are interested in this vital matter should see that here is a great opportunity to put on the legislative map a measure that will be of the greatest import to our wild fowl.

It is the opinion of the Department that when the financial program of the Government permits, this bill with slight amendments should be passed. The Department officials believe that the proposals of the bill to establish inviolate sanctuaries, and to finance the acquisition of lands, and to provide for needed investigation through a general appropriation, are sound.

In this connection I want to add my testimony to that of others already given that the recent establishment of a National Committee on Wild Life Legislation was one of the notable conservation achievements of the year. I believe I am safe in saying that sanity of view and purposeful co-operation exist in greater measure today than has ever before been the case, and that the welfare of the wild creatures of the woodland, the marsh, and the plain is really to be considered and programmed with all factional strife eliminated.

### Airplanes and Wild Life

With the advent of the airplane new problems confront the administrator of the wild life resources. Areas that would have remained for many years in a wilderness condition, where only the hiker, the canoe-

ist or the horse-packer could penetrate, are now easily and quickly reached by the ships of the air. One can not yet prophesy with certainty to what degree, detrimentally or otherwise, our wild life will be affected thereby, though we know from past incidents that the mere flight of a plane over waterfowl has a disturbing influence, and this influence will probably obtain with game animals.

It is our opinion that actual shooting and unnecessary disturbance of game birds and animals from airplanes should be prohibited everywhere and that those who choose to travel to their hunting destinations by plane should be subject to a license that would insure legal transport of game taken by them.

### Bears

The bears of this country and Alaska are now generally considered by hunters a game animal, but not so defined by many of the States. This protection should be accorded bruin wherever he may be found, with the reservation, however, that those renegades of the species which are stock killers should be controlled, and also where, as in Alaska, such a species of bear as the black had increased so rapidly as to become a general nuisance. The Survey in its instructions to hunters employed in predatory animal control in the U. S. stipulate that before a bear is taken as a predatory animal the hunter must have conclusive evidence that he is in truth a habitual killer.

Particularly should all those interested in big game hunting and concerned in the perpetuation of notable species of big game keep their eyes on the grizzly and the big brown bears of the North American continent. The grizzly of the continental United States is now but rarely to be seen, but he is still numerous in Canada and Alaska, while the Alaska brown bear, the largest carnivorous land mammal on earth roams in still considerable numbers in southeastern Alaska, the Kenai country, the Alaska Peninsula, and on Kodiak and Unimak Islands.

As population and the arts of man advance in pioneer country voices are raised against those creatures which have unjustly in many places acquired a reputation as being inimical to man and his works, and that voice is often heard in certain portions of the Territory in connection with the Alaska brown bear. The Alaska game law has a provision which permits the shooting of bears that threaten life or property. My personal experience in trailing many of the big browns on Kodiak Island this summer convinces me as it has convinced many others who have hunted and observed closely the traits of this animal, that this noble species fears nothing that travels on the face of the earth but man, and the instinct of this bear when appreciating that he is in the vicinity of human presence is to ramble as fast as he can make it away from that presence. *Actual cases of attack on humans by unmolested bears in Alaska are rare indeed.* Many bears are encountered by people who do not understand them and their habits, and these people are perhaps not to be blamed for becoming alarmed and for subsequently making extravagant statements of the danger they had been in. From some points in the Territory are coming appeals and petitions that the big brown bear be exterminated because of his threat to humans and the damage he does to livestock. I feel sure that such a step is not necessary and am in accord with the belief of the Alaska Game Commission and many sportsmen that with the control of killer bears now permitted by the game laws of the Territory there should still be available to the members of this bruin tribe large areas where they may continue for generations to come over the snow-covered mountains in the springtime and frequent the salmon streams in the fall and to be a source of enjoyment forever to those who pursue them with the camera and gun.

### Administration of Alaska Game

Last year I made a brief statement regarding the needs of wild life in Alaska. It was my good fortune to spend this year three months in this great possession of the United States and to learn at first hand of the problems confronting the Alaska Game Commission.

Politics plays no part in the operation of the game laws of Alaska, and when it is seen that a limit of kill is too high or a season too long, the situation is quickly remedied by prompt action by the Commission. I can testify with certainty that the laws are enforced without fear or favor. But Alaska is a big region, and when it is considered that each of the seven full-time wardens of the Commission is expected to look after the welfare of the game and fur-bearing animals and to enforce the laws on an average area of 70,000 square miles, you will not be slow in reaching the conclusion that a most difficult task confronts the Commission.

To this Territory are coming annually in larger numbers the sportsmen of the world to bring back such trophies as the bear—big brown and grizzly—the moose, the mountain sheep, the mountain goat, and the caribou. It behooves these sportsmen and all of you who do not relish the idea of depletion of the numbers of such big game animals, as well as the members of the great fur industry of this country who look to Alaska for a good annual supply, to give thought to the work and needs of the Alaska Game Commission.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the co-operation that is being given the Biological Survey by the State conservation commissions and the various influential bodies of conservationists and by a legion of individual sportsmen concerned with the problems of wild-life conservation.

# Further Adventures in Aleut Land

*(Continued from page 14)*

small and piggish, and gleamed green with hatred. One look chilled and paralyzed.

Then things happened so suddenly and so rapidly that all speculation about the temper of the Kodiak bear was settled without argument. I crouched close to the tundra on top of the hill with my eyes glued to that tawny figure that calmly held the fort on the opposite ridge against all comers. He was shuffling on again. My companion was ahead of me, bending down and running low to head the bear off at the foot of the slope. Following on the run, I saw Bruin reach the bottom of the hill and disappear over the bank. His pursuer stood up and made a dash for it. He reached the top soon after the bear, and I saw him duck down behind some tussocks of tall grass—or perhaps he went over, too. Everybody was out of sight. The landscape was empty from where I labored on down with the pack-sack. No, not quite. The caribou below, frightened by the imminent disaster which I knew they were beholding, were in full flight around the end of the lake.

I was out of the field of action and could only guess what was going on. It would have been easier to see it. All was still, except for the wind following the racing caribou. Why had we rushed pell-mell into a situation that we knew nothing of, and where was my companion now? Was he down there with the bear? What was happening? The silence and great space around me were oppressing. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I began to hurry toward that brink where man and bear had been swallowed up. I crept to the edge and looked over. Fifty yards away the bear was leaning over the lake rim, drinking and splashing in the water. Just then, immediately below me, the man raised up. Both of us were now in plain sight. At a sound, the bear turned, startled. What would he do? The man below me was too close. That enormous, shaggy form at the edge of the water rose slowly on its hind feet; his head lowered ominously and his neck bowed up under his shaggy mane. I was petrified. I could not make a sound. All at once that great, lumbering hulk bolted straight up the hill upon us, and passed swiftly, loping like a fast horse. As he rolled up and down one knoll after another, he looked back over his shoulder to see if the demons still pursued him. At last I came to life. I waved my hand to him as I watched him drop over the last rise. Then it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of things, it was so still. Far in the distance at the end of the lake against the white slopes of the mountain, the herd of caribou grazed peacefully again.

That night before I went to bed, I stepped to the door of the tent to take a last look at Shishaldin. The little river rippled at my side. Above the top of the bank the moon hung. The dim reaches of the tundra melted into the white night, and there like a pale amethyst in the sky stood the mountain glowing with the reflection of its burning heart. Somewhere at its feet the caribou lay asleep; somewhere the big brown bear mouched about in the moonlight.

# I Wonder

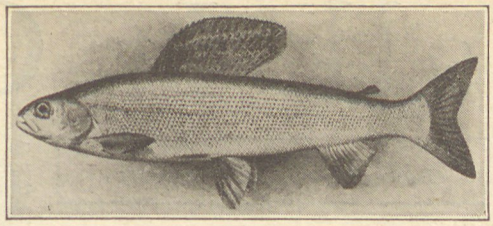
**By E. H. Pugh**

*I OFTEN sit and wonder, what the future holds in store;*
*And some questions keep returning to haunt me more and more.*
*Will my grand-son see the beauty of the rising of the sun*
*As he tramps through the woodland, with his bird dog and his gun?*
*Will he know the birds that live there, the meadow-larks and wrens,*
*The mocking birds and whip-poor-wills, and think of them as friends;*
*Will he float his decoys out there on the little bay*
*And the ducks come down to see them as they did for me to-day;*
*Will he cast for fish in the little stream, where the waters leap and bound,*
*And will there be some big trout there like some that I have found?*
*Or will my grand-son never have a bird dog for a friend;*
*Or hunt for ducks out on the lake, or feel a fish pole bend?*
*Or will the little stream be dry, the woods all cut away;*
*The partridges and doves all gone, because they had no place?*
*For the game is getting less each year, the woods are getting thin*
*And sometimes I really wonder if there'll be anything left for him.*

# Grayling Fishing in Alaska

By Hope Henry Lumpkin

*Photograph by James Clyde Gilbert*



A CLEAR, intensely cold stream; a dawn, brightening imperceptibly from a sunset; a glimpse of towering, snow-clad mountains, roseate from the rising sun; a hush, almost profound in the primeval forest around, and before one the dimpling, rushing waters, where the lithe, swift grayling, that cream of Alaskan panfish, were leaping in what seemed myriads, to breakfast at the dawn. This was the setting as we adjusted boots and creel, rod and fly, and set out, a little after midnight, to whip these waters for our morning's sport.

To the fisherman in the States, some of the above statements may savor of error, to say the least. "A dawn, brightening from a sunset!" "The cream of Alaskan panfish!" Yet both of these statements are true. I know of no more certainly delicious panfish, than these same Alaskan grayling varying in size from some eight to fifteen inches.

And then, the dawn brightening from sunset! I know that statement has a strange and unfamiliar sound, but it is literally and exactly true. Remember this was in the month of July, within some hundred and fifty miles of the Arctic Circle, and at this time of the year there is no night. The sun dips behind the hills, and before it has even grown dusk, rises again to start another day.

There are, I believe, three types of grayling in America. The Michigan grayling, which is now said to be almost extinct. The Montana grayling, and this swift, gamy fish of the clear, cold streams of interior Alaska.

I think I shall never forget that first trip. I had never fished for grayling before, but had heard many stories of their gaminess, and of how delicious they were for eating. I had longed to test my skill upon them, both as a fisherman, and as an epicure.

Our way lay up the river, until presently we made a sharp turn, and found ourselves in a smaller tributary of clear, cold water, along whose banks grew the ever thickening forest.

There is little sound in an Alaskan forest. Occasionally the wild cry of a loon breaks the stillness—that cry so redolent of the mystery of the north.

We followed the stream for a good half hour. Rapids were frequent. In certain places, we could see the dimples, where the grayling were already feeding. But our host delayed. "Not yet! Not yet! A better place ahead!" he urged. And we submitted, though our fingers itched to send the line whipping out across the waters.

Presently we swept in under low overhanging trees, where the oncoming light of day had hardly penetrated. But whisking about over the surface of this still pool, the morning midges had already congregated, and it seemed as if every grayling in the river had come to that particular spot to get his breakfast. The water was literally alive with their swift rises, the dimples breaking in dozens at the same time.

Boots were pulled on, creels slung across our shoulders, gut collars fastened, and tentative flies tied on. Then the fun began.

When the grayling are leaping so hungrily, there is little need to pick and choose a fly. Almost anything will be eagerly seized. But I have seen the time when a whole book of flies might be very nearly exhausted in a vain endeavor to lure them from their bed. The flies I have found most dependable with grayling, were not the highly colored ones, but the simpler type, a plain black gnat or a white miller. For these they almost always rise.

And then, their lusciousness in the pan! The firm, sweet meat, taken out of those clear, icy streams! Could anything be finer than to sit down as we did, about two o'clock in the morning, and with a steaming cup of coffee, and a plate of the grayling fried to a golden brown, discuss the beauty of the morning just breaking upon us. Then, after that soul satisfying lunch, our creels still heavy for home consumption, to go swiftly down river in the ever brightening day, the roseate glow of the risen sun illumining all the land, and painting the great range back of us with the incomparable glory of the morning.

# Fighting Fires

By Armstrong Perry

BETWEEN the time when the leaves fall and the time when the grass is green again, grass fires burn thousands of dollars worth of property.

Fires follow the laws of nature and should not be blamed. The fool who tosses away lighted matches, cigarettes or cigar stubs, or shoots over dry grass and leaves without hunting up the wad to see if it is burning, or starts a fire where it cannot be controlled, or leaves a camp fire without extinguishing every spark, violates the laws of nature; he should be kicked vigorously in the place provided by nature for making an impression when there is no other way to reach his brains.

Terrifying as they are, grass fires often can be put out without great difficulty, but it requires quick work because they travel rapidly. It is as useless to attack them from the rear as it is to try to catch a runaway mule by the heels.

One of the best weapons is an old broom. It will be more effective if it is dipped in water. Next best are green branches. The fire fighter starts at some spot where the fire cannot surround him and whips his way along the blazing front, killing the flames with well-aimed strokes.

It is better to let a fire run over places where it can do no harm and try to protect buildings and trees that may be in danger. A wet ring around a tree or building will check the fire and it can be put out before it goes further. A furrow also checks a blaze; sometimes even scratching a line in the ground with a stick will hold a fire back.

Many grass fires could be prevented by dealing firmly with persons who talk about burning dead grass in order to help the new growth. Such a practice is justifiable only in places where no trees, birds, animals, buildings or human beings can be found within a hundred miles. All the grass fire lighters should be gathered in such a place, provided with a box of matches apiece and guarded to prevent their escape! They cost the country more than they produce.

Folks who start grass fires are quick to send for the fire apparatus when a fire gets beyond control, but who ever heard of one of them having intelligence enough to notify a fire company before starting the fire, so that those who would suffer most could have something to say about the fire before it was too late?

# The Hills of Home

BY EMILY GLEZEN FAY

*THE Hills of Allegheny—*
*How beautiful they are,*
*With snowy cloud for mantle*
*For jewel—a gleaming star!*
*In lofty purple beauty*
*They wait for us who roam,*
*Eternal in their faithfulness—*
*The lovely Hills of Home!*

*OH, it's fine to go aroaming*
*Around the world so wide,*
*To see the sights that dazzle,*
*To try the new, untried.*
*And there's many a glimpse of beauty*
*In our land, and o'er the foam—*
*But there's never outlook dearer*
*Than the lovely Hills of Home.*

*SERENE, majestic in their strength*
*They stand throughout the years,*
*Unmoved by all they look upon,*
*Our laughter, or our tears.*
*Their peaks reach ever upward*
*As they keep their vigil lone,*
*God keep us steadfast, strong as*
*they—*
*Our precious Hills of Home!*

# Let's Talk It Over—

## Drama at First Hand

ROUGHLY speaking, there are three kinds of drama. One comes of a clash between persons, another of a clash between a person and society as a whole, and the third of a clash between a person and the elements. Of the three, the last is the most gripping because it involves great forces of which we really know little. It is the age-old fight for life against the great natural forces with which we are surrounded.

Real drama of this sort is rare. In a day of press agentry brought to an exact science, of the synthetic antics of bidders for newspaper space, a breath of real drama coming from the frontiers is refreshing.

What we are getting at is the story by Murdo Gibson in this issue. There is nothing synthetic or staged here. The Gibson story is actually under-written: a mighty rare thing nowadays. Look at the situation: a truly great woodsman whose eyesight fails, who goes to live in the city—a struggle to adapt himself to his surroundings, then the inevitable return to the forest where, in his physical misfortune, he finds himself best able to live and to enjoy life.

But that is not all. Those of you who have read his story in this issue will read with the utmost interest an excerpt from a letter written by Gibson to the editor a few days after he had sent us the manuscript.

Often, in the newspaper business, the adventures of the reporter in getting a story would be infinitely more interesting, if they could be told, than the story that appears in print. This also holds good in the magazine field. Often a peep behind the scenes reveals greater drama than the play you see. One of the purposes of this page is to give such peeps.

The letter from Gibson is simply an informal, chatty note to the editor, telling of his adventures in mailing the manuscript, which, incidentally, we had asked for in very much of a rush, and which had been written by Gibson during the whole of one night by the light of his lantern.

Readers of the article recall that Gibson mentions that he will take the manuscript, by lantern light, to the cabin of a friend.

And here's part of the letter that came to us from him a few days later:

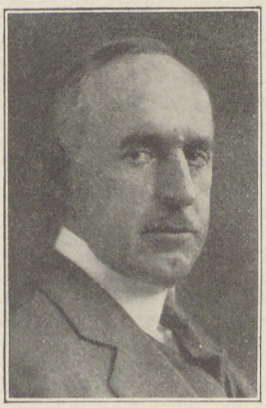
"When I finished writing 'My Year in the Woods' it was about seven-thirty in the evening and I was thick headed for lack of sleep. However, I took the gasoline lantern and flashlight and started for French Narrows. A dense fog obliterated all shore lines and I was forced to travel by compass. (A tiny 'Marble' one.) Soon, I realized the lantern was giving me no help so I left it on the ice as a beacon to guide me on my return.

"The ice was glare, covered with water and in many places had melted completely. Several times, I came within inches of open holes. Even with the flash, I could see but a step or two ahead and that was hardly more than a confusing glare. Every twenty steps, I had to take a compass sight and frequently found myself going wrong. Finally, however, I heard a dog barking and detected a faint glow from the

*(Continued on next page)*

## About Our Contributors

FOLKS who read the magazine regularly already know much about **William Schmedtgen,** who painted the cover this month, although they never have seen his photograph nor read a word about him. The reason for this is that his work for the magazine, ever since it was first started, has not only been a bright spot in our history but has given regular readers a mighty clear insight into the personality of the man who has wielded his pen and brush so well in depicting all the outdoor scenes and outdoor things he loves.



William L. Schmedtgen

Mr. Schmedtgen, when asked for a few words about himself, wrote: "Mrs. S. says I am such a fish liar that it is hard to believe anything I say about other matters. Two or three words should cover all my good and bad points. But I will tell you at least that I was an Izaak Walton Leaguer long before the League was invented. Twenty-eight years ago I was releasing bass when I had enough for the table—an innovation in those days.

"I am with you all, and in a little way have been trying to help the magazine along and wish I could do more. I like to fish, eat fish, paint fish, and save fish!"

**Frank Stick** (*Bill Barracuda and His Pals*) has been missing from our pages entirely too long. He has been one of the finest friends Outdoor America ever had. We all remember his wonderful cover paintings of a few years back, and his indefatigable illustrating for us—with Schmedtgen, Lowry, Babcock and others—when we were an infant. He is easily America's foremost painter of fishes and sea fishing. The swell thing about Frank is that he writes darn near as well as he paints. He lives at Interlaken, Monmouth county, New Jersey, and takes his time off down in North Carolina, which he declares is the sportsman's paradise of all time.

Since we can't all go goose shooting in China, the next best thing is to have it described for us by one who can—and did. **Rees H. Barkalow** is a native of New Jersey, where he still lives—in Newark—and commutes across the river to his law office in New York. But he has done much more extensive "commuting," as his experiences in China indicate. He has been in the army and diplomatic corps and did most of his fishing and shooting of recent years in China and Panama. He has retired from government service and now takes his surf fishing and deer and duck shooting in his native state.

*Further Adventures in Aleutland* brings **Irene Finley** back to conclude her narrative which began in December. * * * **Paul W. Allen** is head of the department of bacteriology of the University of Tennessee, and his Smoky Mountains story is his first in the magazine. * * * No introduction to **Murdo Gibson,** who writes his own story this month, is necessary. Have you read the excerpt from a letter of his which appears elsewhere on this page?

Incidentally, your attention is asked to the announcement in the camping department this month. We're going to have the best camping department extant, or know the reason why. With the whole Walton League ready to give first hand information about their local outdoors, this service should be the most dependable that there is.

**Richard Rowland** comes to the magazine for the first time this month with his article about Vogt. He has given us a new angle on the champion caster, and more from his facile pen—he has written much for other publications of a more general nature—is promised for the near future. He lives near Chicago. * * * **Dusty Waters** is becoming quite a letter writer. Incidentally, his recent *Letter From a Sportsman to His Wife* has been the subject of a number of letters received during the past month. It made a hit with readers of the magazine, and others will follow *How to Fish in Winter.* Dusty likes to get letters as well as to write them. Since he is a wanderer, letters should be addressed care of the magazine. * * * Speaking of Dusty, it seems to us that **Lucy M. Bell** has written a bright and charming reply to his Sportsman letter. It comes from the heart. Mrs. Bell is, obviously, the wife of a sportsman, and she lives in Asheville, North Carolina.

**Buell Tallman** is a member of the Buffalo, N. Y., chapter of the Izaak Walton League * * * **Paul G. Redington** is chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

The brief articles in the rear pages bring to the magazine this month, for the first time, **E. H. Pugh** with *I Wonder,* **Hope Henry Lumpkin** with *Grayling Fishing in Alaska,* **Armstrong Perry** with *Fighting Fires,* **J. R. Lund** with *A Sawtooth Hunting Trip with Bob Limbert,* and **L. J. Andrews** with *One Hundred Dollars.*

### *Next Month*

**"A Waltonian Becomes President"**

By George E. Scott

**Herbert Hoover has been honorary president of the Walton League since 1926. Mr. Scott, president of the Izaak Walton Foundation, analyses the outdoor activities of Hoover in a delightful manner.**

* * *

**"Up Where the Muskies Grow Tall"**

By Robert Page Lincoln

**This story of the big ones of the north brings a popular writer back to the magazine next month.**

* * *

**The Black Bass**

**faces extermination through commercial sale in certain eastern states. E. C. Kemper explains the situation.**

# Drama at First Hand

*(Continued from preceding page)*

house lamps and reached the cabin safely. That is, I only wet one leg above the knee when my left foot broke through.

"The return trip was rather thrilling. It looked, at times, as if Murdo had come to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. The spike in the end of my walking stick had been driven, by the continual testing of the ice, almost flush with the wood, and when I started to slide down an ice pan toward an open hole it failed to stop my slow but steady progress. My rubbers gave not the slightest traction so I couldn't lift them off the water covered slope. In desperation, I grasped the stick, low down, with my right hand and high with the left, then twisted my body around and back and drove the quarter inch of nail that still protruded from the stick, into the ice. This time, it held. But, for a minute, I was afraid to move. My feet were less than six inches from the edge and I feared the whole pan would give way. The flashlight was dying and gave but a feeble glimmer and outside of its anemic beam, I couldn't see a yard.

"I was not a little worried about my direction. When I knew I had gone far enough to see a glow from my lantern and failed to see it, I felt sure I would have to spend the night on the first bit of land I reached. As luck would have it, I recognized the first trees I saw, three pine trees on a point about quarter of a mile off my proper course. I remembered that bit of shore and walked confidently along until I came to the place where I thought the lantern had been left. After quite a search, I found it. Foolishly, I had left its globe and metal roof at camp, and the spatters of rain had wrecked the mantels and extinguished the light. But I was near my landing then and I had no further trouble getting to the tent. Maybe you think I was not thankful to be in a comfortable shelter with a warm bed to sleep on. An hour before, I would have given anything for a square yard of dry land to stand on and trusted to my woodcraft to keep alive until daybreak. Well, I went to bed as soon as I had hung up my wet clothes. I slept eleven hours without turning over and then half an hour longer.

"It was then noon and two and three quarter inches of snow covered every stump and guy line. The first real snow of the season."

* * *

Perhaps if we were real smart we would save this and make another story out of it for the front pages of the magazine. Wouldn't it make a peach, written fully and giving all details? But this time we'll give it to our readers "in the rough."

And now for our other letters. While Gibson holds the spotlight, we'll use his name first, since it happens that in the letter from which the above excerpt was taken he also comments on the buck law. As do others.

## From a Real Woodsman

Dear Editor:

Your editorial on the "Buck Law" I endorse, heartily. Very few Waltonians have seen and killed more deer than I and still fewer had such keen vision. But of all the running deer I shot, the sex of at least half was determined AFTER they were killed. I doubt very much if anyone can tell whether a deer, running straightaway through brush second growth, is a buck or a doe. Why make a criminal out of every excitable and impetuous deer hunter?

In my opinion, the **only** good argument in favor of the Buck Law is the possibility that it might make some novice look longer and be more certain before he shoots.

MURDO GIBSON.

In Camp,
Ontario, Canada.

## Another View

Dear Editor:

The editorial mentioning the Buck Law was a great success in its effort to emphasize the value of the human equation, but perhaps some took it too literally.

While the Buck Law is not perfect, any more than other human efforts at regulation, I think it certainly **is** a success. Up to date it has been adopted by twenty-seven states, several of which have re-adopted it after having made a trial of some other plan. To be sure Pennsylvania has reversed conditions and for 1929 allows the killing of does only. The basis for this change seems strange to folks in many other states. It appears that Pennsylvania is dangerously overrun with deer and as protection to the farmers, she plans for one year to reduce the stock, keeping by preference the bucks. There are only eight states without a buck law, although a dozen more either have no deer at all or a closed season for both bucks and does.

The deer are like domestic cattle in breeding habits, and any practical breeder, as well as any student of biology, knows that such species breed better when the number of males is reduced.

Let us emphasize the fact that this law helps to make the forests safe for everybody and even if it does not contribute largely to the increase in the number of deer and in the opportunities for hunting, it should nevertheless be equally powerfully advocated because of the saving of human life.

HENRY B. WARD,
President I. W. L. A.

University of Illinois,
Urbana, Ill.

## Cover to Cover!

Dear Editor:

Roberts' photo in December worthy of a medal—Give us more such. Marguerite Ives' Woman's Sphere, ditto.—Rex Brasher's swan picture exquisite—Ozark Ripley's Memories delightful; . . . Cook Co. Forest Preserve; I know something about that; splendid work, and yet I recall evidences of the contrary. . . . Salo's contribution on Trout; that's the sort of thing we need.—Henry van Dyke and Schmedtgen in January; here's richness, and it suggests a revival of H. B. Frost.—Hough's winter article very timely—McKown's paper on Murdo Gibson revives memories of the pioneers.—Newell's tale of the bullephant adds a new word to the dictionary and incidentally suggests to New Yorkers that lakes are more valuable than lots.—Ozark Ripley and the Chief: I cannot tell which is which, which suggests that we cease invidious distinctions in that direction, i. e., the good white man and the good Indian —My Boy and I; good stuff; give us more—Hoover gets Kansas Ducks; encouraging, and now that the Cheyenne Bottoms are flooded, it's a good time to make sure that they be kept so.—The Fish Refuge Plan shows that the world is moving. Years ago, when I was conducting the advertising department of the road that probably carried the "Wolverine," before the word conservation was in the vocabulary, I was able to do some pioneer work in "boosting" the northern barrens and the lakes and streams from which the grayling were already disappearing (where are they now?). I congratulate Mr. Surber on his hopeful words.—Covers: Henderson's is brimful of wild life. Lord, how I pity that wolf! The boob sportsman (Jan.) recalls Seymour's caricatures in the early Pickwick; they ridiculed the Cockney, while the real hunters enjoyed them. Enough.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Boulder, Colo.

## Likes New Cover

Dear Editor:

I think your new covers are fine and hope you will continue to use them. The future of our outdoors depends on the rank and file of outdoor people who will protect the natural wild life and resources of this country, and I believe the future growth of the Izaak Walton League will be helped a great deal by the type of a magazine they have for their official organ. Continue to use stories and articles that are not too high brow and nothing can stop the good work.

H. E. McARTHUR.

Waukegan, Ill.

## More About the Buck Law

Dear Editor:

I note in the January issue R. C. H.'s note and the query beneath. I also take exception to Mr. Hough's editorial in December.

The buck law in this state has been too successful. It has brought Penna.'s deer herd from a scattered handful to a point where in many sections they constitute a nuisance in twenty years and has so destroyed the balance of sexes in the herd that we will probably have to have a doe season about every fifth year to get back to normal.

That the hunter **will** look has been proved conclusively. The illegal kill of deer has been decreasing in percentage and the hunting accidents materially decreased in spite of the increasing number of hunters. And this year, when we shot antlerless deer, the percentage of the illegal kill is about the same as last year although it is much harder to be sure a deer has no horns than that he is a forked horn or larger.

Mr. Hough says the hunter won't look, but he forgets the average hunter is a law abiding citizen and that he will obey the law; except for a certain element who take pride in breaking laws, and they shoot first and look afterward and if they could not break the law in this way would find some other way to do it.

ROBT. E. McCLOSKEY.

Renovo, Penna.

Mr. Hough in his editorial did not question the good intentions of the hunter.—*Editor.*

## And Still More

Dear Editor:

I have read the article "Wastepaper" on the "Let's Talk It Over" page, and while you ask for other folks' opinion on the buck law, I shall tell why I endorse that law.

I have hunted deer for several seasons and have carefully observed conditions, and have just returned from the northern section of Wisconsin where I was doing special duty for the Conservation Commission for the past two months and am familiar with facts relative to the subject.

The buck law serves the purpose of Conservation; not only the preservation of the game, but also human lives.

The enforcement of the buck law in Wisconsin together with late season (Dec. 1 to Dec. 10) when they have served their purpose, has increased the supply of deer in our State.

Our woods would have suffered immensely if a "Any Deer Law" would have been in effect this season and would take quite a number of years to increase to such numbers as were roaming the woods this present year.

It is true that there are does and fawns killed each season, but this number is on the decrease, while the number of hunters is on the increase.

ERWIN A. BARTZ.

P. O. Box 115, Sheboygan, Wis.

## Our January Cover

Dear Editor:

The cover on your January copy of the Outdoor America, a painting by Mitchell Henderson, is as fine a thing as I ever saw. Could you tell me where I could get a larger size print of it, like those on a large calendar? If you know of any such place, I would sure appreciate the firm name and address. Thanking you for the work you are doing for Outdoor America I am

CHAS. H. HOLMBERG.

Florence, Kansas, 207 W. 8th St.

* * *

Outdoor America has no prints. Perhaps Mr. Henderson, who has the painting, can help. His address is 621 West 58th St., Kansas City, Mo.—*Editor.*

# The Angler's Notebook

*Written at Odd Moments*

By O. W. SMITH
*Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA*

## The Romance of Rod Making

### Preliminary Cast

#### Knee Deep

*I am a lover of snow. These days I like to plow through woods, like the rabbits, making tracks. Tramp in a veritable fairy-land until a-weary, then sit me down by a roaring fire-place and dream of ichthyic deeds of valor.*

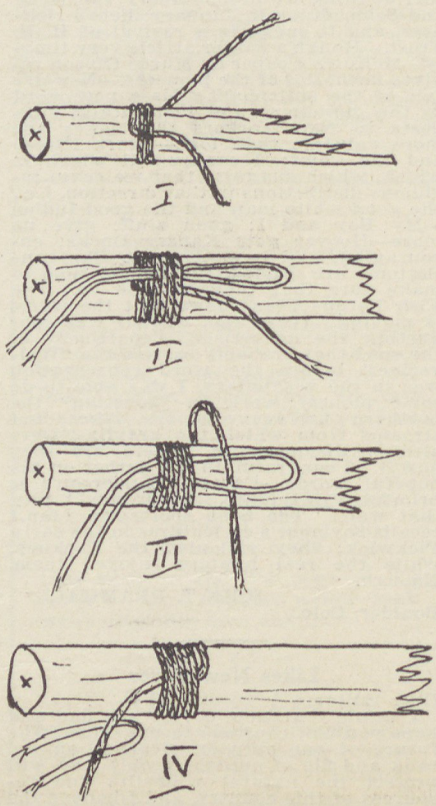
MY title is not strictly true to the facts in the case, for I am thinking more properly of rod-finishing: securing the joints ready to wind and mount, rather than shaping the wood. Naturally I have done that too, for any amateur, once he has got his hand in on finishing, is not satisfied until he has actually constructed a rod. Let me warn you however that properly shaping a solid wood rod is something of a task, and gluing up a split-bamboo is still more vexatious; indeed, few there be who have the patience and skill to accomplish the latter, though it can be done and well done.

While I have delighted in actually building solid wood rods, using various materials, from lancewood to hickory, experimenting with woods not generally used for the purpose, this article is not to have anything to do with that angle of the job, intriguing and wonderfully satisfying though it is. In passing allow me to recommend a couple of books to those who wish to do the whole thing, shaping, mounting, winding and varnishing. I like Perry D. Frazer's, "Amateur Rodmaking," getting my inspiration from his first volume on the subject, "The Amateur Rod-Maker's Work-shop," which ran in "Forest and Stream" some twenty-five or thirty years ago. In "Amateur Rodmaking" you will find all essential information. Then there is Dr. Holden's, "Idyl of the Split Bamboo," which goes into the matter most thoroughly. Of course I have H. P. Well's, "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle," first published something like forty-five years ago, for what angling library could be considered even passably complete without it? Either of the first two books will be a sufficient guide for any rodster who wishes to adventure the mysteries of the cult, for veritable cult is it.

Today one can secure split-bamboo glued and ready for mounting, together with all accessories needful, so that the task will not be at all difficult if the amateur is possessed of a modicum of mechanical skill and a plethora of patience. Perhaps nothing is of greater importance than particularness, to coin a word for the occasion, an attention to details. The ferrules must be accurately placed, even as the reel-seat must be properly fitted; but a bit of care will result in a real job, make no mistake about that. The rod-builder cannot do better than read Frazer or Holden on these points, so we need not go into the matter here.

In the matter of setting ferrules there is one point at which I take issue with professionals. They are in the habit of pinning the ferrule, and I can see no good reason for the pin, ferrule cement being sufficient to hold the metal in place. Should the ferrule become loose, as it may, it must be reset and in resetting the pin is a great nuisance. Sometimes it is easier to file off the head, drive in, and pull the ferrule over than to attempt to remove. Just what value there is in having the pins I fail to understand, though expert builders are in the habit of using them.

Setting the ferrule is in reality very simple, and something any user of wood rods should know how to do, for in case of a break when in the field ability to remove and reset is a prime requisite. Secure some good, reliable ferrule cement such as any tackle dealer can supply. Warm the base of the ferrule—when on the stick—and pull off. A pair of round nosed pliers will be found very convenient for holding the ferrule. Heat the end of the ferrule cement until soft and apply to end of wood. Heat both the ferrule and the cement once more and thrust the former home. In assembling a rod be sure and have the ferrule properly centered. You will note I said, when speaking of warming the cement, that you were to use a match, and I think you will agree with me that one can get along better with that type of "warmer" than with something more elaborate.




After the ferrules are in place and the tip-top cemented in position, turn your attention to placing the line-guides. Proper spacing is important and I need but say here that they should be so placed as to distribute the strain the whole length of the rod. Plenty of room must be provided for between the reel and first guide, for it is there that the line is handled, especially in fly fishing. In winding on guides, do not continue the silk from one fastening to the other, for in case the thread breaks the guide will part company with the rod. And, by the way, that is one argument against the beautiful spiral windings sometimes used on rods, if the thread breaks, no "run" in miladi's silk hose is more serious.

Now to winding proper. There are three methods employed by amateur workers, but I am going to give but one, that which I have found most simple and generally satisfactory. The drawings accompanying this article makes the operations plain. In beginning the winding, simply lay the end of the thread lengthwise the rod and wind under. (Cut I.) Next, when about half the required width is in place, lay a loop lengthwise the rod, loop towards the end of winding. (Cut II.) When the winding is to be narrow, the loop is placed in position at the very beginning. The winding continues until required width is reached, when the end of the silk is thrust through the loop (Cut III) and the end drawn through and under the windings. (Cut IV.) With the back of a knife-blade, crowd the windings together, pulling up slack on the ends protruding, having a care not to up-set the windings. Cut off threads close to silk, and there you are. Much less difficult than it sounds here. A word of warning however, always place the windings with utmost care, for upon "particularness" here depends the appearance of the finished job.

Lastly comes the application of varnish, and right here many an otherwise perfect job is ruined, for unless the varnish be properly spread and dried, the rod will present a dauby appearance. Be sure the rod is clean before you begin operations, and if you want the silk to retain its color, not darken under application of the varnish, use some of the preparations on the market, or collodion and banana-oil—'alf a' 'alf—before you apply the varnish. This is important, for the varnish always darkens the silk two or three shades. It well may be that the preparations the makers furnish are better, but I have had no difficulty with the collodion.

Once more, with a clean rod, a good reliable rod-varnish, such as any tackle-dealer will supply, we are ready for the varnishing act. Select a warm day or room, and be sure there are no particles of dust floating in the atmosphere. The varnish itself should be warm, otherwise it will not spread easily. Begin at the tip, or smaller end of the joint and work downward, using a small camel-hair brush. Spread the varnish evenly. Do not flow

on. Have a care not to touch any of the metal parts, for it is exceedingly difficult to remove the varnish from guides or ferrules. Right here carefulness and neatness are prime requisites. When finished, hang up the joints to dry.

As to how many coats will be needed depends upon the finish desired and the time at your disposal. I would say that a new rod should be treated to three coats, allowing say two weeks between them. It is an irreparable blunder to apply a second coat of varnish before the first is thoroughly dry, for the varnish roughens up and there is nothing for it but to remove the windings and varnish and start all over again. Here the old saying, "Haste makes waste," is veriest gospel. It is better to err on the side of safety, give too much time for drying. Before applying the second coat, rub down the rod with a bit of soft flannel or chamois, moistened with alcohol. This varnishing is the rarest of fun, for the rod comes out from under the process—if well done—glistening and bright.

So I have just sketched the methods of rod building, touching only the high spots, leaving out much that might have been said, perhaps should have been said; but I think I have blazed the trail sufficiently well for the average fisherman to follow easily, for the fisherman is far from "dumb." It is great sport, is this rod-building, and I can recommend it for that "ichthyology" that bothers us at this season of the year.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of Outdoor America. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

### RECALCITRANT BLUE-GILLS

Dear O. W.: I have a lake on my property well supplied with blue-gills, small and large, the stock being kept up by planting. Though I can see plenty of fish when the water is clear, I can't make them bite. What is the trouble? What shall I use?—E. P. H., N. C.

Sir: Your problem is an interesting one. I did not suppose the blue-gill swam that could resist a luscious garden-hackle, or earth-worm. One sometimes experiences difficulty in getting them to take artificials, for as a rule they are confirmed bottom-feeders. Oh, I have had good sport with flies, artificials, now and then, and I have taken them from the depths on small spinners. As a general rule they are bait fish as well as pan-fish. Small minnows will take them, but always I go to earth-worms and with great success. Your fish must be very well fed indeed to refuse them. Please let me know if you refer to artificial lures exclusively, for I can't understand your apparent inability to take the fish on worms.—O. W.

### WEIGHT OF THE FLY-ROD AGAIN

Dear O. W.: What weight of rod would you recommend for general fly-fishing? —U. H.

Sir: You have asked a leading question, one that is difficult of answer because there are so many elements entering into the problem. You do not say what particular fishing you have in mind, trout or bass. There is no general purpose rod, strictly speaking. I would not care to go up against heavy rainbow in the West with even a 5½ ounce rod, though I would say that a rod from 8½ to 9½ feet, and weighing from 5½ to 6½ ounces would come as near a "general purpose" rod as anything. In trout fishing I tend to a light rod whenever and wherever the fishing allows of such a wand, but for small-mouth bass fishing a too light rod is too hazardous.—O. W.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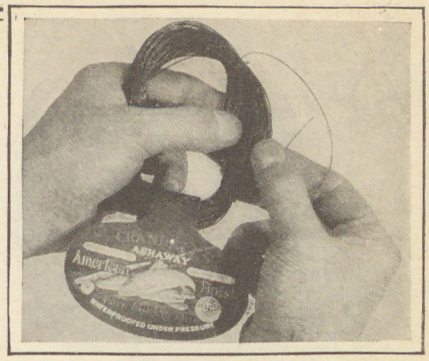

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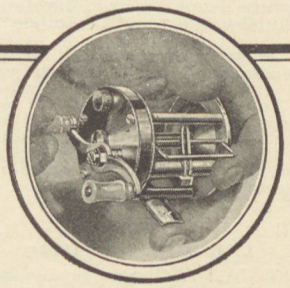

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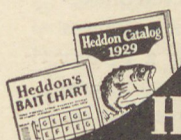


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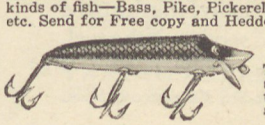

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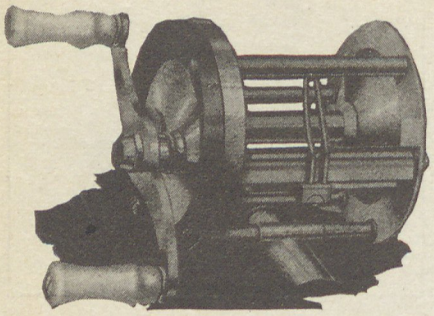

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### 'HOPPERGRASSES

Dear O. W.: In fishing for trout with grasshoppers I am bothered by having the fish continually steal the bait: what can I do about it?—L. G.

Sir: To my way of thinking, the fact that the fish steal four out of five 'hoppers is one of the great joys of the fishing, for I feel myself an ichthyic philanthropist when my bait box is empty and my creel contains but a few fish. The brook trout is not so expert a bait-thief as is the rainbow, he can steal 'hoppers in a way to delight the heart of an eleemosynary angler. Oh, there are hooks upon the market, guaranteed to keep the most flirtatious of rainbow from taking away the bait, but I don't use them. There is one, with two hooks at the rear, the point of the stem being sharp; the stem or shank of the hook is thrust through the 'hopper from the rear, then a tiny snap engages the shank, and the bait is fast. I don't see how a fish could possibly work the insect loose, but it is too sure a thing to suit me. There are other "patent hooks" on the market; but you'd better use your favorite bend, pitting your wits and skill against the fish, remembering it is a fairly good thing for the fish when he bests you.—O. W.

### ICE FISHING

Dear O. W.: What do you think of ice-fishing, is it detrimental to the fish-stock or no? Would you consider an ice-fisher a good sportsman?—H. D.

Sir: A straightforward answer is impossible. All depends upon the locality and the amount of summer fishing indulged in. I am coming to believe that where a water is heavily fished in summer-time, winter fishing should be tabu. Oh, I know such an opinion will raise a storm of protests, but we are fishing our easily get-at-able waters more and more heavily each summer, and the stock is unquestionably being depleted. So I think that such waters should be "rested" during the winter season, and a "good sportsman" will not fish even though the law says he may. It is suprising how loath we are to forego any pleasure, even when the hand-writing on the wall can be read by anyone. Undoubtedly there are lakes and streams in the north, where winter fishing will not prove destructive of fish-stock, but those waters are becoming more and more rare. Sorry you appended your final question, for an ice-fisher can be a true sportsman, if he is, and if he isn't, then he isn't in the summer-time. Chew on that!—O. W.

### VARNISH FOR RODS

Dear O. W.: Can you tell me where I can secure some good, reliable varnish for refinishing my split-bamboo?—R. D.

Sir: Most of the "guides" on the market recommend "good coach varnish," and I suppose it is O.K.; but to my notion you better send to some reputable tackle-house or rod-builder and purchase a can of "rod varnish," compounded especially for your purpose. I have long since sent to a certain rod-builder for all my supplies and with the best of results. —O. W.

### LARGELY ICHTHYIC

Dear O. W.: Will you please settle an argument in our family? We have a lake here, from which we take a few bass each season, always large and fat: never do we take a small fish. We are thinking of stocking with pike, and the head of the family thinks that fish will drive out, "eat up," the bass while I am of the opinion that the two would get along well together.—G. B., Wisc.

Sir: If the difference of opinion is in your own family, who am I to dare to enter the controversy? I have long heard that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. The fate of a third party is too well known! But all joking one side, it would seem to me, from what you say, that while your lake is undoubtedly well supplied in natural food for bass, it lacks proper spawning facilities. The fact that only "grown-up" fish are taken, which are well conditioned, seems to argue for the soundness of my opinion. If the bass were spawning regularly, the young fish developing, you would most certainly find small specimens. It might be wise to make a study of possible spawning-beds. There is no question apparently, but that aside from propagation, you have an ideal bass-water. Would suggest you plant heavily with fingerlings.

Now to the matter of pike and bass, where I gather the difference of opinion exists. Presume by "pike" you have in mind the so-called "wall-eyed pike," or pike-perch of the books, and not true pike, commonly "pickerel." The wall-eye can be planted in waters inhabited with bass without fear, in fact, in a great many of our lakes they are found naturally. Of course if one species should be over-stocked, stocked beyond natural supply of food, then it would feed upon the immature members of the other group. Insofar as I have observed, the two species get along in utmost amity. Just the same, I would encourage the bass in every way possible. Of course you realize the difficulty of speaking without making an exhaustive and careful study of the lake in question.—O. W.

### AN AUTOMATIC REEL

Dear O. W.: I am thinking of getting an automatic for my three ounce rod, but before I do I would like your opinion as to its suitableness. Just where and when would you use one?—B. M., N. Mex.

Sir: I doubt very much that even the lightest automatic on the market would work well on a 3 oz. rod. Necessarily such a reel is bound to be a bit heavy, consequently, to preserve good casting balance, the rod should weigh more. I like an automatic for heavy fishing, using a 6 or 6½ oz. fly-rod. In the West, it is very popular for trout-fishing, and is fine for bass-fishing. One needs to proceed with caution, if used to the single action, for the automatic is quick on the uptake. I know of no reel quite so fine for fighting a big fish. With an automatic the angler fishes from the reel of course. I like to use the automatic on a bait-rod, reversed reel above the hand, manipulating the release lever with my thumb. One can have a great deal of sport with it when still fishing with live minnows or other baits. Indeed, it is all right in a great many ways, but don't err in selecting too light a rod to use with it.—O. W.

### PUTTING SALT ON THE TAIL OF A TROUT

Dear O. W.: Referring to your article in a recent number of OUTDOOR AMERICA upon transporting trout 800 miles, and having them arrive at their destination in a sweet and sound condition; I would say that I have kept them for a week or ten days, during June and July, by packing in salt and sugar, mixed half and half, using a wooden bucket to pack in. Sprinkle the fish well with the salt and sugar mixture, inside and out, place a layer in the bucket, then sprinkle more over them, add another layer of fish, and so on. Fish may be added from day to day as they are caught. Do not add water as the sugar and salt will produce sufficient brine to cover the fish. When wanted for food, the fish should be soaked in fresh water for two or three hours to remove the surplus salt.—C. A. M., Pa.

Sir: I want to thank you for your interest in this matter and the good directions you give. One can always preserve with salt, but even with the addition of sugar, I would not call the fish exactly "fresh." Now I have eaten trout, salted and freshened, which were sweet and good; but after all, they were salt fish, and a salt fish is—well, a salt fish. There is no very good reason these days, for wishing to preserve any quantity of trout, the fish are becoming too scarce for that. Personally I am coming to take just what I can eat, fresh, on the day when caught, returning all others to the water for "next time." On a wilderness trip, where one must depend upon fish and game for sustenance, the case is different. Such "cured" fish as you describe, exposed to smoke for a couple of days, are delicious; but, and it is becoming a very large "but" indeed, is it just fair to the other fellow for me to take enough to make such procedure necessary? Ordinarily I think it unwise to carry fish when it is necessary to salt in order to preserve. Oh, there are exceptions to the rule of course. Again thanking you for your interest and trusting that we shall have the pleasure of hearing from you again, I reel in my line.—O. W.

### DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

Disciple of Izaak Walton: "Lend your father my fishing rod? I didn't know he was interested in angling!"

Neighbor's Boy: "Please, sir, he only wants it to poke up the drain pipe that's blocked up with leaves."

### WANTS A DRY FLY ROD

Dear O. W.: I enjoy your "notebook" each month, and am thankful for your

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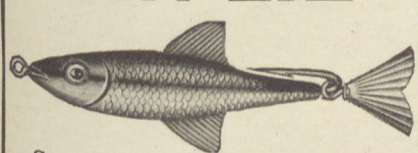

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article on "Books." I would appreciate your advice on one matter if you can see your way clear to give it, though I know you dislike the "now" of things. What weight and length of rod would you recommend for dry-fly fishing exclusively? I have a 6 oz. rod at present, assembled by myself, but I find it heavy to use for any great length of time. I am informed that it is rather out of the question to secure a lighter than 6 oz. owing to the hard work required in drying the line. What have you to offer?—E. A. O., N. Y.

Sir: I certainly appreciate your good words for my "stuff" and shall endeavor to do better month by month. I am a "bookish angler," a "sentimentalist" of the first water, and proud of it. Just the same I am something of a rod crank also, and love the tools of the craft, for themselves as well as for what they accomplish in taking fish. Now to your specific inquiry. While the great majority of dry-fly men incline to the heavier weight, 6 oz. or thereabouts, still you can secure lighter rods planed for the particular work. I am inclined to think that one would be foolish to go below 5 oz. for average dry-fly fishing though there are 8 ft. rods on the market that weigh 3¾ oz., 9 ft. at 4¾, 9½ ft. at 5½. You readily understand that the longer rod must from necessity weigh more. I doubt that it is the part of wisdom to secure a rod under 9 ft. for dry-fly work, which should weigh in the neighborhood of 5 oz. Get a rod from a reputable maker, planed and built with dry-fly requirements in mind and you will be satisfied. Glad to advise you further if by doing so I can be of any aid.—O. W.

### GREAT PIKE IN LAKE SUPERIOR

Dear O. W.: In the September issue you show a picture with the caption, "Trolling along Superior's shore where many good pike are taken," and I would like a bit of information. I have a cottage at Herbster and primarily go up there for the trout fishing, but would enjoy varying it with pike fishing.—W. H. W., Chicago.

Sir: Perhaps you are thinking of wall-eyed pike, the pike-perch of the books. If not, I can't quite understand why you have missed out the great pike fishing of the bays along Lake Superior. Near Hebster, where your cottage is located, is Bark Bay, a somewhat famous place for great pike of size and fightfulness. I have had good fishing in almost any bay along the South Shore, and you should have no trouble in changing from trout to great pike at will. I got some quite remarkable pictures this summer, fishing the mouth of the Sioux River, and Kaukagan, near Ashland, is a locally famous ground. Troll or cast, depending upon the character of the "cover." If we would only cut off the word pike from wall-eye, and use the term only for members of the true pike family—muskellunge, great pike and pickerel—we would avoid a lot o' trouble.—O. W.

## Less Barb, More Fish

By John J. Snyder

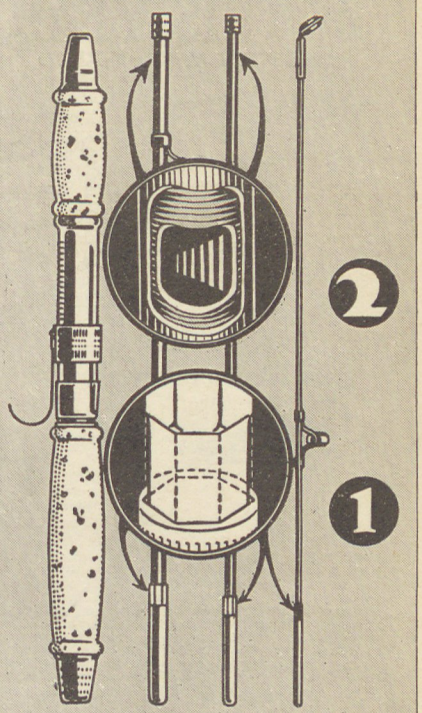
EVERY state, I think, in which there are mountain trout should pass laws making it unlawful to fish for trout with barbed hooks, on account of the millions of small trout that are killed every year by using them.

The Izaak Walton League should agitate this matter until everything is accomplished that can be done. I am sure it would increase the trout in the mountain streams at least fourfold.

If you have the right kind of a rod (a limber split bamboo rod, which is the only right kind for fly fishing), you can land just as many trout with a barbless hook as with a barbed hook if you keep the bend in your rod, not allowing the line to slack. The barbless hook can be removed from the mouth of the little fish and they live. It is the barb that tears their mouth and kills them.

The writer can speak from long experience, being 74 years old (I should say 74 years young), having fished for trout in the streams of Colorado and Utah almost every year since I was a boy.


GET A GEP—THE ROD WITH A REP

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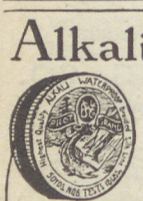

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# Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

***Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine***

## NOTED CASTERS TO MEET AT ORLANDO

FOR the fourth time Orlando, Florida, will be the Mecca of many noted casters, for on February 14, 15, and 16, this winter casting center will entertain at its Fourth Annual Tournament not only Florida casters but many of the National bait and fly men.

Each year the local club grows in importance as these annual events become more and more popular and as it continues to attract attendance from other parts of the country, its tournament ranks second to the National.

Al Foss, present All-Round Champion of the Southern States, will be ready to defend his title which he won last year and which Walter Willman, 1927 Champion, wants to regain and is now hard at work for the coming contests.

Over 50 casters appeared last year and already a large number of nationally known men have announced their intention of entering the lists.

Among this group are Dr. Walter E. Murphy, of Cincinnati; J. Dwight Palmer, of Akron; W. J. Buckwalter, of Cleveland; William Stanley, of Chicago; William Green, of Cincinnati; Joe Pflueger, of Akron; Dave Phillips, of Cleveland; and Victor Cissinelli, of Cincinnati.

Indianapolis will send her favorite sons, Lou Hurst and Fred T. Johnson, while the rest of the state will be represented by Ivar Hennings and Paul Burress. Pittsburgh will send its prominent fisherman, Dave Wolf, to show what the new club of Pennsylvania can do.

A feature seen at this Tournament will be contests for boys under and over sixteen years of age, many of whom cast scores of which their elders would be proud. A later issue will contain a full description.

### What Scientific Angling Did for a Novice

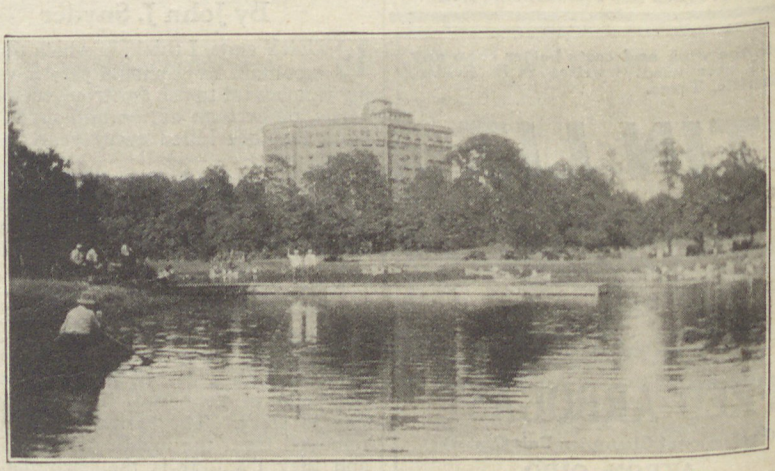
*The following article was sent to me by Mr. J. O. McKinney, of Los Gatos, California, who received his education as a "scientific angler" at San Francisco. He writes, "Here is a true story of what fly casting did for me in taking fish in what is considered the most 'angling resistant' waters of the West."—F. J. L.*

## WHEN I FIRST TRIED

By J. O. McKinney

WHEN I first tried fly fishing many years ago in the Colorado Rockies, casting, as I knew it, consisted of tossing a lure upon the waters, and steering its drifting course into likely looking spots. Although not highly skillful casting, it taught me the habits of trout, where to find them, and how to handle them when hooked. There were sufficient trout in the streams, and they saw so little to scare them that a catch sufficient for most any need was to be had for the trying. As they became less numerous, and more wary, there were times when I wished I knew more of casting, more of the scientific presenting of the lure to disarm troutly suspicion and timidity.

In the meantime I came west to grow up with the orange trees and native sons, and one day I noticed a news article that one might learn the technicalities of fly casting by visiting the casting platforms at Stow Lake in San Francisco, and putting one's self under the guidance of some of the tournament casters who frequent that place every Saturday afternoon, and Sunday throughout the year. I became an adept at the sport to the point of nearing the world's record for dry fly accuracy, both known and unknown distances, ac-



*CASTING POOL OF THE CLEVELAND CASTING CLUB*

*Section of Pool. In foreground is new platform, 80 feet long and 10 feet wide and 125 feet distant from old platform. These two platforms permit casting in two directions each to suit all wind conditions. In the distance is the Hotel Sovereign selected as National Headquarters.*

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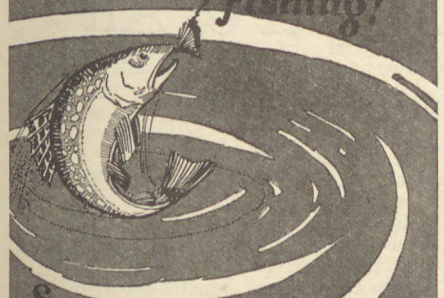
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curacy fly, and also cast farther than a hundred feet in distance fly as well. But like many others, I wondered just how such training would react in actual field practice, secretly believing that the old float-and-steer method would prove equally as effective in taking trout. I took a journey into Mendocino County and on the upper reaches of Eel River I caught some nice baskets of trout, also taking some fine, hard-fighting steelheads, only to find upon my return to town that fishermen who had never seen a scientific angling tournament had done just as well on several occasions.

I think this discovery, together with the usual contrariness of human nature, caused me to champion scientific angling, and made me determined to show that it would bring results under conditions that would defeat ordinary fishing methods and skill. This was perhaps the dominating cause for one of the finest fishing trips of my life, bar none.

E. J. LaRoche, fishing friend of many years, and angling club devotee as well, decided that he and I could catch fish in Yosemite Valley. More disappointed fishermen return from that scenic wonderland than from any other known spot in the civilized world I suppose. More adventurous "fans" fall into the sparkling waters of Merced River within the borders of Yosemite than usually see other trout streams, while tourists by the thousands cause the trout of that region to become so shy that at the first commotion, splash or shadow, they shoot—not paddle—under the nearest rock, and stay there until all is once more back to normalcy. But E. J. and I knew trout were there, and we also had a desire to try dropping a fly where they would be expecting it, and in the manner they would expect a fly to come at them, and do all this from a spot far enough removed from their line of vision that even their extraordinary caution would give way to natural appetites and feeding habits. So during the last week of the season of 1928, we drove up to the famed valley and gave scientific angling the acid test.

We arrived at the park entrance about one o'clock P. M., and driving up about halfway to Yosemite Lodge, near the vicinity of El Capitan, we decided the time for the test was at hand. Neither of us had fished there before, and knew nothing of the stream except from having previously driven along the highway paralleling its course, but within an hour we had scored some kills. E. J. caught three and I five trout, while each of us had lost a decision or two to some especially hard and fast fighters who, when hooked, acted as if that had happened before and they knew just what to do about it. We stopped fishing, drove on up to the Lodge, and secured our lodging for our stay. When the clerk, noting our garb, questioned us and received assurance we were bound on a fishing trip, he informed us that it was useless unless we were willing to hike five, or more miles up to Little Yosemite, and fish with angleworms. Neither of us relished so much hiking, and as we scorned the angle-worm side of the question, we decided to stick to our original plans and give the rest of the trout down the valley the opportunity to come in out of the wet.

Next morning we showed no speed whatever in getting down to the river for frost was all over the leaves and grass, and we knew fingers would ache from contact with reel and wet line. About nine thirty A. M. we drove down to the fishing spot of the afternoon before and began operations. For the next three hours the trees and cliffs, not to mention a few park workmen, were treated to about the greatest exhibition of dry fly accuracy, unknown distances, they will probably ever witness.

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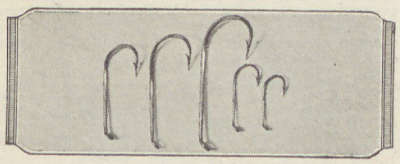

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Space for back casting was not always to be had from shore, so after the sun got down into the cañon, although unequipped with waders, we started to wade the stream. The lowness of the water in late fall made wading easy, but also made stealth a necessity, for the crystal clearness revealed every shadow to the fish, and any suspicious shadow was enough of a hint to them. At the end of three hours I had taken eleven beauties while E. J. had fifteen. The smallest of either catch was eight inches actual measurement, while the largest of the lot was fifteen inches along his shining length. Most of them were rainbows, but a few showed the spots of eastern brook. We had demonstrated that "fishing fine and far off," offering a fly with delicacy and precision, when combined with knowledge of where to fish, had gotten results when ordinarily three fish during that time was considered a good catch by most fishermen. Scientific angling was more than a name; outwitting the wise old stagers of Yosemite, and leading them ashore after they had been fooled, was the best sport either of us had ever had with rod and line. The huge catches of other days were forgotten in the pleasure of taking trout where it was thought to be impossible, and to E. J. and me there will, perhaps, never come a fishing trip to overshadow that which we had in sight of El Capitan.

# The Greatest Angler of All

*(Continued from page 23)*

arm of a person standing seventy feet away. He wraps the plug and line around the arm, and then disengages it, without so much as scratching the skin.

Some of his feats have been doubted, including the one of catching wild ducks in flight. This one was doubted so regularly that Bill had to have an airplane fly past him at high speed, trailing a sock on a string, and he had to snag the sock to prove that he could catch a flying duck. He did it.

* * *

NOW we come to Bill Vogt, the fisherman. Here is where his fame lies. The fact that when he appears in public and gives a demonstration of his skill, he is a fisherman showing the tricks of his trade is what "makes" Vogt.

Vogt is a professional fisherman. He makes his living fishing for sport. He is to the sport of fishing what the golf professional is to the sport of golf. He has made game fishing a life study and a science. There is very little guess work about it with him. Like most professionals, he laughs at the bogeys and superstitions that govern the amateur to so great a degree.

He has no faith in such things as fisherman's calendars, the state of the moon, storms, winds, weather conditions of any kind. "Fish," he says, "must eat." And he has consistently disproved every one of these things. He has made fishing records during storms and under every adverse condition, deliberately. He has a custom of finding out from local residents just what the worst conditions for fishing are in the lake, and then waiting for them and making a record catch. His method of operation is typified by an incident told by him in his splendid and valuable new book, *Bait Casting*.

A few years ago some fishermen took him to a small lake in the east in which were large and small-mouth bass which these anglers and their friends said would strike on only two kinds of lures: the pork rind spinner and another certain style and color. The fishermen, using these baits, casted for an hour and got three strikes. Finally they circled the lake, but without further results. The fishermen were puzzled, said there was no use trying anything else.

Vogt, who had been watching the performance, then asked to be driven to the nearby village. "I want to get some baits that will catch these fish," he said.

But here's the rest of the story in his own words:

"I bought two ears of corn, two large white onions, two large red ones, two good-sized red beets, two yellow carrots, two turnips with purple tops, two cucumbers, two parsnips, six frankfurters, and a pig kidney.

"I first used one of the ears of corn for bait, tying a treble hook in the middle of it with a piece of fish line. It was so heavy that I was forced to cast underhanded with both hands in order not to break the rod. I jerked it along near the surface, and in eleven casts I had three strikes and landed two bass. The first was a large-mouthed one and weighed about a pound; the second was a small-mouth and weighed two pounds. This second fellow hit the bait with such force that he was lifeless when I landed him.

"Then I tied the hook to the middle of a frankfurter. On the first cast a bass hit it so hard that several pieces flew up in the air, and I landed him on a bare hook. I landed three more with frankfurters and lost several.

"One of the egg-shaped red onions, which was as large as my fist, came next. I ran the line through the center of the onion and tied a treble hook to it. After six casts I landed one small bass. I peeled the dirty skin off, and caught two more. A white onion brought one in also."

Another time Vogt was employed by the owner of a summer resort to find out how good the fishing was in his lake, where he should plant aquatic plants to protect them, and where his guides should take the guests for the best fishing.

Vogt arrived at the lake on August 16. His plan was to fish steadily for a month. The local residents laughed at him. Here are some of the things they told him:

*"They don't bite in this lake during the August dog days."*

*"The fish in this lake won't take artificial bait. There's too much natural feed."*

*"They're shedding their teeth this month. They won't take anything."*

*"They're down in forty feet of water now, at the spring holes."*

*"The only way to get them is with a striped frog two inches long."* ("Of course," Vogt remarks, "I understood that if these frogs happened to be a sixteenth of an inch longer, the fish would be highly indignant!")

*"I've fished this lake for eighteen years and the only way to get them is on cloudy days when the wind is from the south and there's a ripple on the surface."*

All of these remarks will sound familiar to all fishermen. We all have heard them over and over again.

Vogt went to work. While he fished he watched the other fishermen. They had very poor luck. Many of them left in disgust. Vogt kept right on fishing. He wasn't having such poor luck. Here are some extracts from the report he made to his employer at the end of the month:

"During my four weeks' work I landed, on an average, thirty fish a day, and carefully returned those not wanted. The weather conditions were extremely varied; there were hot, cold, calm, windy, and rainy days, with several severe lightning and thunder storms. The weather has no effect at all on the way the fish strike. In a raw, chilly northern wind one afternoon I landed 63 northern pike, keeping eight that weighed from 3¼ to 8 pounds.

"One very hot, still afternoon I had 103 strikes and landed 70 northern and wall-eyed pike on a barbless hook. I kept the limit allowed (15) and returned the rest.

"During these four weeks I put into your live box 200 northern pike (so-called pickerel) ranging from 2¾ to 13 pounds apiece. As you requested, the largest is being mounted by the taxidermist at Hackensack. I also put in the live box 28 wall-eyed pike, ranging from 4 to 8½ pounds each; 14 large-mouthed bass, from 2½ to 4 pounds each; 100 yellow perch; and six sun fish. I neither caught nor saw any croppies. Perfect specimens of wall-eyed pike and bass are also being mounted for you.

"The fish were all caught in from 4 to 12 feet of water between 100 and 300 feet off shore, or else near the bars and weed beds I have marked on the sketch. All the fish were found on the southern shore, except in the one case that I have noted on the sketch. They were all caught by bait-casting from a boat with a Junebug spinner, with a single hook. As bait I used pork rind, a small strip of pickerel, perch belly, or a piece of white cloth, similar to the samples given you. I also used a ¼ or ½ ounce pinch-on sinker fastened to the line or to the leader in front of the spinner."

What tricks did Vogt use to accomplish this? Not one. He used a standard lure, and he never changed it for any other. As you may imagine, he isn't a slave to lures. The time most men use in studying lures, he uses in studying fish. That's why he had such good luck. He knew what he was doing.

The reader has already doubtless discovered that these particular feats of fishing have little connection with skill in casting. Right. Here is where Vogt stands out as an angler without regard to his casting skill. He has remained under water until his lungs were ready to burst watching the effect of a lure cast on the surface of the water above him. He found that when the lure strikes, be it plug or fly, it "opens up" the water, causing a flash of light something like the flash of lightning from behind a cloud. He uses this knowledge when he fishes.

He has spent weeks watching a single school of fish. Once he visited a trout pool in the Rockies every day for three months, and made one or two casts a day.

He has spent an entire day watching a northern pike that he discovered hiding in a weed bed.

He has spent many hours studying fish at first hand in this manner, until, as he puts it, he is able to "think like a fish."

He has gone places where there were no fish and caught plenty of them. He has caught muskies where no muskies ever lived.

He loves fish. "That fish," he'll say after describing a certain specimen, "was worth knowing." Asked how it is that fish are so easily fooled by fake food, he once remarked, "Yes, fish are just as foolish as human beings and fall just as hard for fakes."

His handling of a hooked fish is an art. He has landed big fish on cotton thread, and has landed a 32 pound muskie on a five and a half ounce fly rod. "I am guided entirely by what I feel with my hands, in

*(Continued on page 63)*


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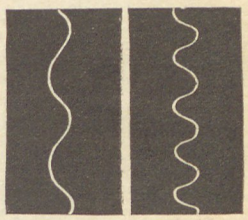

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# Gun Rack and Game Fields

## By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

ARTICLES galore have been written about our "Bob White," while other members of the family have not received much publicity, so a short discourse on others of the species may be of some interest to our readers.

### The Scaled Partridge

THIS bird, sometimes called "Blue Quail" is probably more numerous than any of the rest of the partridge family, and is found in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico and West Texas.

In size and shape this little chap is very similar to the Bob White, but the markings are entirely different, as the general coloring is a bluish grey, the breast being somewhat lighter in color than the back, and the feathers have a dark edge which gives the bird the appearance of being covered with scales, hence the name.

Both the male and female have a crest or top-knot of fine yellowish white feathers, very much like the crest of our blue jay, and it is rather difficult to distinguish the cock bird from the hen, as they are marked alike, except the female shows a little more brown than the male.

I have never been able to tell the difference unless I had the two in my hand at the same time, and then it required a close inspection to tell the one from the other.

Like the rest of our game birds the blue quail is being rapidly reduced in numbers, and no apparent remedy in sight.

Where back in the early '90's I have seen these birds by the thousand, only a hundred may be seen today.

The scaled partridge is truly a denizen of the desert country where he is found miles from water, and seldom very close to any habitation, not at all sociable as is his cousin "Bob."

As there is no ground cover to speak of, this quail does not "lie" to the dog, consequently one loses more than half the pleasure of shooting them.

The cover consists of cactus and mesquite, which as a rule is fairly open, so that the birds are not able to hide from the hunter, though it is close enough to afford protection from the hawks.

A hunter on foot has no chance to get close enough to a covey to force them to take wing, consequently he must shoot into them as they are running, then he will have three or four shots at singles, seldom more than that, even though there may be fifty or more birds in the covey, for none of the birds will linger more than a few seconds, but start running again, so it is a waste of time to attempt to follow a scattered covey.

The nesting season is in April and May and the period of incubation is about the same as that of the Bob White. The nest is usually under the leaves of the prickly pear cactus, and from 12 to 18 eggs are laid, of a creamy color.

Along about Christmas time several coveys get together, and it is not an uncommon sight to find as many as a hundred quail in one bunch.

My first experience with this elusive game bird was in Southern New Mexico, and I nearly ran my legs off trying to get close enough to flush them.

I would see a bunch of about twenty-five, but they always saw me first and started running like a lot of Guinea

chickens, keeping just within long range shooting distance.

As I had promised to bring in enough quail to feed a half dozen hungry cow punchers, I began to think that I could not make good unless I started in to make a few pot shots, so, after chasing several bunches without being able to force the birds into flight, I took a shot at a couple of birds a little to one side of the main flock, killing one and forcing the rest to fly.

I marked down several and managed to get a few shots, but I was a long way from having enough for a mess, and as it was getting late I was obliged to return to the ranch headquarters with a scant bag.

The superintendent was a very decent chap and a keen sportsman, and while he laughed at my experience, he took away the sting by saying that I had fared better than most men did on their first trial, and offered to "show" me the next day.

Early the following day we saddled a couple of gentle ponies and started out across the desert to an abandoned ranch, where an attempt had been made to raise alfalfa, which had not grown high enough to cut, but did make a little heavier cover than the scant grass on the uncultivated land.

We soon located a bunch of about twenty, and White told me to ride off to one side and get ahead of the birds and dismount, while he rode into the covey, flushing them, and as there was no particular cover to attract them they would, very likely take a straight course directly away from the cause of their fright.

This proved to be correct, and I had two nice shots at swift flying birds, and was lucky enough

*"I have never seen any bird as hard to kill 'dead' as are these blue quail."*

to make a very creditable double, while White marked down several more which we kicked up and picked up, without missing a shot.

It is really surprising how a fair shot will miss a flying quail in an open country where each shot is straightaway, but it is done very often.

I asked White what he considered a fair season's average, and he said that taking shots as they came his average would be about 75%, but if he picked his shots he might better that by about 10%.

During the three seasons that I shot in New Mexico, I believe that I averaged between 75 and 80%, while my average in this country on Bob White is hardly better than 50% taking every possible and many impossible shots.

I met a man on the train as I was making one of my Southern trips, who lived in Chicago, and was going to El Paso on a pleasure trip, but when I told him of the good shooting in the Pecos Valley, he asked if he might join me, and I readily agreed, as I wanted a shooting companion. This chap had been telling me about his quail shooting, and when I asked him just how good he was, he said that he believed he averaged 80% taking all shots through the season.

I told him if he was that good he ought to average about 98% on the Mexican birds, for all shots were straightaway and no heavy cover.

After spending a couple of weeks with me, and keeping a close tab on shells and birds, we found that he had not done better than 70%.

I have never seen any bird as hard to kill "dead" as are these blue quail, and while I have killed a great many hundred, I cannot recall that I ever picked up a bird, that had just been shot, that was absolutely lifeless.

A winged bird is almost certain to get away unless one has a first rate retriever, for he starts running the second he hits the ground, and in many instances he will run down a prairie dog hole.

The next time I visited the Pecos country I had two good bird dogs, a big orange and white setter and a liver and white pointer.

Both of these dogs were exceptionally good in Missouri, but in New Mexico they did not rank very high, and the pointer was worthless, for she soon became disgusted with the action of these running birds who did not give out any scent or stop when she thought they ought to, so she refused to be interested, and would stop at heel until she saw a bird that had been shot, then she would reluctantly go out and retrieve it.

The setter was the most intelligent dog I have ever owned. One of those "Once in a Life Time" dogs, and after being sorely puzzled because he could not smell the birds, and because they would not wait for him, he seemed to reason out a way to give his master the desired shooting. As soon as a covey was located and the birds started running, "Esau" would chase in ahead of the bunch and begin working them back in my direction.

To give one some idea of how plentiful these birds were in the Southwest back in 1890, I happened to be in Pecos City one Saturday afternoon and saw two boys trying to sell some two hundred quail for 5c

each. As no buyers appeared, the birds were offered in a bunch for $7.50, and still no buyers. A salesman for a big Eastern concern finally bought the lot for $6.00 saying that he would take them into El Paso and give them to the poor, rather than see them go to waste.

I questioned the boys and found that they had killed these birds out a few miles from town in just a few hours.

After the two big irrigation projects, one at Roswell and the other at Eddy, were well under way, Southeastern New Mexico attracted settlers from all parts of the world, and it was only a few years until game of all kinds became scarce.

Among the settlers there were many Italians, Swiss and Germans who had never been able to gratify their desire for shooting in their native lands, and as soon as these men found that they might shoot when and where they pleased (the game laws were not enforced in that section), the quail were slaughtered by the thousand, in and out of season.

In March 1890 while driving from Toyah, Texas, to Eddy, New Mexico, a distance of ninety miles, I can say, without stretching the truth that I saw as many as fifty coveys of quail running across or alongside the road. Three years later going over the same ground less than half that many were seen, though even then they were plentiful enough for an ordinary shot to have a good day's sport.

During one of my visits, I was asked to "chaperone" a party of rich Englishmen, who wanted to go into the Guadalupe Mountains on a deer shooting expedition. I consented with the understanding that I was to be in absolute command of the outfit, and the first thing I did was to locate a suit case full of whiskey, and when I insisted that this be left behind, the party was broken up, as two of the men refused to go, however there were three good sportsmen in the crowd who decided to go on, so we started with only two bottles of liquor locked in my "war bag."

Deer were scarce and the men wanted fresh meat, so I agreed to go out and bring in enough quail for the evening meal. As we needed eight birds and as the time was short, one of the men insisted on making a bet that I could not bring back the desired number in the time specified, the conditions being that every bird must be killed on the wing, and that I was not to dismount, either to shoot or retrieve the birds. I accepted the bet and the conditions, though I knew that I was taking the worst of it.

I was exceedingly lucky, for I brought back the desired number in the time specified. The next day the man who went with me to see that I played fair went out with one of the others, but only found one small bunch of birds, after riding over the country for a couple of hours.

In 1898 we released a few dozen blue quail, near Canon City, Colo., where they did very well up on the high mesas. Even though the winters in Colorado are more severe than in the New Mexican desert, the birds have multiplied so rapidly that there will soon be a short open season.

ANOTHER member of the family, the Massena partridge, is not nearly as numerous as the Scaled bird, but there is a little more pleasure in shooting them for they lay a bit closer.

I noticed one very peculiar habit of these little chaps, and that was a tendency to lie over on their side when hiding after the first flight, and the first time I noticed this, I thought that the bird was wounded, and reaching down under a cactus leaf to pick him up, I almost touched him before he took wing. After this I had the same experience with several others.

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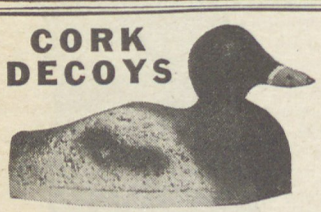

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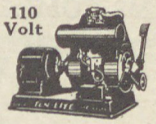

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# Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

## Revolver Shooting Stance

*This is the article which revolver shooters have been anxiously waiting for. In it you are going to read the inside story of what is responsible for some of the marvelous shooting feats Mr. Limbert performs. Mr. Limbert can be addressed care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

AS it is in golf, tennis or any one of a dozen other kindred sports, so it is in revolver shooting, your stance or form is of paramount importance. Unless you know how to poise your body correctly it is practically a physical impossibility to duplicate consistently the feats which experts apparently perform with ease.

Just how important this factor is to success can best be judged by the volumes which have been written on the subject of form in the world of sport. Shooters, be they revolver, rifle or shotgun, are prone to think that all that is necessary to success is to throw their gun up, aim and fire, correcting their aim by arm movement alone.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be farther from the truth. To prove this to your own satisfaction I want you, the reader, to take your revolver and aim it at an angle of 45 degrees upward and then shut your eyes and without moving your body drop your arm down until the angle of aim is 45 degrees downward then open your eyes and see what has happened. To your surprise you will find that you cannot see your front sight without tilting the gun barrel up at least half an inch. Aim the gun downward and raise it in the same manner and you find you overlook the sight by the same amount.

This can tell you but one thing, that the principle you have been using is fundamentally wrong and never in a thousand years could you develop enough skill to beat a person who uses the correct method and who would practice an equal amount.

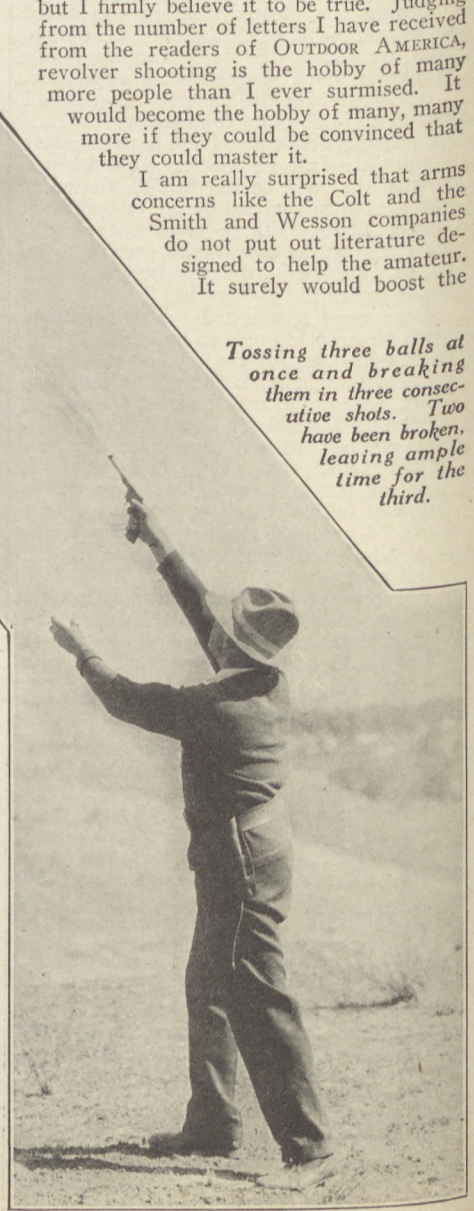
To explain a little more fully. Suppose the object you were sighting at were falling and you were using this method. At the same time you were following your target you would have to keep tilting the gun barrel upward besides correcting your lateral aim. Your mind would be so filled with all of this you would be sure to fall down on some one of them and that being the case you might just as well fall down on all of them because you would miss your target anyway.

In shooting at moving targets your task is difficult enough at the best and any time you can throw or incline any possible element your way you should most certainly do so. Why use a complicated method when it is possible to use a simple one?

What I am going to tell you is, so far as I know, the first time the secret of revolver shooting (if it can be called a secret) as applied to moving objects has ever been told. I really doubt if many of those who do stunt shooting really know or understand the principle which makes it possible.

This, perhaps, sounds a bit egotistical but I firmly believe it to be true. Judging from the number of letters I have received from the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA, revolver shooting is the hobby of many more people than I ever surmised. It would become the hobby of many, many more if they could be convinced that they could master it.

I am really surprised that arms concerns like the Colt and the Smith and Wesson companies do not put out literature designed to help the amateur. It surely would boost the

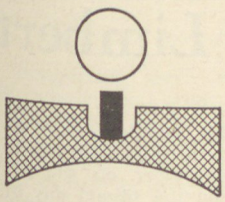


*Tossing three balls at once and breaking them in three consecutive shots. Two have been broken, leaving ample time for the third.*

sale of their guns. This I know because as a result of this series of articles which has been running in OUTDOOR AMERICA I have received no less than 57 letters asking what guns I use and recommend. Many of these were on the printed letter heads of business and professional men.

The first thing to learn is the way to sight your gun. The method I use for aerial shooting is altogether different from the one previously described for target shooting. As will be seen by the pen and ink drawing the front sight is held very coarse, so much so that the trigger is squeezed when the target reaches the point above the sights as the drawing shows.

The reason for this is that by holding your gun with a coarse sight, as shown, practically all you have to think of is the lining up of your front sight. This simplifies matters greatly. You should pick out a spot on a wall some place and then practice aiming and shooting at it with this method of sighting until you learn just how much under your target to hold before you pull the trigger. It is really very easy to master and having done so you are ready to proceed with the first step of the sighting of moving targets.



*As the sights appear when shooting.*

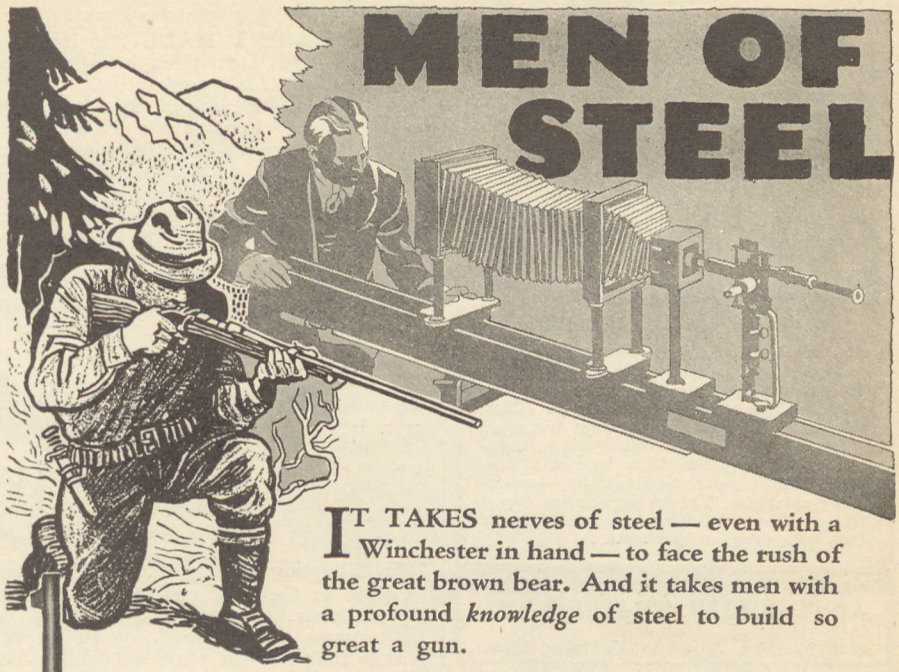
To begin with you should have an assistant until you have learned the body movement and then you can, if you wish, toss your own targets with the left hand as I am shown doing in breaking the three 2½ inch balls in the photograph accompanying this article.

As I have previously explained, it is impossible to sight correctly, by arm movement alone. Again I wish you to take your gun and aim it upward at the 45 degree angle but this time instead of moving your arm, follow the movement through by *bending your body forward from your hips, at the same time rocking slightly forward on your right foot so that the left heel raises off the ground.* These few words mean the difference between success and failure.

Do this and you will find that your sights remain in line practically as you sighted them and that the only correction you have to make is horizontal alignment. This is the movement for a falling object. If it be a rising one assume the position you are in at the close of the follow through for the falling object and then reverse the movement by rocking backward on the feet and bending your body upward from the hips. The whole thing is in bending your body at the hips and rocking on your feet.

In this manner you follow your target through and to all intents and purposes it is practically STANDING STILL DURING THE ENTIRE TIME YOU ARE TRYING TO LINE UP THE SIGHTS. Practice a bit and the movement becomes almost mechanical. If you are shooting at a horizontally moving object swing the body sideways using the hips as a pivot upon which to turn the upper part of the body.

Contrary to the general belief the best time to pull the trigger is not when it has reached the height of its orbit but after it has fallen several feet. Speed up the follow up movement until you are just below the falling object and then slow up a trifle ALLOWING THE TARGET TO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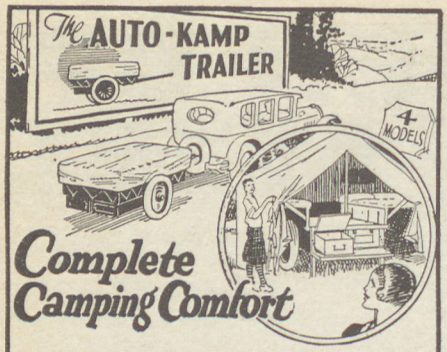


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Use big targets first in order to build up confidence. Perhaps one of the most important things is to bear in mind not to aim at the target as a whole but to concentrate your aim on the center. The idea is just the same as in hunting big game. The man who merely aims at his deer as a whole generally misses while the man who picks out a shoulder shot generally lands even though he miss the shoulder. I have seen this occur many times in the game fields of Idaho. I think the practice of aiming at the target as a whole is responsible for most poor shooting.

You don't have to burn up a lot of shells. Snapping practice will teach you the fundamentals. Remember, a violinist, pianist, golfer and every other craftsman must practice. So must you.

*In the December issue of Outdoor America the address of V. Z. Canfield, National Small Bore Champion, was erroneously given as Hillsboro, Ohio. instead of Akron, Ohio.*

# A Sawtooth Hunting Trip with Bob Limbert

## By J. R. Lund

THE hunting of deer, elk and Mountain Goat in the wild middle fork of the Salmon river, such as may be found in and around the Sawtooth mountains of central Idaho, is the most wonderful that the writer has ever visited in his years of experience as a naturalist and explorer.

The fishing is also great, as there are some trout waters there that are seldom visited by fishermen and the few trappers and miners that fish there during the summer months, have not diminished the amount of trout. Redsides and Rainbows are the predominating fish, with now and then a few German Brown and Bull trout.

The proposition that keeps most of the hunters and fishermen out of this country, where game and fish can be found in countless numbers, is the fact that it is a very hard locality to get into as the only means of transportation are saddle horses and pack mules with at least a ten day trip of steady plodding over mountainous trails that seem almost impassable.

Before "hitting out" we enlisted the services of a good packer who is also one of the best guides in the Rocky Mountain States, familiar with all the big game localities and fishing streams. He is a tall, taciturn, lean and sinewy man who can stand more fatigue apparently than an iron man, and his patience under all conditions was admirable.

We took it leisurely on our first day out as in that way we would break in easy, without any stiffness. Having all the time in the world we took five days to our first camp where we spent ten days hunting and fishing, then six days to the main camp on the middle fork of the Salmon river where we spent twenty-seven days. This camp on the middle fork of the Salmon river was our first permanent camp located well in the heart of the big game country in the foothills of the Sawtooth Mountains.

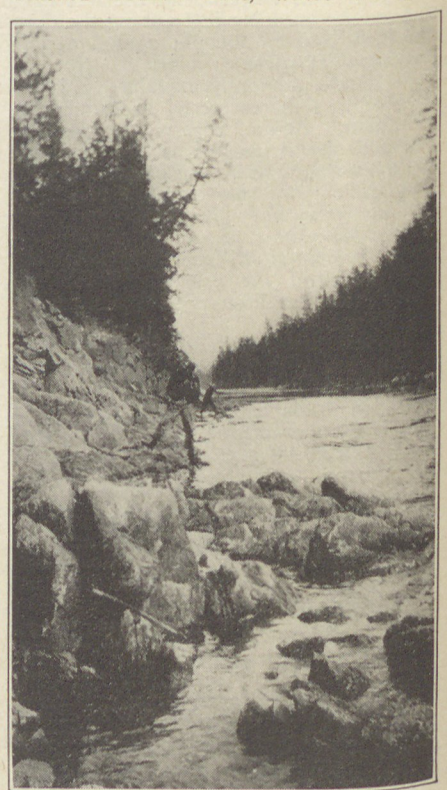
On particularly steep places we dismounted to lead the horses down the trail which was dimly outlined under the shadows of the trees, and was often imperceptible save to the keen eyes of our guide. He rode ahead with our pack mules and our horses following close behind him, we covered about twenty-nine miles the first day.

Late in the afternoon of the second day the writer killed the first deer of the trip. It was a large buck weighing about three hundred pounds. We had about all we could do to load it on our somewhat frightened pack mule, that kicked and bucked savagely until she became accustomed to her burden.

Three days later, our party arrived at Garden Creek on the middle fork where we made our permanent camp. We counted nearly three hundred deer on the first day's hunting, and on the second day the naturalist killed the first and only elk that was killed on the trip.

The morning of the 8th of Oct. we packed our outfit and again "hit the trail," camping well up in the head waters of the Salmon river, and on the second morning we left the Salmon river and crossed the watershed into the head waters of the Rapid river, over the Vanity Summit and stopped in the Stanly Basin for the night. Here we ran into the first snow, about seven inches falling that night.

On the evening of the sixth day we reached Redfish Lake, where we spent



*Where the waters teem with fish and the mountains abound with big game.*

the remaining twenty-seven days of our hunting trip.

Redfish Lake is well up in the high jagged peaks of the Sawtooth Mountains, where the tops are perpetually clothed in snow and ice. The lake is fed by cool

spring streams, and there appears to be no limit to the amount of trout that can be seen there. Also there is where the Rocky Mountain "Billy" Goat proudly watches from his lofty perch on the high bluffs.

We were very successful in getting our goats, and on the sixth of Nov., we reached the railroad that carried us back to our homes, and as I wander around the world, seeking new hunting grounds, my memories take me back to that hunting trip with my friend, Bob Limbert, the great crack revolver shot, in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho.

# Stalking the Celestial Goose

*(Continued from page 11)*

tion committee" were many volunteer guides, whose small crops were sometimes totally destroyed by the feeding geese and having no guns themselves, the prospect of goose for dinner made them too anxious. Once they told us which bend in the river the geese were using. We declined all offers to show us in person, with thanks, as we knew the habits of these gentlemen, about which more anon. You may also have wondered about the failure to mention decoys, entrenching tools and other similar weapons as being included in our equipment. In North China one is never troubled with these details in this type of shooting, all because of some very ancient and from our point of view, noble customs of the country. The Chinese bury their dead as near to the locality of their birth as it is possible to do. The result is that there are no cemeteries as we know them in this country. Instead the fields are dotted with mounds of varying sizes, in which the departed have been buried. They are a superstitious people and never molest these mounds, nor will they permit anyone else to. In fact when foreigners build a golf course in China, no grave is allowed to be disturbed, and as they are everywhere the course is of necessity, simply laid out around them. It has been found that they serve very well as bunkers, with the large family mounds as raised tees. Strange to say the Chinese do not seem to be annoyed at this, because for one thing the mounds have in many instances been there so many centuries that no one living is especially interested or even knows who occupy the mounds and when they see them planted with nice green grass they realize that their ancient dead are receiving better care than ever before. The only trees left in North China are to be found around the temples or over the mounds and even the farmers plough around them in the fields.

To get back to the goose shooting, although we could not see the river bed between its high banks, when the chattering of the birds on the flats reached that peculiar key which told us that the goose talk had turned to breakfast, we left our camp and made our way as swiftly as the dim early morning light would permit, across the fields to a point where we were sure our position was between the powwow on the flats and the choice feeding grounds in which our native friends had told us the birds were "trading," along the slopes. We usually reached this spot just in time to throw ourselves down about forty yards apart behind or, better, in between the ever present burial mounds, before the first thin line of geese left the flight circling over the flats, and poured up out of the river bed and over our heads. We held our fire always, until sure our

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position was in the direct line of travel selected by the leaders for that particular morning breakfast migration and by the time we were sure of ourselves the air would be actually and literally filled with flock after flock of low flying birds, each chattering and scolding in an effort to get for itself the right to land in the best field of native grain or what was left of it after fall plowing.

To one who has sat in a Jersey blind for hours at a time, in a Northeaster, with the tide fast rising to deposit ice cakes on feet already numb, this soft and sandy seat is indeed a luxury and especially so when while sitting there it was not necessary to contemplate two or three dozen cumbersome stools which would have to be lugged home without having seen anything all day which even resembled their living counterpart, except possibly a couple of lean brant. There we would sit until we had picked off enough tender young birds to feed nicely our ever increasing family, with one for each of the Chinese boys, after which we would gather up our bag and go back to camp for breakfast.

During the day the birds were scattered in flocks, feeding behind hedge rows and mounds. Sometimes if our morning bag had been light, due to an error in judging the path of the flight, or more often just because of pure laziness on our part in getting out in time to get concealed before the birds arrived, we would take the field, with our guns for moving flocks and a thirty-thirty on our backs to stalk the geese in the fields. This is quite a different matter. I have often thought while out stalking geese that the finest training a young army could get might be obtained, instead of marching them up and down in imitation of the step of the bird, by sending it out in squads to stalk geese in China. You might raise the objection, that as the geese have no guns to return the fire, conditions would not be altogether similar. This is not the case in China. Not that Chinese geese are armed or anything like that. You do, however, have to drag yourself along the ground back of cover just as if they were, but that is not the real point. In the hunting district the rail lines and river bottoms are constantly disputed points in the ever present civil wars and one of the reasons why our bag never exceeded a most modest limit, was because of the fact that after each volley at the geese, we usually had to come out of hiding and run up on some hill, waving our foreign hats to keep from being fired upon by this or that warring faction. I remember one time on the Pei Ho, when we neglected to make known our presence in the vicinity and were charged by a full company of infantry, with a flying squadron on Mongolian ponies in the lead. It was great to see this complete unit of Russian trained soldiery attack under the personal direction of the staff, which we could see peeping in our direction through field glasses, at a safe distance behind some native huts. It became, however, a bit confusing when a cordon of fixed bayonets closed around us and we discovered, much to our amazement, that even after coming up out of our places of concealment, we were still considered to be a hostile army and as such a menace to the safety of the regiment. With the arrival of the staff, which occurred shortly after the absence of return fire had proved to them that the manoeuvre was a total success, we managed, after considerable argument, to establish our identity as a unit which was operating independently of either faction and against geese exclusively. It cost us a couple of hard stalked geese at that. Spoils of war, I suppose.

It is just as difficult to get within gun range of Chinese geese in the field, as any other kind, except that they do not appear to mind gunfire as much as our American birds. Probably because the Chinese are notoriously bad shots, for which we were duly thankful on several occasions. Our method of stalking was to slide ourselves along the ground behind fence rows and mounds, having spotted the birds with a glass, until we were within range. That usually meant crawling a half mile or so, only to have some wise old gander spot us and give the alarm just as we unstrapped the thirty-thirty. Occasionally chance would place us in the path of a flock which was changing its feeding ground due to local disturbances or which was taking the air to continue the southern migration. Then we could swing our guns into action if they passed within range. Another variation of the stalking game in China and one which we many times experienced, is to see a choice flock suddenly take off with much alarmed scolding, for no apparent reason, after we had actually slid a few hundred yards on our stomachs, to get ourselves within range. An investigation usually led us to discover, that the sudden departure of the game was not due to any faulty technique in stalking, but rather to the fact that five or six of our admiring Chinese friends, had followed us in their naïve manner, at a safe distance, yet in full view of the birds and with no attempt at concealment, just to see I suppose, what the crazy foreign barbarians were up to, sneaking along behind hedge rows. You who have had similar experiences with clammers, or marsh walkers in this country, can well appreciate the feeling of thwarted effort and disgust, which sweeps over one under these circumstances and in our case, increased ten fold by seeing go unheeded, repeated warnings in choice Anglo-Mandarin to the pursuing multitude, to depart from hence, "toot sweet." They would stop for the time being, but when our attention was fixed elsewhere, we would find them again just behind us, eager to see what was going to happen. I do not believe that to this day they realize what it was all about, but they seemed to understand the meaning of a couple of loads of carefully directed number 2 shot, as that generally had the desired effect, of clearing the landscape without any real damage done.

The monotony of this kind of sport was broken by an occasional shot at a fox, as we made our way through the ravines which led down to the high cliffs that formed the banks of the river. We always planned to arrive there in time to receive the evening flight of birds returning to the mud flats for the night, at which time our sport of the morning was repeated, only to a lesser degree, as the flocks came in to the river from the feeding grounds at widely scattered places and many left during the day to continue the southern flight. If we were lucky a flock or so would pass our way and we would get a bird or two.

By Sunday noon we were always ready to pack up in time to catch the afternoon train, whenever it chanced to arrive, to take us back to Peking, dog-tired, but loaded with the trophies of the chase and a couple of new stories about how the war was progressing in the north and why we did not have enough geese to go around.

# My Year in the Wilderness

*(Continued from page 19)*

things that are never read much anyway.

The city appears to me, from my tent, as a great madhouse in which millions of people are whirling around in circles, like dogs chasing their tails. Here in the forest, everything has a purpose. There is no waste, no futility—always progress, always meaning: everything fits into the scheme of life and the result is the beauty and charm of the wilderness. It is perfection. As a piece of machinery, it glides along with an efficiency never approached by the best system man has created.

* * *

IT is now the middle of December and in my roomy tent I look forward to my second winter of lone camping with all confidence that it will prove as pleasant and profitable as was the last one. More than that, it would be unreasonable to expect. Walking and skiing on the lake, chopping and sawing firewood and the ordinary camp routine will give me plenty of exercise, while, for entertainment, I have books, magazines, birds, squirrels and rabbits. Writing will take rank as my vocation and that means a good deal of time wasted in smoking, scowling, head-scratching and dictionary thumbing. I haven't the dictionary yet but expect to get one *at* Christmas if not *for* Christmas.

In spite of handicaps that hinder rapid and accurate movements, I have escaped accident and by using compass and map, when traveling by water, have avoided becoming lost among the numerous islands. I keep off doubtful ice because I am unable to distinguish the weak places, but the only time that this has inconvenienced me is now, when I want to post this letter. To one with normal vision, there is nothing to prevent a safe journey to Kenora, but there are treacherous places between here and there that demand discretion in making the necessary detours. Fortunately, a kind neighbor has consented to act as courier.

Always, along the frontiers, one finds willing helpers. To realize the difference between neighborliness in town and on the wilderness edge, imagine asking your friend to give up his work for the day and to walk twenty-five or thirty miles with a message. If he did it, he would expect your everlasting gratitude and consider himself as something of a hero. In the woods, such things are taken as a matter of course and, in all probability, never referred to afterward.

Many careworn men might derive infinite benefit from even short terms of solitary camping. There is no necessity for going any great distance from home. Within easy reach of most cities, there are secluded areas where one could be safe from human visitors and feel free to dress and act as he pleased.

One of my principal reasons for stressing the importance of camping alone, is the proven fact that perfect relaxation is seldom possible when another person is present. One may be unconscious of irritation when a good friend offers a drink of water or a suggestion to go for a walk, but it is there, nevertheless. The very question changes the current of one's thought and demands first a decision, then an answer. I firmly believe that no conscious

person can completely relax while in the presence of another.

Any pose is a strain and, when under human observation, I doubt if anyone can avoid posing. On the other hand, solitude, to one unaccustomed to it, might cause extreme tension. To novices at camping, the strain of listening, apprehensively, to "mysterious" sounds is a common cause of sleeplessness that often results in excessive and injurious fatigue.

It is difficult for anyone to relax in unfamiliar surroundings. With this in mind, I advise the inexperienced rest-seeker to begin with short, week-end camping trips in the vicinity of his home and to extend them gradually, until he acquires something of the fine art of living alone. Once learned, it is an invaluable asset to anyone.

I hope no one will get the impression that, by relaxation, I mean idleness. Far from it. I know of nothing except natural sleep so soothing to frazzled nerves as leisurely activity at interesting tasks that make enough demand on the mind to preclude self-consciousness. Of these diversions, making camp is the very best I know. But construction of rustic furniture, cutting firewood, sketching, fishing, watching insects, birds and animals are, also, good sedatives.

Games, I think should be avoided. Even solitaire can be irritating. I do not recommend, for the nerve-weary, either sensational stories, that unduly excite, nor "heavy stuff" that requires concentration. Essays, written in a quiet, leisurely style; like those of Jerome, Stevenson, Charles Dudley Warner, Lamb and Barrie might help to relieve the monotony of a rainy day but, even then, work with the hands, even patching and darning, is preferable.

In a search for possible exaggerations, I have just reread this article. I find none, but there are a number of understatements. That is as it should be, when one is writing or talking about his hobby. It is now half past seven and I am going to the cabin of my friend with this copy, so that it will start for the post office before dawn, tomorrow. My good gasoline lantern will illuminate the glassy surface of the ice and I hope to return here in time to get some sleep before midnight.

## The Great Smoky National Park

*(Continued from page 17)*

have been identified here already. These mountains and their forests may well be called the plant lovers' Mecca of America.

The fisherman who likes to go to difficult fishing grounds where he must watch his every step will find rainbow trout waiting and watching for the fly to alight on rushing white waters. Large bass too are numerous in the upper parts of all the mountain streams.

The nature lover will find here a wealth of all kinds of life if he will go and hunt for it. But of all the people who go to this National Park the plain American citizen is rewarded most. He gets something out of the air laden with the pungent odor of pine needles. He chews the balsam gum, the sassafras bark and that of the slippery elm. In his rambles he never finds the austere "no trespass" signs. He is the average American citizen and this is *his* park. He climbs and views the purple immensity of the earth. He fishes during long glorious days and comes back to sleep by the flap of his open tent. Here is one more place where the American may go and let his joy in nature, his inspiration, and his reverence expand. For the call of the mountains is the call of that greater self which is deep within us.


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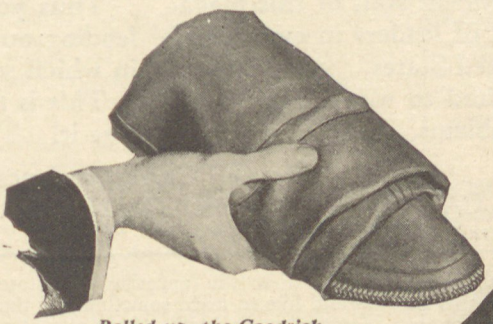

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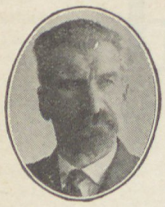

# Camping

*Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open*

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

## A NEW CAMPING DEPARTMENT

*Will Start Next Month*

**MURDO GIBSON'S delightful letters from his wilderness retreat have carved a place for him in the hearts of all OUTDOOR AMERICA readers. These letters will be continued under their own heading, and a new camping department will begin with the March number.**

**This will be the most complete and authentic camping department in America.**

**In order to insure accuracy in information, and a great breadth of knowledge, every letter written to the department asking for information will be referred to an outstanding authority on that particular kind of camping.**

**The camping department staff of this magazine will be comprised of leaders in every field of camping in the United States.**

**All readers are invited to write about their camping troubles, problems, desires, and their own discoveries. Many such letters will be answered here; others will be answered directly.**

**And in addition to this, OUTDOOR AMERICA is starting a new service which, because this magazine is the official organ of the Izaak Walton League, is unique in outdoor journalism in this country. This will consist of first hand information on where to go camping. The information will come from the Walton League leaders in every community. Do you want to go to Florida, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Wyoming? Your letter will be sent to the president of the League chapter nearest to the location in which you are interested.**

**Thus you will receive first hand dope by a leading outdoorsman who lives in the country in which you are interested.**

**This is the best camping service in America. Use it!**

*Address all Correspondence to*
CAMPING EDITOR, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THOSE who have not yet availed themselves of the service offered by this Department might easily suppose that my monthly letter was its principal, if not its only, feature. The fact is, the letter is merely incidental to the chief purpose; i e., aiding Waltonians to solve their camping problems.

Excepting for purely personal questions about camping methods and equipment, for special occasions, most of the inquiries have concerned roads, resorts, canoe routes and the fishing possibilities *in Canada.*

When answering these, I frequently quote from one of the many publications issued by the "Natural Resources Intelligence Service" which is a branch of the Department of the Interior, of Canada. Its function is to supply authentic information on the natural resources of Canada to all who are interested in them and the problems associated with their development.

In pursuance of this object, it issues numerous reports, maps and charts, a list of which, as at this date, is contained in a booklet entitled "Catalogue of Publications of the Natural Resources Intelligence Service."

Having derived so much benefit from this invaluable—and FREE—service, I feel it my duty to call it to the attention of all Waltonians and, if possible, convey to them some idea of its astonishing scope and potential usefulness to fishermen, hunters, campers and canoeists, as well as to school teachers, students, prospective settlers, manufacturers, investors and many others.

To whet the appetites of those who would like to learn something of the great country to the north, whose attractions are, today, comparable to those of our own country a generation or two ago, I select from their long list the following titles:

"Natural Resources Intelligence Service." This is a small booklet describing the nature and scope of the service.

"Camping in Canada." A general description of the country's attractions to the camper.

"Canoeing in Canada." A general outline of opportunities for traversing the country's waterways, by means of the canoe. (In addition to this, there are mimeographed, detailed descriptions of various canoe trips which, with accompanying blueprint maps, give full information regarding distances, country traversed, rapids, falls, portages, etc.)

"The Unexplored West." A compilation of information on the natural resources of the undeveloped regions of Northern Canada, including the Mackenzie District, Northern Alberta, Saskatchewan, the Arctic prairie and the Keewatin area.

"Fishing in Canada," "Motoring in Canada," "Canada as an Ideal Vacation Land," "The Preparation of Pelts for Market."

In the following list of maps, I mention only those of the districts about which I have received inquiries. These maps are beautifully printed on excellent paper and the scale is 7.89 miles to an inch.

"Rainy River, Sheet 27." Includes portions of Rainy River, Kenora and Patricia Districts.

"English River, Sheet 28." Includes portions of Thunder Bay, Rainy River, Kenora and Patricia Districts.

"Lake Nipigon, Sheet 29." Includes portions of Thunder Bay District.

"Michipicoten, Sheet 30." Includes portions of Thunder Bay, Algoma and Sudbury Districts.

"Mattigami, Sheet 31." Includes portions of Algoma, Sudbury and Nipissing Districts.

"Sault Ste Marie, Sheet 7." Includes portions of Algoma, Sudbury and Manitoulin Districts.

"Sudbury, Sheet 8." Includes portions of Algoma, Sudbury, Nipissing Manitoulin, Parry Sound and Temiskaming Districts.

For those interested in the Far North, there is a "Map of the Yukon Territory"—1923—Scale, 16 miles to an inch, which shows the main topographical features, post offices, Mounted Police posts, road houses, railways, telegraphs, roads, trails and elevations of principal points.

There is, also, a "Map of the Kluane, White and Alsek Rivers District," Yukon Territory. This is on a scale of 6.32 miles to an inch and shows, in colors, the contours and topographical features in the district between latitude 60° and 63° N. and longitude 137° and 141° W.

On another map, entitled "Routes of Explorers," are indicated the routes followed in various Dominion explorations.

"Aborigines of Canada, Alaska and Greenland" is the title of a map that shows, by means of a color scheme, the distribution of the various Indian tribes throughout the Dominion.

A map that is very popular shows all the automobile roads between Canada and the United States. It is divided into four sheets, viz.: "Atlantic Sheet," "Great Lakes Sheet," "Middle West Sheet" and "Pacific Coast Sheet."

From the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior (Canada) I bought for fifty cents, a book on the "Native Trees of Canada" which is infinitely superior to any other I have on that subject. It was prepared to meet a rapidly growing demand for publications of this kind. In it are described more than a hundred species native to Canada, including all the commercial species and many of minor or no economic importance. It is profusely illustrated with photographs of typical specimens of the growing tree and with accurate drawings of twigs, buds, leaves and fruit.

That this book contains much of value to residents of the United States is indisputable. The Province of Ontario possesses a much greater variety of forest trees than is generally known to persons living south of the boundary. Such trees as the tulip, chestnut, black gum, papaw, flowering dogwood and others (more characteristic of Ohio than of Canada) reach their northern limits. But I have mentioned enough about the book to indicate its desirability.

For the benefit of those persons likely to be interested in future publications of either a general or a recreational nature, "Notification Lists" are maintained. Names and addresses are added to either list without charge and a postcard announcement sent, in the majority of cases, as soon as a publication is available for distribution. I urge all those Waltonians who love the north woods to send for the aforementioned "Catalogue of Publications." Address, The Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Ottawa, Canada.

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# The Timber Cruiser

## With Apologies to Walt Mason

FOLKS who live in towns and houses sympathize with those who don't. Funny, ain't it, that there's people, sane in mind, who can, but won't. Save your pity; rather envy those who live in God's outdoors, scorning city sight and sidewalks, heat[illegible] stop the waste, it ought to be a Yid. For right here now in Canada and the good old U. S. A. we lose, by fire, more wood each year than ever grew in old Judea.

No, his name is likely Donald, Mike, Cassidy or Shane—Presbyterian, good Catholic or maybe Sinn Fein—but he is a loyal, intelligent, trustworthy man, whether his name is Mackenzie, O'Keefe or McCann.

He has to be a wise old bird and know a lot of stuff outside of logs and dams and jams and timber in the rough. He has to know geography, topography and law, and he ought to know a sucker frame from an honest game of draw. He has to be a chemist when a bannock must be mixed. He has to be a diplomat when there's trespass to be "fixed."

He can't be judged by the look of his clothes, his pants may be stagged till the underwear shows, his hat may be floppy, his shirt soiled and torn and his boots show much sign of having been worn, for the rough places, the tough places, the canyons and sloughs don't help to retain the polish on shoes.

But what's under his hat he can put on a plat and sell to the boss for a check. The boss never sees the worn, baggy knees, nor even the hair on his neck. Be it dray haul or sleigh haul or river bank chance, he has it all down to be seen at a glance and maybe quite near is a deep, landlocked bay where the logs can be stored till the middle of May. The "gator" will tow them, as soon as there's room, to their last place of rest—the company's boom.

If Sir Oliver Lodge or A. Conan Doyle would hire a good cruiser to shuffle this coil, he'd bring back a map of heaven through h—l! Then they'd have something real to tell. He would probably beef about the skeeters and flies and find fault with the timber and roads in the skies, but that cruiser's report would sure stand the gaff and get serious attention instead of the laugh.

Although his life is full of hardship, irritation, sweat and toil, his troubles seem to leave him when the kettle starts to boil. After bannock, beans and bacon, with refreshing cups of tea, he is in harmony with all the world as he smokes his T. and B.

So here's to the cruiser who blazes the trail,
Where follows the road and later the rail;
May never he lack for a "wee drop of this,"
Till St. Peter admits him to heavenly bliss.

M. G.

LOVERS of our woodland wild creatures will rejoice at the development of a practical humanity towards them as indicated by the interesting Prize Competition for Humane Traps arranged by the

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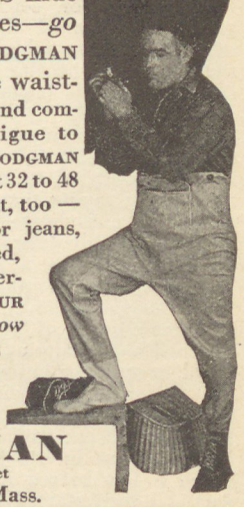
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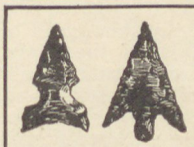
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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, S. Dak.

# Trips Afield with Boys

## Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

OUR local paper asked a number of men on the street their reason for voting for certain candidates for president. One of the men interviewed said that he was going to vote for one of the candidates because the other was responsible for his having to eat corn meal during the war.

Since the presidential election will be over before this is in print, I cannot be accused of trying to influence voters, and am safe in saying that in so far as I am concerned a candidate who would run on a platform advocating the use of corn meal would make a strong bid for my vote. Perhaps this voter has not been fortunate enough to have had corn meal served to him in some of the various forms in which it is so tempting. I am sure that he could never have enjoyed my experiences.

I remember very distinctly and vividly one occasion when as a boy I walked out to the marsh one raw, misty evening after ducks. I sat in the little blind and had killed a few before it commenced to get dark. I then started to follow the creek down toward the railroad toward home, when I heard the honking of a flock of geese and hastily hid myself under an overhanging bit of sod on the bank. From this point of vantage I could see them following the windings of the creek. I hastily took out the shell that I had in the gun and replaced it with a brass one loaded with heavy shot which I had carried for just this long-hoped-for chance at a goose. In order that the shot might not lose out of the shell I had dipped the wad over the shot in hot beeswax before seating it.

I waited until I could hear the swish of their wings before I sprang out and fired and as promptly sat down in the mud, for the shell was a powerful one and the crooked stocked gun that I so prized was deadly at both ends. Before the cloud of smoke cleared away I heard the joyful thud of a heavy body among the weeds, and I knew that I had killed my first goose. I was sorry that I had no one with me to witness my triumph. I shouldered it with my few ducks and started home, my mind occupied with the picture of how I would toss the goose onto the floor as though killing geese was nothing to such a mighty hunter.

Filled with these pleasant thoughts and with the pride of achievement, I walked the first mile "high, wide and handsome"; then the pull of the mud, the weight of the birds and the gun began to tell, and soon I could hardly drag one weary foot after the other. I wished that Father would come to meet me, and when I could see the lights of our home twinkling through the mist I wondered whether I could make it or not. I wondered whether they would wait until I got home to have the evening meal, or, if not, whether there would be anything left for me.

I finally reached the kitchen door, and when I opened it I could smell the rich appetizing aroma of corn bread. I forgot all about the swagger with which I intended to produce my game and let it fall limply on the floor at Mother's call to hurry, because everything was just ready. I arose from that table a well-rounded boy and since that time I have consistently voted in favor of corn bread on every occasion.

Besides, corn bread is a real American dish. When the first settlers arrived they found the Indians using a meal made of Indian corn ground in stone mortars. One of the early missionaries describes how they made and used it. "Their Psindamooan or Tassmanane, as they call it, is the most nourishing and durable food made out of the Indian corn.

"The blue sweetish is the grain which they prefer for that purpose. They parch it in clean hot ashes until it bursts; it is then sifted and cleaned and pounded in a mortar into a kind of flour, and when they wish to make it very good they mix some maple sugar with it. When wanted for use they take about a tablespoonful of this flour in their mouths, then, stooping to the river or brook, they drink water to it. If, however, they have a cup or other vessel at hand, they put the flour in it and mix it with water to the proportion of one tablespoonful to a pint. At their camps they will put a small quantity in a kettle with water and let it boil down and they have a thick pottage.

"With this food the traveler and warrior will set out on long journeys and expeditions, and as a little of it will serve them for a day, they have not a heavy load of provisions to carry."

Following the example of the Indians the colonists found that the meal made of the parched corn finely ground in a mortar was as compact and nourishing a foodstuff as could be had. When they pushed their way over the mountains these early pioneers carried a small bag of this meal. It was the mainstay of such pioneers as Roger Williams, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and David Crockett, as well as being the mainstay of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

When I start on a camping trip and commence to gather up my provisions, one of the first things I do is to look up the little paraffin bags that hold my flour and corn meal and fill them, for in my camping menu corn breads hold first place.

When I am in the woods I like to have something solid to bite on and sometimes my corn bread just answers this particular requirement. One of the first and easiest dishes to prepare with corn meal is the old-fashioned hoe-cake. This has been baked in the ashes of many fireplaces in the South from early slavery times until the present. To make it, take one quart of corn meal, one teaspoonful of salt and one pint of warm water. Stir together until light. Then mould into balls the size of a hen's egg, dust lightly with flour and bake in the hot ashes for forty-five minutes. You should cover them completely with warm, fine ashes, but be sure that no live coals come directly in contact with them. Have some live coals below and, after covering them with the fine ashes, pile live coals on top. Eat while warm, with plenty of butter. After eating be sure to wash your face.

You may make corndodgers with the same sort of dough by rolling them between your hands until you have small cylinders. Roll these into a hot well-greased pan and fry until brown, then place in an oven and bake for about forty-five minutes. If you have a reflector oven you may bake the hoe-cake in it successfully, but the best method is to use the old-fashioned cast-iron Dutch oven, which may be set upon the hot coals and have other coals on the lid. This makes one of the best out-of-doors bakers. It is too heavy and clumsy to carry about unless you have some easy means of transportation. If you are traveling so that weight makes any

# My Boy and I

*In the July issue we announced prizes for the best photographs and one hundred word stories under the title, "My Boy and I."*

*Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The accompanying article must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.*

*Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be on the right side of thirty and your son turning five.*

*The first prize will be $15.00, second $6.00, third prize $4.00. Contest closes March 1st, 1929.*

*Lack of space forbids our publishing more than one entry in the My Boy and I contest this month. In the next issue we shall publish as many as possible, and announce the prize winners in April.*

*Charles D. Frierson, Sr. and Jr., Christmas 1920. Charles Junior's first deer.*

I TAUGHT my boy at six to swim, canoe and ride, and at seven on his pony he followed our deer chase. By my side at thirteen he killed his first deer, and the same year became an Eagle Scout in my troop. For nine winters we have had together each year a week's deer hunt and he has bagged nine bucks. Each of twelve summers we have camped a week together. We have hiked for many miles and many days. He is now my Assistant Scoutmaster and is twenty-one; I am fifty.

CHAS. D. FRIERSON,
Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Only two months longer to send in photographs and short descriptions of you and your boy for this contest.

difference, the reflector is the best method of baking.

One of the most satisfying breadstuffs for the out-of-doors is Johnny-cake. To make it take one quart of corn meal, one pint of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add two well-beaten eggs and enough milk to make a heavy batter. Allow it to stand a few moments until it becomes light and fluffy, then drop it by spoonfuls into a pan well filled with hot grease. Fry it nice and brown on both sides. It will take a little time to fry these cakes, but if the weather is cold and you are hungry as you should be they are well worth waiting for.

One time I tried this dish on a friend who was taking a tramp with my son and me. We missed our road among the hills and it was late before we reached the camping place beside the fine, clear spring that we had in mind. By the time I was frying the Johnny-cake it was dark and I well remember looking up from the light of the fire into the two anxiously waiting faces and noted that the look they directed toward the gathering pile of crisp Johnny-cakes was very like the look that my dog casts toward the plateful of bones that I sometimes hold a moment before feeding him—wistful, longing and somewhat resentful at the delay. When I finally called them to fall to, it made you think of a stampede and the cakes that I had taken so long to fry disappeared as though by magic.

If you carry a heavy pack through the bracing air of an early November day as I did you will want something just as substantial and filling as those little brown cakes were.

You may also bake the Johnny-cake. Heat a frying pan and grease it just enough so that the batter will not stick. Pour the batter in and prop the pan up before the coals with live coals below. When it is baked brown turn it over and bake thoroughly on the other side. This is not as much trouble as frying it in small cakes but I prefer the crisp brown of the latter.

I spoke of using eggs and milk. If you are near a farm house you may be able to get milk and fresh eggs, but if you are paddling a canoe or carrying a pack through country that is wild you may not be able to reach any habitation. This need not keep you from having milk however for there is a powdered milk on the market that comes in little tin cans that are easily carried.

When you mix this powder with water in accordance with the directions you have splendid milk for cooking purposes. It requires rather vigorous beating to get the powder mixed with the water, but it is worth all the effort that it takes. A can of milk powder should be taken on every trip where any cooking is to be done. There is also on the market an egg powder that may be mixed with the other ingredients and is a very good substitute. Since it is carried in tins one does not have the trouble that I always experience when I try to carry fresh eggs about. I always put them in a safe and secure place.

I call the whole party about and caution them that we have eggs aboard and that everyone must be unusually careful not to break one of them, but sooner or later those luckless eggs get in the way, some one steps on the sack or you stumble over part of the duffle and fall with both hands among them.

The last bit of corn bread that I had in the open was a particularly tasty and appetizing morsel. While paddling down the Upper Iowa river, my son and I tried to run a rapids, in the midst of which we struck a rock tearing a hole in the bottom of our canoe. Making the repairs delayed us so that we were unable to reach the place where we might purchase provisions and we paddled all day with only a bit of cold corn bread to share between us. It was like a gift from the gods. I do not want to interfere with any one's political views but if the aforementioned voter could have been with us in this emergency I am sure he would have become a convert to its homely virtues.

# The Greatest Angler of All

*(Continued from page 51)*

playing a fish," he explains. "I keep my fingers on the line and I know what that fish is doing and where he is going."

And the fish usually finishes in Bill Vogt's boat.

ASKED what kind of fishing he enjoys most, Vogt decides on trout fishing in a stream without any hesitation. Why? Well, because of the surroundings.

"You are surrounded with the woods and the things that live in them. Every foot of the stream is different; every bend opens up new scenic vistas. The trees, the birds, the small animals, all of the things that go to make up the forest, are around you. The high spot of many a day of fishing has been when I have stood quietly and watched a partridge, a mink, or some other bird or animal. I love trout fishing because of its intimate touch with the outdoors."

Fly casting is more difficult to learn than bait casting, he says. Asked what are the most important things to observe in fly casting, he puts first the matter of casting so that the fly always strikes the water before any part of the line or leader does. This, he says, is of vital importance, yet not one fly caster in a thousand does it or can do it.

The selection of tackle is another very important matter to which few anglers pay enough attention, he points out.

"The proper balancing of a fly or bait outfit is no easy matter. It is not a question of using a certain grade of line with a certain weight and length of rod, balanced by a certain weight in the reel. No two rods are alike. Their personalities date from the growth of the bamboo. The dressings used on lines of the same diameter make a great difference. The only way to select a perfectly balanced outfit is by experiment. The serious fisherman must do this. He must get perfect balance and coordination, or should have it done for him by an expert."

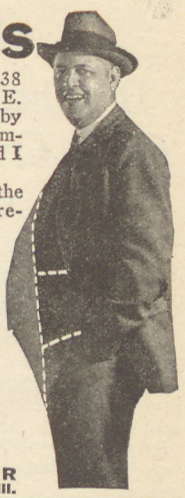
Asked how he accounts for his success in accurate casting, he puts balance of equipment, and knowledge of it, first. Second comes his sense of coordination.

But he forgot to say that in one season, before he began serious work, he wore out seventy lines in practice!

In spite of his uncanny skill in casting, the thing that stands out about Bill Vogt is his peculiar status as a great angler. And, as a great angler, he also is a great lover of the outdoors. The outdoors is not only his hobby. It is his home, and his love for it, and his eagerness to teach others to love it, is evident in everything he does.

**Autographed Copies of William C. Vogt's book Bait-Casting can be ordered from Outdoor America.**


**10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days**



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

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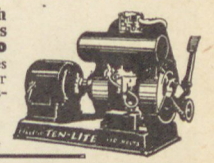


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# Outboard Motors and Small Boats

## Baseball Royalty Goes Outboarding

By Paul Burress

DEPARTING on an outboard exploration trip from Treasure Island dock on fish infested Lake Griffin, near Leesburg, Florida, I discovered that an outboard motor is no respecter of important personages.

"Lee" Meadows, who ordinarily cashes in several simoleons for every whip of his arm during the National League field trials, was yanking the starting lanyard to which was connected one stubborn outboard motor.

"Ka-chuff, ka-chuff,—pop," remonstrated the motor as Lee wound up for another twirl, the toil beads all the while dimming his fogged glasses.

"Donnie" Bush sat amidships enjoying his professional role as manager while Lee retained his perpetual smile, refusing to let the motor get the pitcher's goat.

"Essence of putrefaction," chided Donnie. "Cool your heels on the bench while I finish this game."

Lee retired, Donnie took the box and in keeping with outboard etiquette, the motor started the first turn. Both were surprised; Donnie released a chuckle and Lee slightly embarrassed, pushed away from the dock.

The course was to the mouth of Haines creek where Lee had expected to show Donnie, his guest, a real live alligator. They had brought fishing tackle along for that is Meadow's weakness.

Dodging floating islands and huge clumps of lily pads, they throttled down to a slow speed to study fish life. Off the port bow there was a big swirl. Another and many more good signs of big bass got the party all excited. Alligators were forgotten.

The weed clogged motor coughed despairingly and died.

"Big bass hang out in weeds like these," coached Meadows as the two big leaguers set up their tackle. Donnie predicted that the game would be a walk-away and reported a limit catch to Lee before he pitched the first plug.

Lee shot one over to right field and immediately Donnie called a strike. The water churned and Lee went through a Salome contortion while trying to keep his finny adversary out of the lily pads.

"Change your vernacular, Donnie," called Lee, "that was not a strike. Down here we call it a hit and run. Wait a minute and I'll prove it by bringing him into the home plate."

Lee scored with a six pounder and then Donnie went into action. The third cast sufficiently interested a green back that he made a savage lunge but missed.

"Strike one," called Lee and again Donnie tried the same spot and again both he and the fish were unsuccessful.

"Put it over the plate with less steam," advised Lee. "These fish are southern country boys and like to take it slow and easy."

Donnie complied and this time the persistent bass nailed the lure. Finding it a pretty hot mouthful he came up, shook and then dove to the depths of the weed bed.

"Three strikes and you are out, Mr. Anheuser Bush," called Lee. "If you muff this one, fold up your tent and back to the sticks for you."

Donnie finally dislodged his fish from the weeds and brought him home. "Seven and one-half pounds to your six, Lee, and this is only the first inning. Start up the fireless cooker and get us out of these weeds or I won't play any more."

Lee cleared the propeller and gave the starting rope a sharp yank. Donnie was standing; that is he was standing until the boat made a forward lurch and then gravity tooks its course. Donnie landed solidly in the midst of Lee's tackle box, impaled on several barbed atrocities.

The tumult of the engine ceased as abruptly as it had begun, for Lee had been trained for emergencies. "Are any of the hooks in your hide?" inquired Lee.

"Can't tell yet," answered Donnie arising to the occasion and holding the seat of his pants like an uncomfortable child.

Together they worked industriously, extracting the assortment of colored baubles, synthetic frogs and tackle box what-nots from the royal seat. "Oh, if the gang could see you now," chided Lee. "Boy, what a picture you would make. I wish some of the news boys from the island were here to get the panorama. Wouldn't Judge Landis get a kick out of this?"

"A little less chatter and more attention to these barbed do-funnies," returned Donnie. "My gosh, what a mess."

"Look coming down the lake," exclaimed Lee.

Engaged with their task, they had not noticed a squall that was coming directly towards them from the south. The sun shone bright and in other directions were fleecy white cumulus clouds indicating that the approaching storm was local. With the increasing wind came large drops of rain.

"There is no use to try to run for shelter," advised Lee, "we will just have to sit here and take it. This will be over in five minutes."

"You are the doctor, Lee," returned Donnie, "but tell me how I'm going to sit down without puncturing my posterior?"

"Off with the pants or pull them down, you can't stand up in this boat now for we are going back to the island and join the boys. What a news scoop this will be for them. I can imagine the headlines they will run,—DONNIE BUSH, MANAGER OF THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES, CAUGHT IN TROPICAL HURRICANE WITH SEAT FULL OF FISH HOOKS."

The Pa-RAG-raphers and the Florida State Press Association were picnicking on Treasure Island and that meant food and drink. Donnie sat hunched, bare-legged and shivering in the bow.

The clouds passed by and the sun shone bright.

Lee had a heart and stopped the motor. "All right, Donnie, let's get ship-shape before we go in."

Gratefully Donnie complied and in a few minutes they were greeted by press representatives from the big times and the weekly rags. Bets that had been made by the islanders on the ability of the big league fishermen were off when Lee announced to the newsgatherers that the game had been called on account of rain.

The experience was new to Donnie who related it with gestures to the appreciative picnickers. "And do you know," he said, "if Specs had brought me in here in that predicament, there sure would have been a big murder scoop for you. It would have made Stevenson's Treasure Island read like a bed-time story."

*Says "Lee" Meadows to "Donnie" Bush, both of baseball fame, "I'm inclined to be Shakespearean, all is well that ends well."*

## Outboard Boating Association Forms

### Water Sports Interest of Country Combine in Gigantic Organization

AT a meeting held in Detroit recently, representatives of national and local boating organizations, and manufacturers of outboard boats and engines, formed what will probably become the country's largest National Sports Association. The name of the new organization is the National Outboard Association.

The Board of Directors consists of a total of 21 directors, some of whom serve for one, some for two and some for three years. The one year directors will be replaced by election at the First Annual Convention. The directors and their affiliation are as follows:

| Name and Affiliation | To serve for |
|---|---|
| Daniel Pratt—Pacific Motor Boat. | 1 year |
| J. G. Robinson—Power Boating. | 1 year |
| G. C. Gillies—M. V. P. B. A. | 1 year |
| Frank Wigglesworth—N. E. O. M. A. | 1 year |
| D. W. Campbell—M. V. P. B. A. | 1 year |
| A. F. Bobrick—A. P. B. A. | 1 year |
| W. E. Willis—E. J. Willis Co. | 1 year |
| A. L. Lockwood—Lockwood Motor Co. | 2 years |
| A. T. Griffith—M. B. P. B. A. | 2 years |
| D. K. Chadbourne—Johnson Motor Co. | 2 years |
| C. E. Stouch—Sea Sled Corporation | 2 years |
| J. Stern—Elto Outboard Motor Co. | 2 years |
| W. E. Lyman—Lyman Boat Works | 2 years |
| J. C. McKee—Mullins Boat Co. | 2 years |
| C. F. Chapman—Motor Boating. | 3 years |
| C. A. Herrmann—Penn Yan Boat Co. | 3 years |
| T. L. Smith—Caille Motor Co. | 3 years |
| William Gibb—Laconia Car Co. | 3 years |
| M. Cross, Jr.—Cross Gear & Engine Co. | 3 years |
| Fred Martin—Boyd-Martin Boat Co. | 3 years |
| H. Biersach—Evinrude Motor Co. | 3 years |

The membership will consist of outboard motor and boat owners, and will be nationwide. The National Outboard Association will cooperate in every way possible with existing outboard associations. It is planned to give the owners a national service on outboard matters, such as cruising, racing, insurance, and publications. The Association will devote itself to the important national problems of securing better docking facilities, the creation of marine parks, and the development of better waterways. The development of municipal facilities for the small boat owner will receive a large share of attention. Construction information on waterway travel and other subjects of interest will be disseminated. All racing rules and regulations will be formulated by a racing commission, composed of appointed A. P. B. A., M. V. P. B. A., and N. O. A. members.

H. Biersach, Milwaukee, is acting as temporary chairman and J. Stern, Milwaukee, as temporary secretary of the Association.


QUESTIONS

? ? ? ?

for readers about

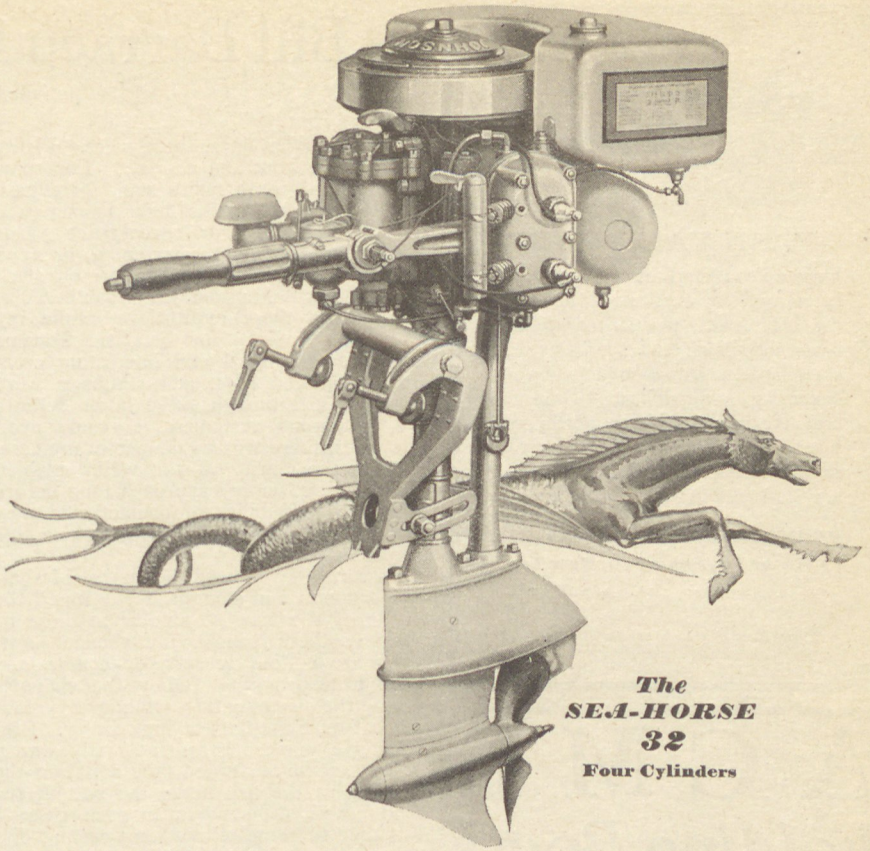
Outboard Motors and Small Boats

will be gladly answered by

"JED" BURRESS

editor of this department.





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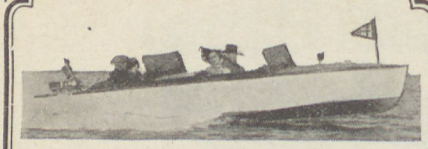

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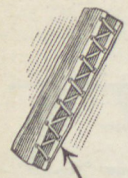

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# Bill Barracuda and His Pals

*(Continued from page 9)*

Lazy, unhurried days, those were. Plenty of time to think and cogitate. Lonesome days. Good for a man's soul, sometimes.

While most of this lone fishing was done within fifty or seventy-five yards from shore, during the incoming, or flood tide, I sometimes found myself, on slack water, several hundred yards farther out, and during these expeditions, while my quest was mainly for bonefish, I came upon many unusual and interesting creatures. Spotted rays, and stingrays were common, and though these latter fellows are dangerous customers, if come upon unawares, there was no danger in my case, because the clarity of the water enabled them to discover my approach long before there was possibility of contact, and they invariably took their waving course for deeper water.

As a rule I followed the course of shallow channels and sloughs, for I found the habits of the bonefish similar to those of their northern cousin, the channel bass. Both are bottom feeders, of course, and have a tendency to follow the channels during the incoming tide, sometimes spreading out over the flats at high water. Frequently I marked my fish by rily water, or by a sight of forked tails agitating the surface, as the fish nosed the bottom for sand crabs. Sometimes, in such cases I was able to come within long casting distance without disturbing the fish by progressing slowly, foot by foot. Such tactics would have been absolutely impossible by boat. Fishing on foot also enabled me to use a lighter rod and reel than is commonly employed, for, when I found my line running low, nothing forbade my following the fish in his runs and dashes. This light outfit allowed me to cast farther, use a lighter lead and to place my bait with greater accuracy than would have been possible with the regulation tackle. And I soon found out that dropping one's bait lightly and accurately is just as important to success with the bonefish as it is with trout. While I did not fish very hard or strenuously that season I took thirty-six bonefish weighing over five pounds, and among them three gold button fish. The four and one-half ounce rod, and six thread line on an eighty yard bait casting reel stood up to the work beautifully. I think the principal reason for my success with these fish lay in the fact that I early discarded the commonly used soldier crab bait, and placed my reliance entirely on sand crabs. These latter are more fragile of course than the leathery soldiers, but by using the old surf casters' stunt of tying the bait with a light thread, I found they worked famously. Certainly the bonefish took this bait more eagerly, and with far less mincing than any other. As a matter of fact sand crabs and the larger green crabs are their natural food, as I discovered by opening a number of specimens.

Very frequently, on these bonefish excursions I came upon barracudas, and I made a practice of always carrying several artificial lures and wire leaders in a side pocket. And this practice of mine was responsible for a small adventure one day, which caused me momentarily to visualize the headlines—

"ANOTHER NORTHERN SPORTSMAN MANGLED BY BARRACUDA."

I had left camp immediately after luncheon, working slowly along the shores of the Key, and marking the channels carefully for any sign of bonefish. One small bonefish had been taken from a large school, some distance from shore. This fish put up a fast fight on the light rod, and after tiring him out I drove him before me to the beach, where he grounded with scarcely the wave of a fin. He was thoroughly exhausted, and yet floating upright the fish eyed me bravely as I reached beneath the quiet water and gently worked the hook from his mouth.

The tide was receding and I waded out a considerable distance from shore, following the meanderings of a scarcely perceptible channel. Here it was mid-winter and yet the water was too warm for really enjoyable bathing. Every object on the bottom was plainly discernible for a considerable distance, coral and vegetation, and small billfish, chasing still smaller fry into the shallows. Some distance ahead of me I saw an unusually large barracuda lying motionless, and beyond him another and smaller fish of the same species, so I removed my baited hook, and tied on a short wire leader and a silver colored plug.

Walking slowly I approached within thirty yards or so without attracting his attention, and dropped my bait a few feet to one side of him. The fish was lying broadside, and as I reeled in he whirled quickly, attracted by the commotion. But here for once seemed to be a barracuda with a full tummy, for he made no effort to follow. I made another cast, and this time placed the lure several yards behind him, so that it passed within a few inches of his nose. This time he showed some interest and turning followed the plug in an inquisitive way. I knew better than to slow up at this time, and even increased the speed of the reel a trifle. Closer and closer plug and fish came, the barracuda holding his place several feet to the rear, as though uncertain as to the nature of this strange wabbling creature. Thirty feet, twenty feet, fifteen feet, and then with a rush the big fellow dashed forward, and almost on the instant I struck.

Feeling the hook he left the water instantly, as is the habit of barracudas, and as he happened to be traveling in my direction, quite naturally I was in his direct line of flight. I remember vividly a great splashing of water, and a huge head with wide open mouth armed with wicked teeth hurtling toward me. I suppose my subconscious mind warned me to duck or to side-step, but it was all over in an instant, and I have no very definite recollection of just what happened. Something slapped my shoulder in passing, but this may have been either the fish's tail or the thrown plug. I do know, however, that I was as thoroughly soaked as I would have been had someone doused me with a bucket of water, and as I waded shoreward I unconsciously ran an investigating hand over my dripping face and neck.

I still insist that Bill Barracuda is a mighty interesting fish.

## Fishing

A SWIRLING stream 'neath sun-kissed trees,
A casting rod and boots to knees,
A briar pipe and an old slouch hat—
You couldn't wish for more than that.

# One Hundred Dollars

By L. J. Andrews

I TAKE it that every man has in his makeup some trait or characteristic twist which distinguishes him apart from all others. We call it his "strong point," or "weak point"; it depending upon the nature of the trait, and upon our opinion of the man. I knew a fellow once—Mackintosh by name, John Mackintosh—whose distinguishing trait took the form of tightfistedness. Now you will find many tightfisted men,—the trait is not uncommon,—shrewd, sharp, self-seeking men, and seldom with nothing else in their natures. But John Mackintosh had, in addition to his tightfistedness, a hankering after the flesh of trout. Note the wide dissimilarity of tightfistedness and a hankering after trout, but see—or you shall—to what a result their joint possession tended.

This John Mackintosh, as I have observed, was a tightfisted man, and, as he often observed, "Always was a great hand fer trout."

"I should think then that you would be a fisherman,—that you would enjoy catching them," I said to him one day.

He shifted his gaze uneasily about the room while he thought of something to say. "I might," he murmured, his eye alighting on my flyrod; "I might if I had a pole and outfit like yours."

And then: "How much did that one cost?" "Cost"—you could be sure of it—was ever a matter of first importance with John Mackintosh.

"Well, figuring everything," I replied to him, "—rod, reel, lines, flies, waders, all the little extras and conveniences,—everything, why, around a hundred dollars, I'd say."

"A hundred dollars!" he gasped, all but smitten speechless. "A hundred—a hundred dollars fer a pole and rig to catch fish!!"

"That's figuring everything," I reminded him. "You could get a cheaper, a considerably cheaper—"

"A hundred dollars!" He could only go on repeating it, over and over. "A hundred dollars! A hun—!!"

"As I said," I interrupted him, "you could get one cheaper."

He seemed to consider this for a moment; and then said, in summary: "How cheap?"

"Well, we'll say twenty-five dollars. For twenty-five dollars—," but, by the look of pain that smote his face anew, I knew it was of no use.

"Twenty-five dollars—" he asserted solemnly, "twenty-five dollars is a lot of money!"

"Fifteen dollars," I ventured; "for fifteen —ten—"

"No!!" He stated it conclusively. "No! I never could pay out no such money fer a rig just to catch fish!"

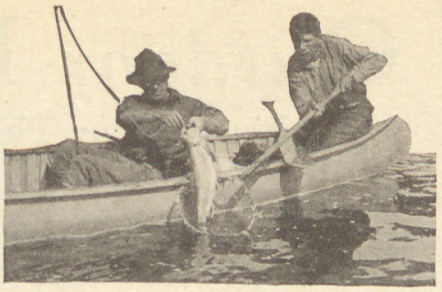
"But yet you are such a 'great hand for them'," I reminded him.

"Yes, I always was," he said callously. "I guess it runs in the fam'ly. Uncle August was always a great hand fer 'em. . . . . I'll ask him how he used to git 'em."

I watched him go blithely across the fields to his house, in his hand the two largest trout of my morning's catch.

A week perhaps had passed by when next I saw John Mackintosh. He came plodding into sight from over a sidehill; and I, having waded from the river to release my fly from a bushy tree's top, where an unlucky backcast had hung it, remained to stand under the tree and to look and to marvel exceedingly at whatever business was fetching John Mackintosh to

*(Continued on page 69)*

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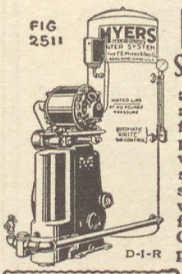


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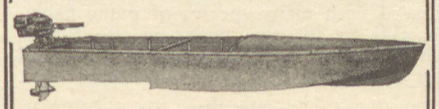

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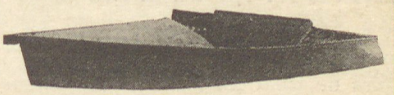

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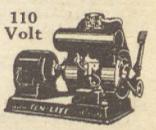

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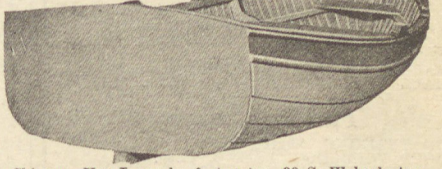

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# Outdoor Literature

## Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

THE COMPLETE ANGLER, OR THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION, *by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by John Major. Illustrated from engravings on wood by E. Fitch Daglish, F.Z.S. Quarto, 367 pages. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1927.*

COLLECTORS of Walton should be glad to have their attention called to this beautiful library edition of the deathless classic. The illustrations are upon India paper and are wonderful examples of the eminent artist's best work. It is sumptuously printed upon large paper, is attractively bound, and, as a Christmas present, would add to the happiness of any disciple or lover of Gentle Izaak or his art.

---

THE GAME FISHES OF CANADA. *45 pages. 1928.*

AN attractively bound and printed pamphlet prepared by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in collaboration with the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology and the Department of Biology, University of Toronto, the fourteen color plates being reproduced from specimens in the collection of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology.

A valuable handbook for the tourist fisherman in the Dominion, so bountifully blessed with many species of game fishes, as well as for the angler in the States. The color plates are exceptionally fine and the descriptive text brief and informative.

---

OUR GREAT OUTDOOR MAMMALS, *by C. W. G. Eifrig. Illustrated. 257 pages. Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago, 1928.*

THIS is a manual designed for use as a textbook or supplementary reader in schools or by any one, old or young, interested in nature study, the material being presented in a connected and systematic arrangement. The volume is interesting and informative, and the illustrations numerous and good, many being of groups in the Field Museum of Natural History.

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FOREST TREES OF ILLINOIS, HOW TO KNOW THEM—A POCKET MANUAL DESCRIBING THEIR MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTERISTICS, *by Wilbur R. Matton, Extension Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, and R. B. Miller, Chief Forester, Department of Conservation, Springfield, Illinois. Illustrated. 92 pages. Second Edition. 1927.*

A HANDBOOK printed by the State of Illinois and intended mainly for young people interested in trees, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and others in our public schools. Of the one hundred native tree species in Illinois, ninety-five are described in this booklet. The list is arranged alphabetically, one tree to the page, and the untechnical descriptions in connection with the cuts enable one readily to identify each species.


**AUTOGRAPHED copies of William C. Vogt's Bait Casting may be procured from Outdoor America.**


KEEPING FIT BY EASY EXERCISES, DESIGNED FOR BUSY MEN, *by George Thomas Everett, Major, U. S. Army, Retired. Illustrated. 100 pages. The Ronald Press Company, New York, 1928. $2.00.*

THE preface is short and to the point. The Major says: "Any man who will carry out the instructions in this book will always be in condition. Fifteen minutes a day will do it. I *mean* this. I have conditioned thousands of men by the simple exercises in the following pages."

The Major further says: "The soldiers in the army range all the way from eighteen to sixty-four. They all take the same strenuous drills without favor and without harm. The best marathon runners are all over forty.

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If you can practice self-denial, and have courage and patience, then go to it and, presto, you are again twenty-five, and feel able to lick Gene Tunney.

---

SONGS OF TROPIC TRAILS, *by George Warburton Lewis. 78 pages. Dorrance & Company, Philadelphia, 1928. $1.75.*

NOT from the author himself but from Harry A. Franck, who writes the preface, we learn that the author is a native of Kansas, helped Funston tame the Moros in the Philippines, was in the Boxer mix-up, rose through the ranks to high command in a Porto Rican brigade in the World War, and now is in command of the police force in Porto Rico.

This well-printed little volume of verse is reminiscent or descriptive of phases of an adventurous and checkered career, and if you like "Palms," you will doubtless like the other forty-eight.

I OFTEN wonder how they thrive
In rock, scarce brothered of the sod;
I half believe it is because
They hold their heads so near to God!


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#### *For Young Folk*

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*(Continued from page 67)*

the river. He swung down the slope of the sidehill to the banks of the stream, and stood there surveying the upward and downward courses of the river. In a while, apparently coming to some conclusion or decision, he bent his footsteps to the latter course, going downstream for a hundred yards or so and to where the narrow river spread itself out into a wide and sparkling pool. Below the pool the river disappeared from the view around a bend.

Arrived at the pool, John Mackintosh again surveyed the river. But, if we except trees and water and the songs of birds, there was nothing to be seen or heard. John Mackintosh then threw down a gunny sack which he was carrying under an arm, and drew out from a pocket of his trousers what looked like a fat brown firecracker. He ignited a match on the thigh of his trouser-leg, held the flame for a moment to the end of the fuse, then straightened up abruptly and flung the firecracker-thing out into the pool. Having done this, he retreated hurriedly from the edge of the pool and placed himself behind a big maple. It then dawned upon me what this John Mackintosh fellow was up to. I had heard somewhere of this thing. He was dynamiting fish.

Of a sudden I saw the pool violently agitated and the water shoot upward and to all sides, and heard a heavy detonation that boomed forth and resounded along the river.

John Mackintosh came out from behind the maple and went at once to the edge of the pool. He grabbed up a long, dead tree limb and with it raked through the water and to the edge of the pool a something which, when he picked it up, I saw was a dead trout. He dropped the fish into the gunny sack. And in this manner he fished from the water and sacked another trout, and another, and yet another.

Apparently John Mackintosh was wholly absorbed in his trout-getting, for he displayed no knowledge of the man who had appeared all at once from around the bend of the river. This man, who was coming on with swift and resolute strides, was unmistakably a man of purpose and action. Also was he a fisherman that had been but very recently engaged in his sport. This much, by the pulled-up waders on his legs and the assembled flyrod in his hand, was evident to the eye. But I knew him for something besides. I knew him for Jim Flint, the game-warden.

"Dynamiter Gets Fine of One Hundred Dollars." That was the heading of the newspaper account. A sum, I reflected and you will observe, equal to about that which I had paid for my fishing tackle, figuring everything.

---

# To a Duck Shooting Pal

By Frank L. Bailey

MANY days along the beaches
Thru the mists and thru the fog,
Thru the moonlight and the sunshine,
With decoys and gun and dog.

MANY years may you enjoy them
Thru the crimson, golden fall,
Until God, the Great Game Warden
Puts a close-time on us all.

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# Your Dog And Mine

*Edited by* OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

PUTTING the cart before the horse is a convenient as well as often a purposeful experience on the part of the writer. And, on this occasion, in relation to a bird dog's education, it is inserted ahead of the regular order of teaching retrieving first, because the killing season on game birds is still on in many parts, and all game saved by promoting efficiency in finding dead and cripples adds not only to enhancing the ethics of sportsmanship but is also a vital part in the salvation of our upland bird life.

Therefore, I am granting that retrieving has been taught through the modern and most satisfactory way, the partly misnamed force system, and we can go ahead with our contemplated itinerary of having a dog find properly the dead birds, point or retrieve, as well as catch cripples that so often are extremely elusive to the best of the sporting dog fraternity.

A pardonable insertion, before actual retrieving or finding dead is accomplished, is the essential one of a dog's learning to mark all flushed birds. It is important with pointers and setters; important with springers, Chesapeakes, Irish water spaniels and Labradors, and is as important with the retriever as with the faithful animal which seeks and only points the dead bird or birds when found. A dog will mark a flushed bird or birds well only when you teach him by experience to do it, usually by way of example, and hold him in steadiness, observing the flight of the winged creatures until they settle in cover. Obviously the dog that is taught to drop to shot seldom learns to mark birds accurately. Being prone on the ground, too many natural interferences of sight come between his vision. Also the fact that some dogs observe their master for a momentary relenting of discipline and overeagerness to himself pounce upon the game. The dog apt at marking game knows where the bevy or single has sought refuge, and he seems to have a quick, intangible sense of realization of the birds that are really hit and mortally wounded.

Retrieving cleanly comes partly from promptness and careful early breaking. Hard-mouthedness is the result frequently of lax education; also, rough methods in early days on the part of the handler. The latter may be irascible or incompetent—frequently both. The dog holds a little tenaciously through pride in his act; whereupon, the handler roughly tries to tear the bird away by sheer force. The youngster sticks to it vigorously; he senses that there is a sort of pleasure derived from clinging to it. To avoid all this, when the dog first exhibits an inclination to hold on tightly, just force the gums over his teeth without any further ado or coaxing, uttering the command to drop it. Thereupon, the animal usually releases the game. A dog that is really obdurate in the matter can be cured of the affliction quickly by putting your foot on its forepaw and applying pressure in proportion to the resistance offered. Do not ever try to pull the bird out of the dog's mouth. Follow the above methods instantly and the hardest mouthed individual will soon give up the bad habit, without the danger of giving up retrieving entirely presenting itself.

Forewarned is being forearmed. If, during the first moments of a dog's retrieving game, you use the force collar in the way you used during the initiate training, the spikes resting gently aslant on the ears, you can teach a young pupil how tenderly he ought to hold game. The force system, with a spike force collar of the modern metal type, is an assurance every time against, or a cure for crushing game birds, if exercised judiciously.

Once in a while nerves and kindred things suddenly possess the dog. Often its sudden untoward acts are inexplicable. One dog, years ago when I trained professionally for the public, caused me a lot of momentary embarrassment. He was a marvelous retriever, and tender mouthed, so I thought, and I would have banked on his being so. I told this to his owner, the evening prior to our first day's hunt and even on the morning we started out, I continued vociferously to extol his prowess as a perfect retriever. Near a deep embankment, Frank pointed and we flushed the birds. We killed three, which fell on the opposite side of the creek. I sent Frank across; he responded quickly to the command and raced to where the birds had fallen. I was certain he would display his usual astounding form at retrieving.

But, right away, I wanted old terra firma to open up, engulf me and thus save me from embarrassment, for that former crack retriever simply picked each bird up, one by one, and swallowed each with the nonchalance of an invalid taking a small pill. The queer thing about it was that never was he guilty of such conduct before or after. What possessed him at the moment is beyond my conjecture. Imagine my mortification when the owner dryly told me that it might be a good idea to feed his dog occasionally before hunting it!

Under all circumstances, from the start try to let the dog find the dead bird itself and retrieve it. Avoid trying to show the dog where the bird is or where you think it is until he shows he is unable to locate it and gives up the quest. Once let certain dogs get the idea that they ought to be helped in the matter and they are inclined to take advantage of you to the limit, some even going so far in the matter as eventually to refuse to fetch and hunt dead unless you are right with them, directing them all the time. A dog never solves any problem so fast as he does when you allow him to try the stunt somewhat according to the way his brain dictates.

Exasperation often seizes a young handler when he sees his dog unable actually to scent or discover a stone dead bird very close to him. This even occurs on bare territory where there is not sufficient cover to conceal a dead grouse, quail or woodcock. Apparently, it seems inexcusable that the dog is unable to locate it. Still, some stone dead birds at times are the hardest for a dog to find—they are positively confusing. Anger arises toward a dog, because he is so close to the dead bird, sometimes stepping on it, yet unable to find it. For this, there is no reason to lose your temper. The greatest dead bird finders and retrievers once in a while act in this manner with a dead bird right at their feet, for the unalterable facts affecting them are that the bird, freezing in the quick rigors of death, unwittingly clamps its little feathers close to its body, preventing any scent from escaping.

This proves that a great dead finder eventually comes to seek dead with nose and eyes. Many an old dog whose powers of scenting are waning swiftly makes a high score in finding dead by applying intimate knowledge and vision together.

There is a noticeable tendency on the part of present day hunters to be contented with their dogs limiting their efforts to seeking and pointing dead. They are first influenced by the desire to keep their dogs from breaking shot, regarding retrieving palpably as encouraging this. Others, however, rightly, judge that a dog of the high class retrieving sort, by constant work at it, develops a bad habit of footscenting on live birds. This is quite true, with many. Under most conditions, a dog that hunts his dead and points them when found, in order to apprise his master of their whereabouts, gives satisfactory service. Nevertheless, the instant a bird falls in dense briar

*"Harvester" pointing quail. Owned by Irving Bevan, Jackson, Miss.*

thickets, in a body of water, or across it, the value of retrieving is easily recognized. In the dense briars, the dog that points dead only forces the master to penetrate the spiny impedimenta. With the water hazard, the possession of a good retriever is something to regard as a treat from the Almighty.

Tall grass, weeds, switch cane, briars of all sorts and hosts of other difficulties afford fine places of concealment for dead and wounded birds. Many a bird is lost in these places through a master inserting himself too often into the picture or when his presence is least required. He can, by his constant tramping around and trying to show the dog where to hunt, produce difficult conditions, by interjecting profusely his own scent around and tramping down long grass over the bird and thus preventing the dog getting any scent. Continually directing the dog where to hunt many times annoys the animal, and the boss doing the directing continually errs in his estimate of where the bird has fallen. The right procedure is to give the dog a liberal chance before you begin to mill around irresponsibly repeating: "Hunt dead!" Unless he displays some inclination to bolt the task, be patient and afford him time.

When a bird falls in fuzzy grasses, particularly plume, sedge, creep, crab grass, and kindred growths, with a lot of tiny twisting undergrowth, it is no easy matter for a dog to succeed instantly in his objective. Dried up swamp flats, that have a big growth of different profuse marsh grasses, are very tantalizing. The fuzzy stuff annoys a dog's olfactory organs and, often, the deposits of dust on the blades are formidable barriers against hasty locating of the bird, and all this is rendered only more difficult if much walking around in the grass is done.

Some of the greatest dead bird finders I ever knew achieved their marvelous artistry through the workings of their own brains. They were lucky in having handlers who believed in letting a dog try to solve its own problems and giving assistance only when needed. Strange to say, each of these dogs worked on dead birds in the same way. When they were commanded to hunt dead, invariably they made a short cast some fifty feet farther from the handler than where the bird was seen to fall. Then, they began to work back to their handler quickly in circles, narrowing them at each round. The bird that got away from these dogs—stone dead or the trickiest cripple—was certainly lucky. Their craft in finding birds was almost uncanny. Their master never uttered a single word or command, or advanced a step while the dogs were circling for the object of their quest.

Many a dead bird is hard to find. This is occasioned many times by the fact that the master is working under the idea that his sight played him no trick and he was positive where the bird had fallen. But Lord! How a man's eyes fool him! Twenty or thirty feet, one way or the other, can cause the loss of a bird if fool man keeps his dog away from these little spaces. Three times in succession, while in Quebec this fall, I was sure I knew where I had dropped woodcock. I live in the open and think I have accurate eyes. Each time I erred grievously. One bird that the dog found was thirty feet away from where I had thought.

I have often succeeded in locating apparently lost birds when both the dog and myself were almost convinced that my hitting of them had been an optical illusion instead of a fact. I left the place for a while where I thought the bird had fallen, but in a short time came back from another direction against wind and the bird was promptly located. I had to do this

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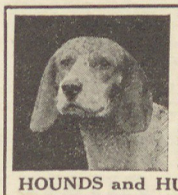

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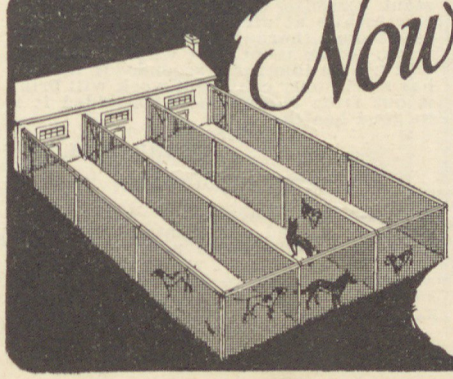

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frequently where I shot woodcock in the North land. The covert was of very dense alders, flanking a winding stream and the topography adjacent was a flat of neck and waist deep, yellow, sharp-bladed marsh grass. Only in the coverts was there an absence of this bothersome herbage. Time and again I thought I had stopped my birds within the alder belt, only after hard seeking to find them where they had dropped out in this grass. The birds were very difficult for the dog to find. While stressed to do it many times, invariably it was achieved by swinging the dog away when he seemed on the point of abandoning the search, then coming in from another direction.

Cripples are more easily picked up by a dog if the handler keeps away from them. Continually, the inexperienced handler unwittingly interferes. More than the dog he is the cause of the mysterious, enigmatic deportment of the bird hiding still, under the grass, and involuntarily holding its scent, then running abruptly in amazing unexpected detours on his close approach. All this bothers the dog and makes the cripples all the harder for him to locate.

Losing your temper, even when a dog is only making a lethargic attempt, avails you nothing while hunting dead. The worst part of displaying temper is the inordinate manner in which a man exhibits his failure to appreciate proportions and he becomes a cruel sinister pest to a faithful animal. Only yesterday morning, while hunting quails in eastern Tennessee, I saw a man curse and flog his dog because it could not find a dead bird on the ground where he thought it had fallen. It had lodged in the top of a bullpine stump. Later in the day a dead bird lodged high in the forked top of a big sumac bush. The master got blue in the face from wrath directed at the dog because the poor animal was unable to find it in the sedge grass where the incapable handler was positive it had dropped!

## Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

**INCREASE SPEED**

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a nice English Setter bitch, two years old and a real bird dog on quail or grouse, with the exception of a slow sluggish movement and sometimes a lack of interest in her work.
I am at present hunting her with a fast dog. Is there anything else that would increase her speed?
Yours,
L. M. SIMPSON,
Brevard, North Carolina.

Dear Mr. Simpson:
I would continue to work your dog with the fast dog. But watch it carefully. Just as soon as you see it depending on the other, work it separately. With plenty of shooting over it and constant exercise on game, if the dog is worthwhile at all very shortly it ought to become thoroughly interested in its work, to the point that while hunting it will not be idle for a second. If the dog has merit, only continual work will bring it out from sluggishness, provided it is in good health.
Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

**FALSE POINTING**

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have owned and hunted with many dogs that make false points, and it is very discouraging. I would like to know what causes dogs to do this and the best method to train a young dog to avoid false pointing.
Respectfully,
SCOTT CLARK,
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Dear Mr. Clark:
I will be very frank in answering you. In my opinion the majority of dogs that false point are actually evidencing the possession of a faulty nose. It may be born in them or the result of allowing them to point to foot scent. But once the animal gets in the habit he is usually incurable. Some dogs false point to sight. Dogs with great noses never do it when handled properly.

Never let a dog point to anything except body scent when young, and never teach one to find birds except by mastering the art patiently against wind and you will never have a false pointer, provided the dog has a real quality scenting ability.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### SPRINGER OR BEAGLE

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I am going to buy a hunting dog, but am puzzled as what kind to get. Can a Springer Spaniel hunt rabbits better than birds or can it hunt both equally well? Which do you think better for rabbits, a Springer Spaniel or Beagle?

Yours truly,
PASQUALE H. BENZO,
Utica, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Benzo:
A good Beagle is much better for rabbits, as a rule, than a Springer. A Springer hunts birds better than it does rabbits. Its value as a dog on rabbits usually is limited to jumping them within gun range, but not following and driving them to gun persistently as a Beagle.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### TRAINED TOO SOON

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have two Irish Setters now just past ten months old. I sent these dogs to a trainer at McLean, Texas, for a hundred days and they have just been returned to me. They hunt real well but when they get into a bunch of quail they do not stand but the minute the birds flush both dogs give chase. The quail season is just at hand and I am anxious that these dogs learn something and be of some use to me. I was wondering if these dogs are too young to stand birds? Would it be well to take them out with an old dog that will stand birds a few times?

Yours very truly,
D. C. STEPHENSON, JR.
Manhattan, Kan.

Dear Mr. Stephenson:
Your dogs have not been taught to be steady to wing, which can be now done with a long lead and force collar, checking them when they break. It will help them to work with an old dog, especially if they back naturally or you can make them back the point by a few days work with force collar.

Probably the pointing instinct has not yet well developed with your dogs on account of their age. If they stop on the game or draw to it, you can be sure of its being evidence of this. I have no doubt about their coming around O.K. with a little further handling. But you sent them for field training a little too soon. Often in such cases the following year you have to repeat the work of the one previous.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### HARD MOUTHED

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a springer spaniel pup, about 7 months old. He is developing into a very good dog, retrieves splendidly, but is very hard mouthed. He will bring a bird to me, but I have to pry his mouth open with my hands in order to take it from him. He doesn't chew the bird but mauls it up in bad shape. I am afraid to punish him for fear he may stop retrieving.

Respectfully,
H. D. HOOKER,
Sycamore, Ill.

Dear Mr. Hooker:
You ought to provide yourself with a Traino training collar, made by F. Lloyd, Oscawana-on-Hudson, New York. Placing the spikes on the dog's ear, and teaching him to carry with a tender mouth by regulating your pressure.

You also may wrap a bird with short pieces of wire with the points projecting slantingly; then have your dog retrieve it. This will prevent mouthing of the bird in the future, though it is a dangerous method and once in a while causes the dog to refuse entirely to retrieve.

Very truly yours,
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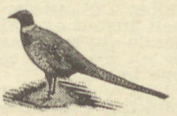

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**ASK** OUR FREE KENNEL & LIVE STOCK SERVICE BUREAU
WHERE TO BUY DOGS AND LIVE STOCK YOU WANT!

### ARE WIRE-HAIRS HUNTERS?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I am a Ripley fan and thoroughly enjoy your articles in Outdoor America each month. I just wanted to tell you that I purchased a thoroughbred wire-hair fox terrier for my boy and that I have taken the pup, now only nine months old, in the fields and woods with me each trip this Fall and he has a great nose for birds. He will trail a covey of quail, or a ringneck and stand them beautifully until I come up for a shot.

So far this Fall I have shot 5 fine ringnecks, 5 quail and a woodcock over him as he will come to a natural point and draw up one foot as well as any setter I have ever seen. He also retrieves well. I shot down several pheasants and quail which I could not locate until he found them for me. I was surprised to find the above, but recall previous writings of yours when you said a wire-hair terrier would make a bird dog with proper handling.

A friend of mine has a Llewellyn setter about three years old and he asked me last week why a Llewellyn would not retrieve a bird? He claims no Llewellyn will retrieve but I don't agree with him. What do you think of this type of dog on retrieving?

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. A. HANES,
Ambler, Pa.

Dear Mr. Hanes:
I note with interest your report on your thoroughbred wire-hair fox terrier. Personally, I have never seen one work as yours on game birds, so naturally I was pleased to hear of your success with it.

Your friend is mistaken. A Llewellyn will retrieve naturally, as well as any of the other pointing breeds. I have one which retrieves perfectly. As with other strains, if they do not retrieve naturally, they may be taught force retrieving very easily.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### AIREDALE-RETRIEVERS?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
Will you kindly give me your opinion upon the possibility of making a good all round dog for ducks and birds out of an Airedale. I am fond of the breed and would like to know just how much could be expected with training.

Very truly yours,
C. C. WARREN,
Madison, S. D.

Dear Mr. Warren:
An Airedale can be taught to work on ducks and birds and make a very valuable duck dog. They never make really very great dogs on any of our game birds, because they lack the necessary scenting ability for that purpose and are naturally inclined to potter too much with foot scent which detracts from their utility in that respect. They do make good all round retrievers.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### A LONG RANGER

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I want your advice in regard to the best way to break a dog from ranging too far.

I have one of the best Llewellyn bitches I ever owned. She is four and a half years old, and a perfect worker, as long as you can keep her in close range, but she will get off and out of sight before you know it. She is fast as lightning, steady on point, and a good retriever as long as you can hold her in. But I have failed so far to hold her in.

I don't like a dog to hunt over two or three hundred yards, but she will work a half mile, and I lose sight of her altogether.

What do you think of the chain method of curing long ranging?

Yours for sport,
ED. WILDER,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Mr. Wilder:
There is not much danger in using chains on your dog for cutting its range. The best method, however, is to attach two to a collar of sufficient length to drag at least one foot behind the dog's hind legs.

With some dogs an effective method is to change its course continually or working it back and forth in timber or heavy cover. It seems a shame that you wish to cut this great bitch's range and it is probable, that, at present, she may be just as steady out of your sight as she is within close range of you.

Another way of making a close ranger is to use a long lead, allowing the dog to go the full length of it and, when at the end, suddenly jerking it back to you and using the command: "Come in." Eventually, you can get the dog so under control from persistently inculcating this lesson that it will range as close as you wish. But just as certain as you do this, with your present bitch, rest assured you are going to hack her and make a dub out of her.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### COTTONSEED OIL

Dear Ozark Ripley:
The mange cure recipe you sent me calls for olive oil. Could there be a cheaper oil substitute, say cottonseed oil?

Respectfully,
E. A. HILKERT,
Knightstown, Ind.

Dear Mr. Hilkert:
Cottonseed oil is a splendid substitute for the olive oil mentioned in recipe for skin trouble.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### COON HOUND PUP

Dear Ozark Ripley:
Is it a fault when a coon hound pup nine months old follows at your heels when in the woods either day or night, or will he get over it and hunt out? If you stop he will work out a little but not over 100 feet. Doesn't seem to have much pep to hunt but is well and in good shape.

Yours truly,
M. H. BROWN,
North Baltimore, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Brown:
Your dog is still very much of a youngster, and there is yet hope for him, for many good coon dogs do not start going until they are a year and a half old or more. Pay no attention to him when out. Say nothing, but keep taking him out at every opportunity particularly with dogs that know the game. Be sure you do not pet him or encourage him by voice. Try to let him get the hunting notion by himself, and probably he will come around OK after cold weather sets in.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### WILL STEADY SOON

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have an Irish Setter, age 18 months, which I have owned since 8 weeks of age. The dog has been raised with the best of care and food and has been given every possible chance and in regards to his physical condition is perfect.

When 10 months old I started to yard break him. He retrieves nicely and obeys commands in the yard. I have taken him out a great deal all spring and summer and he never fails to find birds in the field. However, when he finds birds he makes a stand for a fraction of a minute then flushes and gives chase and my commands are to no avail. I have a force collar on him but can not get hold of the rope in time.

I have never applied the whip to him, thinking that it would be incorrect, and time and experience would correct this fault. However, he seems not to improve.

Yours sincerely,
RALPH TOWNSLEY,
Chillicothe, Ill.

Dear Mr. Townley:
Put on your dog a lead at least 24 feet. You must show him that you can catch up with him, and then step on lead at the psychological moment. If you have further trouble put two chains to his collar that are about a foot longer than his length. These will help trip him.

If you are to whip him at all for failing to obey your command of steady, when you get him bring him back to the place where he flushed the birds, and apply over his forelegs your strokes with a switch uttering only the word steady or hold which he has disobeyed. He will feel this punishment more than a severe whipping, and it will not hurt him, except sting him for the moment. With real class dogs when they are put afield and get excited on game you have to go over generally most of the work you did in the yard. Your dog is only ten months old and will shortly steady down.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### BODYSCENTING

Dear Mr. Ozark Ripley:
I have an Irish setter pup whelped May 7th, this year. He comes of shooting dog parentage rather than field trial.

I am going to train the pup myself and I want to safeguard him against footscenting. The country is mostly open here with plenty of room for a dog to range fairly large without danger of getting lost.

I have taken the pup out with me on tramps and he seems inclined to go with his nose to the ground. I will be satisfied with just a fair shooting dog but I cannot enjoy hunting with a dog that potters around trailing birds. If you can give me specific instructions to insure the pup hunting by bodyscent I will certainly appreciate it.

I do not intend to train the pup any this fall or winter but from reading your articles I understand that you think it advisable to take pups out where there are birds even before they are old enough to train. Please tell me if I have the right slant on this.

In the October number of Outdoor America your article has the following paragraph.

"There is one sign which announces that a dog is ready to be stopped on point and when it can be done with the most benefit, retaining style and body-scenting quality."

I am not sure that I understand the sign to which you refer, please explain to me so that I may recognize when the pup is ready to be stopped on point.

Very truly yours,
W. E. BURNS,
Peru, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Burns:
The best time to begin checking a dog to point is after it has learned to hunt and while going fairly fast into the wind, suddenly stops, if only for a moment with its head up, apparently making a brief draw on the game.

Irish setters as a rule are inclined to work a bit with a low head. Take your youngster as much as you wish on game and let him try to solve the problem himself, but not to the point that you tax his strength. Many Irish setters develop into good bodyscenting dogs. While you are not going to attempt to train your dog this fall, give him many a good romp on game.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### EAR TROUBLE

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a large two-year-old hound which is half bloodhound and half blue-tick. He has very long ears and the loudest bugle voice of any hound I have ever heard.

He has ear trouble, shakes his head and ears most of the time. A slight moisture is in his ears, also scales that seem to form from this moisture.

I would appreciate very much if you can tell me what to do for him.

Yours truly,
BERT GOODSPEED.
Graytown, Wis.

Dear Mr. Goodspeed:
Wash your dog's ear out well with castile soap and warm water. When dry blow into it finely pulverized boracic acid. Repeat this a few times and it will cure him. He has a case of inside ear canker.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

### IRISH TERRIER ON PHEASANTS?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I would appreciate your advice whether an Irish terrier would make a good dog for hunting pheasants (mostly English) and rabbits, or what dog would you suggest?

Sincerely yours,
JOHN S. COOK,
Pen Argyl, Pa.

Dear Mr. Cook:
You will find a setter or pointer or a beagle, springer or cocker spaniel a much more satisfactory dog to work on pheasants than a Irish terrier. A springer may be used well both on rabbits and pheasants, much better, in fact, every way than an Irish terrier.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Ask Ozark—
He Knows

Announcements of Bench Shows and Field Trials will be published in this department if in our hands two months ahead.

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*BOOKLET*

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Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Please send a copy of the St. Petersburg booklet.

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## Dogs

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FULLY trained rabbit hounds. Shipman, Burket, Ind. (3-2)

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BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Labrador retriever puppies. Real bargains. Howard Stone, New Rockford, N. D. (3-3)

### Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

ESKIMO Spitz Puppies, prices very reasonable. Joseph W. Johnson, Route 2, Moravia, Iowa.

## Dogs

### Pointers and Setters

BROKEN Setter Dog, 3 years old. Staunch on points. Good nose. Retriever. $75.00. Broken Pointer Dog, 3 years old. Staunch on points. Good nose. Retriever. $75.00. These dogs will stand the test. Will ship C. O. D. on 5 days' trial. You pay express if returned. We have others. J. H. Murray, Brighton, Tenn. (3-2)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

ENGLISH Setter Dog. Irish Setter Dog. Broken, experienced, rare pedigree. Handsome unspoiled English Setter 15 months, $20.00. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va.

BARGAIN: Prizewinning English Setter bitch in whelp to fine stud dog. Rare opportunity. Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-3)

IRISH Setters. Champion Terry of Boyne, Bud Law, Champion Bob of Down and Champion Palmerston Connemara Grand breeding. One brood bitch. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

IRISH Setters sixteen months old, from Killarney Girl and Joffre Rookwood, partly trained. L. D. Hegg, Covington, Indiana. (3-2)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at $60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

### Police Dogs

60 POLICE Puppies. Papers to register. Imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.00, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $65.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-2)

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies, the original German Police Dog, for sale. Male, $30.00. Female, $25.00. Dr. Lueschen, 1754 33rd Ave., Columbus, Nebraska. (3-3)

GERMAN Police Pups for sale. Strong Heart and Junker Von Nasson stock. Males $25.00. Females $15.00. Pedigree with each pup. J. F. Masterson, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

GERMAN Police Puppies. From German trained Champion Shepherd and Strongheart Kennel Blood. Arthur Kahler, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-2)

### Spaniels

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER Spaniels, all ages. Pedigrees contain names of the following well known dogs. Flint of Avendale, Trent Valley Countess, Downton Bob, Springbok of Ware, Laverstock Powderhorn, Nithsdale Rob and other well bred dogs. Priced reasonable. R. F. Muriset, Muskegon, Mich. (3-2)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Dual Champion Flint of Avendale and Champion Springbok of Ware blood. Registered Supreme breeding stock gun and show dogs. Shipped on approval. All ages. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-4)

SPRINGER Spaniels, Horsford Harbour and Spring-bock of Ware lineage. Guaranteed to please both as to quality and price. Dr. O. R. Clovis, 335 Cleve. Ave., S., Canton, Ohio. (3-3)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15.00. Females, $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

SPRINGERS, Sire International Champion "Downtown Bob." Dam Imported "Horsfords Gem." Reasonable. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (3-4)

## Dogs

### Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniels. Pups, bred bitches and trained dogs. Avandale and Horsford breeding. Quality highest. Prices lowest. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Wash. (3-2)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels. Registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-3)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters from hunting parents, registered. $25.00. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-2)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Young males. Death of trainer forces sale at low price. M. Woodmansee, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa.

SPRINGERS, best blood, working parents. Inquire T. W. Stillwell, Wentworth, S. D. (3-2)

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IRISH Terriers. Red pedigreed puppies, best types, bloodlines, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana.

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terrier Puppies, all ages. Reduced prices on females. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas. (3-2)

## Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

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SEND me your dog to thoroughly train on quail; ideal training grounds and birds plentiful. D. B. Lindsey, Brooklyn, Miss. (3-3)

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BUILD your own gun cabinet and save thirty dollars, blue prints and bill of materials of the famous U-build gun cabinets sent for one dollar. U-Build Mfg. Co., Bay City, Mich. (3-2)

GUN stock blanks beautifully grained from $6.00 to $20.00. Ordinary $2.00. Delivered free. Mitchell Bosly, 75 Bath Street, Birmingham, England. (11-12)

GUNSTOCK blanks, plain, $1.00; fancy, $2.50; extras, $5; Sporters, $1.50, $3.50 and $6. C. T. Harner, 1600 Broadway, Springfield, Ohio. (3-4)

SELL 100 new and used guns, firearms. List ten cents. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn.

SILVER mounted percussion rifles. List 10 cts. J. J. Henry, Mason, Ill.

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ATTRACT Wild Ducks, Fish, Game, Fur-bearing Animals. Plant natural foods—40 varieties. Terrell's seeds grow. 32 years' experience. Let us tell you how you can do what hundreds of others are doing. Advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 88 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

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PURE maple syrup, $3.75 per gal., postpd. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-3)

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TROUT Flies: Best quality wet trout flies, 10, 12 and 14 eyed hooks to looped gut, 60c per dozen. Best quality double winged eyed dry flies, without gut, 10, 12 and 14 hook, 76c per dozen. Gut Leaders, one yard, 12c each. Gut Leaders, two yards, 24c each. Tapered Leaders, two yards, 24c each. Tapered Leaders, three yards, 36c each. Double tapered waterproof silk trout lines, H.E.H. 30 yards @ $3.00 and $4.50 each. Built cane rods, salmon flies, bass flies, fly books, eyed fly boxes, silkworm gut, waders and fishing tackle of every description. Catalogue mailed free. L. Keegan, Specialist in fly tying, Fishing Tackle Manufacturer, 3 Inns Quay, Dublin, Ireland. (3-4)

AIR-FED Minnow Buckets keep your bait lively for many days, by replacing oxygen from air automatically supplied. See ad on page 49. Write for free catalogue. Air-Fed Mfg. & Stamping Co., Box C-3, Quincy, Illinois. (5-6)

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PHEASANTS. Chinese, Mongolian and our famous Chi-Mong crosses. Extra large, vigorous and colorful. Ideal breeding stock. Reared in Wisconsin's finest game country. Order eggs now for early delivery at a discount. Plain and bearded Japanese Silkie eggs. Everything guaranteed. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wis. (3-2)

COMFREY Fur Farm is now booking orders for immediate delivery some of the finest dark mink, raccoon and split cap skunk. Also taking orders for June, July and August delivery for young mink, raccoon, skunk, muskrat, beaver, silver blue cross and red fox and chinchilla rabbits at right prices. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-4)

BEST prices, best quality stock. Rainy River-Ontario Mink, Black and Brown Beaver, Raccoon, Pen and Marsh Raised Hudson Seal Musquash, fur bearing rabbits, red and cross foxes. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, Lake Elmo, Minn. (Highway No. 12, near St. Paul). (1x29)

FINEST quality eastern mink. Write for prices and terms for fall delivery 1929. Successful Mink Raising, illustrated book of practical information mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-3)

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MUSKRATS. Finest Minnesota stock. Extra large full grown for breeding stock $15.00 for single pair. Discounts on quantity lots. Guarantee sex and live delivery. Rock Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-4)

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PHEASANT Eggs for Spring Delivery. English Ringneck, Mongolian Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Lady Amherst and Reeves. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (2-3)

HARDY, northern bred Wild Turkeys and Pheasants. Strong, vigorous breeders. Eggs for spring delivery. The Grimmer Game Farm, Delafield, Wisconsin.

FOR Sale: A few fine 1928 Golden and Amherst pheasants, twelve and sixteen dollars pair. L. J. Hedderich, Mulberry, Indiana. (3-2)

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SUPER-ALASKAN and fine dark northern minks for immediate delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (1x29)

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GENUINE Wisconsin Muskrat and Beaver Breeders in pairs or trios, for Fall and Spring delivery. Wisconsin bucks for breeding up quality. Also our improved live catch trap. Our prices are reasonable. Wisconsin Fur Farms, Inc., Wausau, Wis. (3-2)

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FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

RINGNECK and Fancy Pheasant Eggs. Prices reasonable. Sandberg Pheasantry, 1302 Carson Ave., La Junta, Colo. (5-6)

PEAFOWL, Pheasants, Bantams, Wild Geese, Ducks, Birds. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-7)

DOGS, Ferrets, Minks, Muskrats, Rabbits, 20 breeds. Circular free. Fairview Farm, Elmore, Minn. (11-12)

JUNKIN Pheasantry, R. 6, Box 654, Portland, Oregon, offers: Pheasants and 4,000 ringneck eggs. (3-4)

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CANADIAN Geese, very tame, hand reared birds. Henry Rosenboom, Carthage, Ill.

CHINCHILLA Rabbits. Milk Goats. For sale. Dedricks, Kinderhook, N. Y. (3-2)

FANCY Peafowls. Choice selected birds. $45.00 pair. R. S. Peters, Bluesprings, Mo. (3-2)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

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HARDY Northern Bobwhite Quail for restocking. Walton Ford, Rosedale, Alabama. (3-2)

MINKS, ranch raised, for sale. Joe Bellig, 522 Belgrade Ave., Mankato, Minnesota. (3-3)

## Game Preserves for Sale

DUCK Hunting Preserve for sale on Cooper River, South Carolina, three hundred and thirty acres Rice Field Plantation, perfect condition—millions of ducks, mostly Mallards in season from Dec. to Feby. inclusive. Four miles from Moncks Corner, S. C., on Coastal Highway, concrete all the way from New York, twenty-five miles by same highway from Charleston, S. C. Wonderful duck shooting, also quail, turkey and deer. Two small but complete brick houses. Water piped to houses from Artesian flowing wells. A paradise for three or four hunters. Price fifty thousand dollars. Easy terms. D. P. Dehon, Summerville, S. C. (3-2)

## Help Wanted, Instructions

RAILWAY Mail Clerks, City and Rural Carriers and Border Patrol Guards needed often. $140-$225 Mo. Particulars Free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., immediately. (11x28)

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

## Help Wanted, Instructions—Continued

FOREST Rangers; start $1,620 year, vacation; steady jobs. Patrol forests; protect game. Qualify now. Details free. Write Bradley Inst., B-21, Denver, Colo.

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 1515 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-2)

## Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

GENUINE Sioux Indian costumes and beadwork. Buying direct from Indian. Prices reasonable. Free price list. Lyon Curio Store, Clinton, Nebraska. (3-2)

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## Miscellaneous

GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. E-49, Chester, Pa.

FOX, Wolf, Mink, etc., are easily trapped when once you know the secret of destroying absolutely that tell-tale human odor. I believe my system best that is known to man. If you are really a trapper or farmer and trying to do what is right by your fellowman you are welcome to this secret. "City Trappers" and "Kid Glove" boys please don't answer. If convenient enclose about fifty cents to help cover cost of printing, etc., and if you have time write me something about yourself and give me some of your favorite sets. Cecil Atkinson, 446 C, Mandan, N. D.

MAZE Mink Method. Greatest trapping system on earth. Takes the fox, coyote, wolf or mink that comes in neighborhood. Method $500.00. Worth thousands. Cecil Atkinson, 446 C, Mandan, N. D.

GOLD Fish, Japanese and Chinese fish. Artistic aquariums. Aquatic plants. Interesting circular free. Pioneer Gold Fish Propagators, Racine, Wisconsin. (3-4)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-5)

OPPORTUNITY. Let us show you how to make your back yard produce from $1500.00 to $6000.00 a year in your spare time. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-2)

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MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 68 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-3)

RUBBER Stamps! Name, Address, two lines 25c; Three lines 35c. DeLuxe Stamp Works, B572A, Auburn, Nebr. (3-2)

SPOTTED Shetland Ponies, seventy-five dollars. White Russian Wolfhounds, thirty-five dollars. Shetland Pony Farm, Guymore, Okla. (3-3)

## Name Plates

FOR Sale: Beautiful plate-glass name plates for home or lake shore cottages; made up to your order on receipt of $1.00; postage prepaid. H. W. Dugas, Hardware, Cass Lake, Minn.

## Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

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MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography. Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-10)

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PLANS for Poultry Houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Ind. (5-4)

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200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.10, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1042, Chicago. (11x28)

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CHINCHILLA fur rabbits make good profits anywhere. The kind that wins the blue ribbons. Reasonable. Parshalls, 1317 So. 11, Lincoln, Nebraska. (3-4)

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OZARK rabbits for sale; king of the cottontails. H. S. Ferrell, Neosho, Mo.

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## Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

CANADA Tax Sale. Seized and sold for taxes. $64.80 buys 20 acres on main road. $100.80 buys 2½ acres 800 feet lake front. $189.00 buys 78 acres farm on river. $279.00 buys 175 acres good hunting. $360.00 buys 160 acres western farm. $585.00 buys 300 acres, sporting—minerals. These properties, with several hundred others, are offered at the prices stated, no mortgage, no further payments. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing. Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the new North; also farms in old Ontario, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Our 12th annual list just issued in the form of a 20 page illustrated booklet describes these properties and gives full particulars. It is mailed free on application. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. These properties won't last long at these prices. Send no money, but send for booklet today so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 614, 72 Queen Street, West, Toronto 2, Canada. (3-3)

IN one of the finest river sections of La., lies sixteen hundred and fifty acres of the finest land in the world with fifteen tenant houses. Seventy-five acres under hog fence. There are four nice lakes and three are extra large. Good fishing, duck shooting, squirrel, turkey and deer hunting. In fact ideal hunting preserve; but sufficient open land to pay handsome dividend if farmed. Present owner afraid of New Flood Relief plan. Can be bought for twenty-five thousand dollars. My belief is that the flood control measures will shortly make it a most valuable possession; in any event, nothing can prevent it being an ideal game preserve. Will join group to purchase. S. S. Taylor, Jackson, Miss. (3-4)

## Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

FOR Sale: 4000 acre tract wild woods, Chippewa County, Wisconsin. Twenty-five lakes. Good fishing. Well stocked with beaver, deer, partridges. Several tracts of good farm land included. Heavily wooded. A bargain, and recommended by us. If interested, send for accurate topographical map. Banzhaf & Watson, Inc., agents, Mitchell Bldg., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Fifty acre fur farm, forty acres fenced, house with telephone, three car garage, ice house, poultry house and all necessary equipment. More than 500 muskrats estimated. For particulars write Joseph Hengel, Staples, Minn. (3-4)

TIDEWATER Virginia Farm for sale: Peninsula. Four hundred acres. Splendid duck and sora islands. Hog raising without feed. Fenced. No ditches. Two residences. Hot and cold water. George P. Gatling, Lestor Manor, Va. (3-2)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

HUNT and fish on your own land. Our new list of hunting and fishing tracts is ready. Write for it. Kent Realty Co., 915 Michigan Trust Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-2)

J. D. SMITH, Marianna, Fla., has ideal location. Lakes stocked with fish, on beautiful stream, near railroad. For sale cheap. Game forest all around. (3-3)

FOR Sale: Ideal location Muskrat and fur farming. Clark Holt, R7, Baraboo, Wis. (5-5)

MUSKRAT and Beaver farms, get free list. DeCoudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-4)

## Stamp Collecting

50 DIFFERENT United States 5c to those requesting approvals. Glendale Stamp Co., 1343 Linden, Glendale, Calif. (3-2)

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## Taxidermy

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, Fox Fur Farms, Rabbit Fur Farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. Guaranteed wire fur stretchers for all fur animals. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-2)

FOR Sale: A large newly mounted Alaska Moose Head. Newly mounted Elk, Caribou Mountain Sheep and Goat Heads, Mule and White Tail Deer. Heads at reasonable prices. I will ship express prepaid anywhere in U. S. A. on approval. Edwin Dixon, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-2)

RAW furs tanned and made into neck pieces, fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood, New Jersey. (3-3)

YOUR Trophies correctly mounted; anything; chokers made. Ralph Feld, Taxidermist, 331 S. State, Marion, O. (3-3)

## Wanted

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 72. (7-7)

## Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

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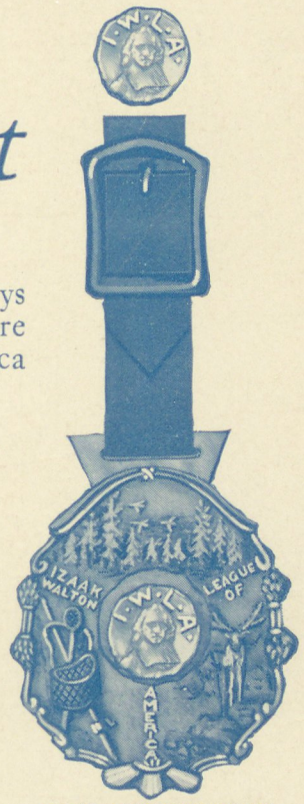
Are you helping Waltonism in this great work?

Do you wear its Distinguished Service marks?




**THE FOUNDER'S BUTTON**
is awarded to those who organize chapters

**THE FOB**
is awarded to those who get five and ten new members

## Conservation of Nature's Resources

To conserve them for you and yours—that is Waltonism's aim. It means increase in public health, happiness, contentment and prosperity. It is a service for God, man and country. It develops the morale of youth and age. It teaches proper outdoor recreation. It provides the facilities with which human beings can expand in principles of humanity, make provision for Nature's offerings for the future, insure protection of wild life and increase the food products Nature conceived and intended to be fostered so that humankind can be preserved.

## What Waltonism Produces

Waltonism provides recreation areas. It fosters the cleaning of streams from pollution, removal of fire hazards from forests, forestation where none exists and reforestation where civilization's careless hands have destroyed existing woods. It provides for propagation, conservation and protection of fish and game and it builds healthful outing places for the public as community centers, or as state or national preserves. Your only reward for joining in this work is a Founder's Button, which is given only to those who found a local chapter, or the Walton Fob which is the mark of merit for securing five or ten new members of the organization. The Founder's Button is of silver. It is Waltonism's highest badge of service. A bronze fob is for those who get five members and the sterling silver for those who secure ten new members.

Waltonism calls to you—to all red-blooded Americans. Its motto is "A Better America for Americans and Better Americans for America." It has spread through the nation—already is a powerful unofficial conservation arm of the government. It needs your cooperation and rewards you in a distinctive manner. Are you willing to give a little time, a little effort, to restore America's natural facilities for the benefit of your own health and enjoyment?

***Simply tear off—check how you will help, and mail today.***
***Don't wait—do it now, before it is too late.***

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**Izaak Walton League of America,**
**549 West Randolph St.,**
**Chicago, Ill.**

I want to—and I will—help.
Tell me how I can help you save Nature's resources in my locality, in my state, or the nation through my cooperation with Waltonism.

- ☐ I want to become a member.
- ☐ I will add (say how many).....new members. Please send me application cards and instructions and reserve fob for me.
- ☐ I desire further information before undertaking to organize a chapter.
- ☐ I pledge myself to organize a chapter in ..... Please send necessary materials and instructions.

Signed (name) .....

Address .....

City and State.....

Are you a member? Yes No.

*The Remington Autoloading Shotgun—Model 11, 12 gauge only. Standard Grade, Price $56.75.*

*Remington Nitro Express Shells will outshoot shell for shell any other make or brand of long range loads on the market. With the Model 11—the best combination for ducks and geese.*

# FAMOUS PRODUCTS OF THE GUNSMITH'S ART

THE fathers and grandfathers of the master craftsmen now in the Remington Fire Arms Factory were the leading gunsmiths of their time. They established a tradition of fine workmanship and gave Remington Arms the position of leadership that they maintain today.

The Remington Model 11 Autoloading Shotgun is a fine example of the expert gunsmith's art. It has been the leading autoloader for years. Because of its sturdy construction and mechanical perfection it is safe, smooth, and certain in its operation after firing thousands of rounds of the heaviest long range loads. It is light, has graceful lines, and is beautifully finished. Truly the last word in an autoloading shotgun. At your dealer's.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC,
*Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition*
25 Broadway New York City

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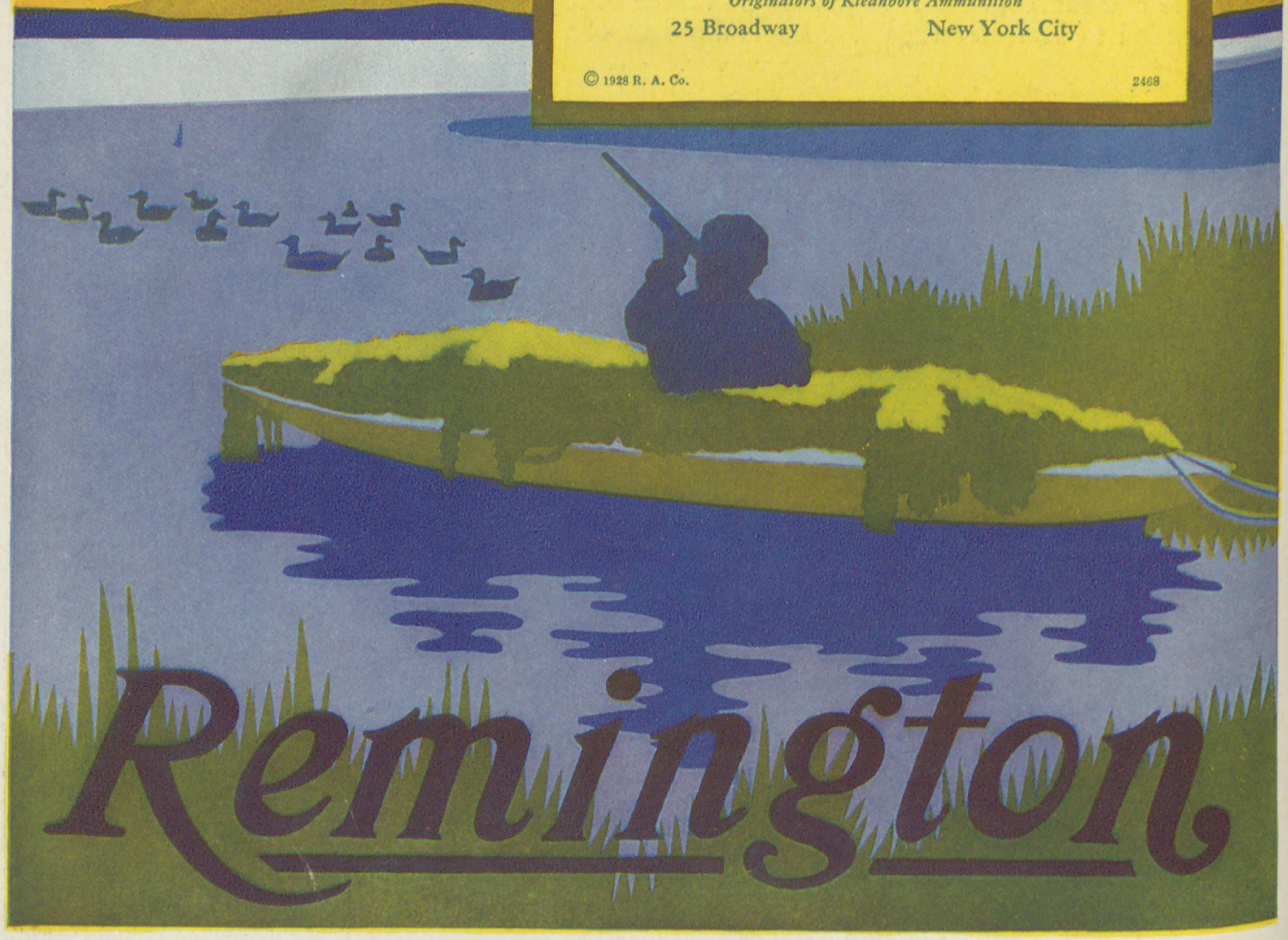

# Remington